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CRITICAL METHOD.—II.

(iii.)

THE historian, as we have seen, submits all his documents, in the first instance, to literary criticism, and thus endeavours to satisfy himself as to their authorship, their antiquity, and their character. Should they contain *accounts* of past events, he next proceeds to investigate their trustworthiness, or, in more general terms, their relation to the reality. But it often happens, especially in Biblical criticism, that these two operations cannot be conducted to a satisfactory conclusion each by itself in its natural order. In this case the critic modifies his method, and adapts himself to the special exigencies of the case. He combines the literary with the more properly historical aspects of his critical investigation, allows the one to throw light upon and guide the other, and by this combined application of the two arrives at an adequate conception of the fact or the series of facts which he is engaged in examining. *The hypothesis concerning the past, which has been found adequate to account for the documents, is what he finally accepts and delivers as history.*

Such was the result of our previous investigations. And accordingly we may define historical criticism as the

attempt to find an hypothesis that accounts for the documents, and, if several such hypotheses present themselves, the selection of the one which appears on comparison to have the greatest probability in its favour.

It is hardly necessary to lay down any express conditions with which the critical hypothesis must comply, or to establish any standard of comparison by which the conflicting possibilities must be tried ; for it stands to reason that no hypothesis can be entertained unless, in the first place, it answers its original purpose of accounting for the form and substance of the document in question, and unless it is also admissible in itself, which implies, of course, that it does not conflict with any well-established fact. It is obvious, too, that the more support it finds in the historical connection into which it must enter, the more confidence it deserves. And, finally, no one will deny that an hypothesis confirmed by analogy deserves the preference over one which violates or at least finds no support in it. Should there be anything in this brief summary which does not at once explain itself, we may fairly expect it to be cleared up by the examples of the working of the Critical Method, which I promised to append to the description of its nature.

Now, there is no better means of bringing out the special characteristics of any procedure than to compare or contrast it with some parallel procedure in the same field ; for the very comparison forces us to notice the particular points which might otherwise easily escape us. And in the case in point we all know that there is a certain method which claims to be critical, but which, as a matter of fact, is the direct negation of criticism. I mean, of course, the *apologetic* method, which sets itself to defend a foregone conclusion by all the means it can command. Whatever the grounds may be upon which the foregone conclusion rests, the apologetic method itself is always and everywhere essentially the same. In the case of historical investiga-

tions it may be applied either by itself or in that special form technically described as "harmonistic-apologetics," or more briefly "harmonistics." Here, then, we have the twofold contrast, in the light of which we are now to examine the working of the critical method.

The Book of Daniel, to which I have already referred,* is for several reasons specially well suited to furnish us anew with illustrations. The problem it presents is comparatively simple, inasmuch as we are not encumbered with parallel accounts in the Old Testament with which those in the Book of Daniel have to be harmonised; but, in spite of this, it is still difficult, and, at the same time, of the highest interest. The historian of Israel and of Israel's religion has to assign a place to this book and its author, and to decide whether or not to incorporate its first six chapters in his account of the Babylonian captivity, which will of course assume a very different complexion according to his decision. A secondary reason for selecting this book is that the apologetic method, as applied to it in our own day, is illustrated by a document as good as contemporary, and clothed with the highest official authority.†

Let us see, then, how the apologist approaches the Book of Daniel. His firm conviction that it contains pure history is obvious at once, for before he has proved or even examined its trustworthiness, he sketches "The Life and Times of Daniel," and discusses the purposes of Providence in raising up such a man as Daniel, and ordering his lot in such a way. Nor is it long before we are told the grounds upon which this conviction rests: namely, "the reception of the Book of Daniel" first by the Jews and then by the Christians. Now, the fact is beyond dispute that the Jews really did include this book amongst their sacred writings, and that they have always attached a high value to it; but

* P. 492.

† The Holy Bible, &c. (Speaker's Commentary), Vol. VI. pp. 210, *seq.* The Book of Daniel, by the late H. J. Rose, B.D., and J. M. Fuller, M.A.

as an argument for its antiquity, or more specifically for its origin during the Babylonian captivity, this circumstance is worthless. The history of the Old Testament Canon leaves the amplest possible room for the hypothesis of a later origin. The apologist, therefore, has to force such a significance upon the canonicity of the book as will make it preclude the possibility of its composition in the Maccabæan period; and in order to do so he puts aside everything which points to the lateness of the date at which it was received into the Canon—such as its exclusion from a place amongst the Prophets and its inclusion in the “Hagiographa” or third division of the Old Testament, or the silence of Jesus son of Sirach concerning Daniel and his fortunes. On the other hand, great weight is attached to any scrap of evidence which appears to imply that the book was already in existence in the Persian period, however trivial or even absurd it may be. To this latter category belong the Talmudic statement that “the men of the Great Assembly (Neh. viii.—x.) wrote Ezekiel, the twelve minor prophets, Daniel and Esther,” and the story in Flavius Josephus that the Book of Daniel was shown to Alexander in the Temple at Jerusalem, his attention being specially called to the prophecies of his victories over the Persians—presumably without the announcement of his own fall and the breaking up of his kingdom “to the four winds of heaven” (ch. viii. 8; xi. 4)! Finally, “the New Testament and the Church” are summoned, though not, as we might have supposed, simply to vouch for the canonicity of the book from about the beginning of our era onwards. This is all that any historian could ask them to prove if he were really in earnest with his investigation, but, on the contrary, the apologist makes the words of Christ (Matt. xxiv. 15) “invest with dignity and inspiration the author He is quoting,” so that Christ “forbids us to believe the author of the book a Maccabæan scribe or an Egyptian

enthusiast." But, we ask, if this is a fact, if it is really true that "the Lord of Daniel hath borne testimony to the words of His Prophet by the mouth of His Holy Son," what was the use of entering upon a scholarly investigation at all, as if there really were anything to investigate, or as if any considerations of scholarship on either side could have the smallest weight!

The apologist has now prepared his reader to hear how things really stand with regard to the Book of Daniel. Had he been told at once what is now to be communicated to him, he might perhaps have been disturbed. But after this preparation, his peace of mind will not be endangered by the information that there are some "difficulties connected with the book." These difficulties refer in part to the prophecies, in part to the miracles, and in part to some of the historical statements contained in the Book of Daniel; and, seeing that they have been set forth again and again, one would think that the apologist would find it an easy task to reproduce them fairly; but, as a matter of fact, he does not succeed in doing so, and no one who contests the authenticity of the book could accept his statement as an impartial account of the position of the controversy. And is not this quite natural? The apologist does not *see* the difficulties as they really are. From his point of view, they are simply so many attacks upon a conviction he cherishes, or upon an authority which he reverences as supreme. How is it possible that he should appreciate their significance? His answers accordingly are often quite beside the mark, especially in reference to the prophecies and the miracles. As regards the contested historical statements, some of them are supposed to be justified, whilst in the case of others we are given the choice between two or more solutions of the difficulty, and the residue are to wait for future discoveries—of cuneiform inscriptions for instance—which will undoubtedly clear up

everything that still appears strange or obscure. We are therefore assured that nothing forbids us to accept the Book of Daniel as a product of the period of which it treats. That the prophet himself wrote it all, from beginning to end, is, indeed, incapable of proof; but how does this affect its value, inasmuch as in any case it is substantially authentic and trustworthy?

We need not stop to prove that this is not the way to go to work. This is not criticism, though it presents itself as such, but its direct negation. Imagine a judge conducting an inquiry on such principles! We will content ourselves with simply placing the true method by the side of this pretence of criticism. Space forbids our going into detail;* but the main outlines are really all we require to enable us to form a judgment. We need not act as though the subject had never been investigated before. The researches of the last hundred years have finally disposed of certain hypotheses which might be considered possible in the abstract. We are justified in assuming that the Book of Daniel is not a mere collection of fragments, but a single whole. It lies before us substantially in the form in which it was composed by its author, and bears no trace of interpolations. As to its origin, we have to face this simple alternative: It was written either by the man whose name it bears, soon after the end of the Captivity, or else during the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, soon after the beginning of the Maccabæan revolt. There is no third possibility.

Now it is evident at once that the external testimonies about the Book of Daniel leave the choice between these two hypotheses perfectly open. Its reception into the Old Testament Canon decides nothing essential as to its antiquity; for it is just the question when this reception was effected. The most ancient witness to the canonicity

* See the author's "*Historisch-Critisch Onderzoek enz.*" Vol. II., pp. 416—472.

of the book is the author of the first of Maccabees (chap. ii. 59, 60), who puts a reference to the third and sixth chapters of Daniel into the mouth of the dying Mattathias. But this author wrote after the death of John Hyrcanus, in 106 B.C. (chap. xvi. 24), more than sixty years after the beginning of the revolt, when there had been plenty of time to take up Daniel into the Canon, even if it was not written till the year 165 B.C. And as for Mattathias himself, it will hardly be maintained that the evidence of a man who lived two generations later *proves* that he actually used those very words as he was dying. Again, the Greek translator of the Proverbs of Jesus son of Sirach (later than 132 B.C.) knows of a collection of sacred writings divided into three parts; but there is no evidence that the Book of Daniel had a place in it. There is room, therefore, for either of the two hypotheses mentioned above. But we may go beyond this, and assert that there are certain facts which give the greater probability to the hypothesis of the Maccabean origin. Jesus son of Sirach (about 200 B.C.) makes no mention either of Daniel or of his three friends, although a place might have been given them with such perfect appropriateness in his "Song of praise of the Fathers" (chap. xlv., *seq.*). What can the reason be, except that he did not know the book of Daniel? And, again, in the Jewish Bible, why does not Daniel stand amongst the Prophets? It is there that every one would look for it, and there accordingly, it was transferred as early as in the Alexandrine translation. But in the Hebrew it stands in the third division, which contains the Hagiographa and amongst them the very latest of the books of the Old Testament. There is no natural and really satisfactory explanation of this fact, except the supposition that when the Book of Daniel became known, and was thought worthy of a place among the sacred writings, the collection of the Prophets was already closed. But I will not insist on this;

for I fully admit that external evidence alone cannot decide the question.

Then how about the book itself? Does it not claim to be the work of Daniel? The facts are these:—In chapters vii.—xii. Daniel always speaks in the first person, whereas in chapters i.—vi. he is uniformly spoken of in the third person, and sometimes in a strain of admiration which a man does not usually adopt when writing of himself (chaps. i. 17, 19, 20; v. 11, 12; vi. 4). Now it is true that this change of person may be explained by supposing that the real author of chapters vii.—xii. had reasons which appeared to him satisfactory for speaking of himself and his friends in such language as we find employed in chapters i.—vi.; but it is equally well explained by the contrary hypothesis that the author of chapters i.—vi.—to be distinguished from Daniel—introduces the latter as speaking in the first person in chapters vii.—xii. The detailed study of the two sections themselves must teach us which of the two hypotheses deserves the preference. Now the answer which this study gives us is so clear and emphatic that no sensible man could hesitate for a moment in his choice, were he not prevented by other considerations from seeing the facts as they really are. The panorama of the future unrolled in chapters vii.—xii. is not only incomplete, but incorrect, as far as regards the Persian period. With respect to Alexander the Great and his successors, it agrees with the facts. The measures taken by Antiochus Epiphanes against the Jewish religion are described down to the minutest details, and the beginning at least of the Maccabæan revolt is mentioned. But the author's knowledge does not extend beyond this point. The period at which the religious rites prescribed by the law were to be restored in the Temple of Jerusalem is more than once indicated, but in no instance correctly. The fall of Antiochus is looked for in a place and in a manner which

history has not confirmed, and the author had formed a dazzling conception of the subsequent events, which the reality contradicted in every point. So much for the prophecies. As to the historical statements of chapters i.—vi., wherever we are able to compare them with the well-established facts, we find them hopelessly at variance with them. The deportation of citizens from Jerusalem in the third year of Jehoiakim; Babylon at the time of its fall ruled by King Balshazzar, the son of Nebuchadrezar; the Babylonian monarchy succeeded by that of the Medes, and Balshazzar by "Darius the Mede,"—every one of these supposed facts is contradicted by the best evidence. What follows? To suppose that it is Daniel who tells us all this, and that *such* a picture of the future had been revealed to him in a wholly miraculous and mechanical manner, is nothing short of absurd; whereas it is perfectly natural that a man who lived during the persecution of Epiphanes should have had both the knowledge and the want of knowledge displayed by the writer of Daniel.

But however decisively our choice may be made already, we have not yet completed our task. We have done scanty justice to the Book of Daniel, when we have simply examined its prophecies in the light of their relation to the historical facts, and asked whether its narratives agree with established history. But when we go on to take a general survey, as we are bound to do, of the prophecies and the narratives together, considered as a single whole, it only becomes all the clearer that the hypothesis of the Maccabæan origin fully accounts for the facts. Under the pressure of fierce persecution a faithful Israelite, bending over the writings of the prophets (chap. ix. 2), might well conceive the hope that "the time of the end" had now come, that the redemption would soon arise, and the Messianic age begin. Firmly convinced that the faithful servant of Yahweh would never be deserted by his Lord, and

that the arrogance of the heathen who attacked the god of Israel would be put to shame by the result, might he not, must he not, encourage his companions in suffering and strengthen them to endure to the uttermost by setting before them, in the fate of Daniel and his friends on the one hand and Nebuchadrezar and Balshazzar on the other, the end which awaited them and the end which awaited their tyrants? But why adopt this special form? His expectations are such as the victims of persecution would cherish, the lessons of his narratives such as they needed; but what induced him to throw them into such a form? Why did he make Daniel the mouthpiece of a message which he might just as well have delivered as the word of Yahweh to himself? Why did he take the fortunes of these ancient heroes as the vehicles of the teaching he might so easily have expressed in some other way? A moment's reflection serves to banish these last doubts. No prophet had arisen in Israel for nearly three centuries. The time when "the Lord God would do nothing without revealing his secrets to his servants, the prophets,"* seemed to be gone for ever. Moreover, our author was distinctly conscious that his own conviction rested on a study of the prophetic writings and the earnest reflections to which it had given rise, and in obedience to this feeling he put the truths which he himself owed to the Ancients into the mouth of an ancient seer. And why should he not select Daniel, that pattern of devoutness and of heavenly wisdom, to whom even Ezekiel had pointed his contemporaries (chap. xiv. 14, 20; xxviii. 3)? If we are unable to throw any further light on this special point, it is simply because we do not know what traditions concerning Daniel were current at the time, and to what extent our author himself could adopt them and work them out. But this want of detailed information does not alter the fact that the general form of the book is in perfect harmony

* Amos iii. 7.

with the character of the beginning of the Maccabæan period.

Our hypothesis, then, is supported on every side, and there is not a single phenomenon under discussion for which it fails to account. Not one? But does it not compel us to deny all value to the Book of Daniel, and to brand it as an impudent forgery? Such appears to be the necessary consequence of the Maccabæan hypothesis, to those who are occupied in attacking it. But amongst those who defend it, there is not one who would accept this supposed consequence. The scholars in question may have an open eye for all that distinguishes the Book of Daniel to its disadvantage from the writings of the Prophets, and to the dark side of the influence exercised by the book; but this does not prevent them from doing full justice to the author, and giving him, unknown as he is by name, a place amongst the pious and heroic sons of Israel. It is altogether unreasonable to look down with contempt upon "a Maccabæan scribe or an Egyptian enthusiast." "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and religious faith even when it speaks in strange, nay, in offensive, forms, ought to be treated with respect.

The Book of Daniel itself may suggest an introduction to the second portion of our task—the illustration of the Critical as opposed to the Harmonistic Method. We have already seen that this book gives its own version of the fall of the Babylonian or Chaldæan monarchy. It represents the last Babylonian king as succeeded by Darius *the Mede*, who is already advanced in years (ch. v. 31), and who is followed in his turn by Cyrus *the Persian* (compare chap. ix. 1 with x. 1 and i. 21). And in accordance with these ideas the Chaldæan monarchy is made to give place to the Median, and that again to the Persian, in Nebuchadrezar's dream (chap. ii.), and in the vision of the four beasts and

the Son of man (chap. vii). It is true that the Median and Persian monarchies are considered as mutually connected, so that in another vision (chap. viii.) they are united under the symbol of a goat with two unequal horns; but they are nevertheless distinguished one from the other, and in order of time the one follows the other in the rule of Babylon. Now it is well known that numerous accounts of these very interesting events, especially the establishment of the Persian monarchy, have come down to us from antiquity, and that they neither agree with each other nor with the Book of Daniel. With the graphic and detailed narrative of Herodotus, and the account given by Xenophon in the *Cyropædia* we have been familiar since our childhood; and versions of the same events have come down to us from Deinon, from Nicolaus Damascenus, and from Moses Chorenensis, versions which differ from both the above, and also from each other.* Now what is the attitude adopted by modern historians in the face of all these divergent accounts? Some of the narratives are recommended by their antiquity, or by some other consideration. Amongst these are the accounts of Herodotus and that of Xenophon, who had visited Persia himself. Do modern scholars, then, consider themselves bound to reconcile all these accounts, or at any rate the oldest and best avouched of them, and then maintain the principal features of them as history? Not one of them thinks of doing anything of the kind. Historians who know what they are about, from Bähr † to M. Duncker and Canon Rawlinson, ‡ have contented themselves with framing an hypothesis which recommends itself by its intrinsic probability, and accounts for the rise and subsequent embellishment of the divergent

* Compare M. Duncker, "Geschichte des Alterthums." Vol. II., pp. 446—(2nd Edition.

† Ctesiae Cnidii Operum[Reliquiæ (Frankf. 1824), pp. 85, seq.

‡ The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World. Vol. III., p. 225; IV., 354 (1st Edition).

narratives. They decline to believe, for instance, that Astyages gave his only child in marriage to a Persian, and thus, by his own act, transferred the supremacy from the ruling to the subject people. Cyrus, they tell us, was the son of the governor of Persia, or of the tributary prince of that country. But, then, what are we to say to the narratives, which tell us the other story with an unusual approach to unanimity? By carefully noting their origin and their tendency, and by looking at them in the light of all that we know from other quarters of the ideas entertained by their authors, we succeed in explaining how they were produced, and thus accounting for them quite satisfactorily. Though greatly tempted to show this in detail, I must content myself with a reference to the masterly treatment of the subject by M. Duncker.* He takes no notice of Darius the Mede. But history does not suffer by the omission, and it only remains for the Biblical critic to give a plausible explanation of the very divergent representation of events in Daniel—a task which he will have no great difficulty in accomplishing.

Now it is a curious proof of the power of tradition that the ordinary reader of the Old Testament does not perceive that it contains a conflict of evidence similar to the one we have now referred to, and that, too, as regards one of the most popular figures in the history of Israel—namely, *David*. Leaving the minor shades of difference out of view for the present, we may say that the Old Testament presents us with *three* types or versions of the character of David. We find one type in chaps. xi.—xxix. of the First Book of Chronicles, where David appears as the founder of the Jerusalem ritual; another in the superscriptions of the seventy-three psalms that bear his name, where David is the religious poet, the royal harp-player; a third in 1 Samuel xvi.—1 Kings ii., where David is the valiant

* Vol. II., 452, *seq.* (2nd Edition).

warrior, the freebooter, the prosperous monarch, the weak father. It need hardly be said that these types are connected with each other. The Chronicler, it is true, omits many circumstances with which he was well acquainted, such as David's adventures under Saul and Ishbosheth, and (which is more significant) the stories of his domestic life (2 Sam. ix.—xx.) and the contested succession (1 Kings i.); but he takes up into his narrative other statements of the Book of Samuel (chaps. v.—viii., xxiv., &c.). And again, the psalm of consecration for the worship at Zion given in 1 Chronicles xvi. 8—36, is taken from our collection of Psalms, though it is not one of those which are there ascribed to David. In the same way there are points of contact between what we have called the second and the third types. For instance, in the appendix to the Second Book of Samuel (chaps. xxi.—xxiv.) the eighteenth Psalm is given as a poem composed by David (chap. xxii.) and what appears there as his swan-song (chap. xxiii. 1—7) is not unlike some of the Psalms. Moreover, in the body of the continuous narrative itself, David appears as a poet (2 Samuel i. 18—27, iii. 33, *seq.*) and as a skilful player on the harp (1 Samuel xvi., xviii.). This makes it all the more natural that we should begin by regarding these three types as the different aspects of a single character, and endeavouring to unite them all in our conception of the historical David. In other words, we imagine—without of course formulating the idea distinctly in our own minds—that the three authors divided the work amongst them, and supplemented each other's omissions. This is the unconscious harmonistic of the layman which is afterwards deliberately worked out by ecclesiastical scholarship, and is still employed, in its entirety or with some qualification, by the apologist. Why should we shrink from saying that the task becomes more hopeless every day? The three types cannot be welded into real unity. They refuse to the last to blend together. In the earliest account

of David's last days (1 Kings i. 1—ii. 11) there is no room for the great assembly which is described in 1 Chronicles xxviii., *seq.*, and the Chronicler's version is certainly not meant to supplement the older narrative, but to supersede it by something more edifying—or less scandalous. Indeed, the same might be said of everything which the Chronicler adds to his predecessors. His David, who does not think himself pure enough to build a temple to the Lord because of the blood he has spilt in war (chap. xxii. 8, xxviii. 3), differs widely indeed from the warrior of the Books of Samuel. And so again does the poet of the Psalms. Between the ideas as to the forgiveness of sins that lie at the foundation of Psalm xxxii., and the sacrifice of Saul's descendants in expiation of their father's guilt (2 Samuel xxi. 1—14), the chasm is wide. The pure monotheism of the Psalms was hardly professed in the home where the *teraphim* lay ready to hand on an emergency (1 Samuel xix. 11—17). The pious sentiments expressed by David from time to time in the older history (1 Samuel xxvi. 19; 2 Samuel xvi. 25, *seq.*; xvii. 10, *seq.*) are essentially different in tone and character from those embodied in the majority of the Psalms that bear his name. Expressions such as that in Psalm xviii. 21—27 would be strange enough in the mouth of a man whose public and private life were disfigured by so many blots. But enough! We were bound to *test* the hypothesis of the unity of the three types, but in order to *maintain* it we should have to accept a psychological absurdity, or, if we could not reconcile ourselves to that, we should have to distort the facts. We must, therefore, make our choice, and that choice, which can only be in favour of the Books of Samuel, must be decisive. We cannot be content, as some have been, with giving up the Chronicler, or some, or even most, of the superscriptions of the Psalms. Such half measures may remove the most glaring contradictions, but they leave

others untouched. It is only when we strictly confine ourselves to the Books of Samuel, and especially to the oldest narratives embodied in them, that there rises before us a true historical figure which towers above its surroundings no doubt, but nevertheless belongs to them, and moreover is in its place between the ruggedness of Israel's heroic age just closed, and the succeeding days when Solomon built a temple to Yahweh, but also raised the sanctuaries of Astarte, Molech, and Chemosh (1 Kings xi. 5—7).

But whence come the other types, and whence, we may add, the traits in the Books of Samuel themselves, which are barely or not at all consistent with the really historical conception of which we have just spoken? Before answering this question, let me just remark that the preceding sketch of the application of the critical method would place it in a very false light if it were regarded as complete. As a matter of fact, of course, the investigation has been carried down to the details, or rather has started from them. The result, as far as the Chronicler goes, is to show that his representations are not only impossible to accept in the mass, but are also severally and individually either contradicted by older accounts or in themselves highly improbable. And so, too, the authority of the superscriptions of the Psalms has long been undermined. The great majority of them are glaringly incorrect. Moreover, it has been shown, on internal and external evidence alike, that all these superscriptions are of late origin, not older than the time of the second temple, and, therefore, separated by centuries from the age of David. Accordingly it is far from capricious or violent to yield to the demonstrated necessity, and surrender these two later types in favour of the older conception founded on the Books of Samuel. But the question still remains, how these later types arose, and our hypothesis as to the historical David cannot be regarded as established until it has given a satis-

factory answer. As a matter of fact, however, it complies with this requirement perfectly. David was not forgotten by his people. Political circumstances naturally led to an ever-increasing appreciation of his person and his work as the unifier of Israel. In the eyes of posterity he became more and more completely the model of an Israelitish king, and the natural consequence was that he was idealised. The hope of the regeneration of his dynasty, and at a later period of its restoration to the throne—the Messianic expectation, in a word—must have worked powerfully in the same direction. And meanwhile the religious convictions of the highest minds in Israel were undergoing a marked change. The conceptions of Yahweh, and of the religion which was acceptable to him, were constantly being elevated and purified. This could not but have an influence on the current ideas concerning David. He, too, must be remodelled as the conceptions of God were changed, if he was still to remain what his own contemporaries had thought him—"the man after Yahweh's heart." The poetical and musical powers which he really possessed according to the most ancient traditions could only be thought of as exercised in glorifying the god of Israel. And thus it happened, probably at a comparatively early date, that religious poems were ascribed to him and to his contemporaries. And when, after the Babylonian Captivity, the poetry and music of the Temple had pushed forward from their old basis with a new and vigorous development, nothing was more natural than to regard David as their founder. This again paved the way to the related but far from identical conception of his person and work which is given us by the Chronicler. After the reform of Ezra and Nehemiah (440 B.C.), religion became more and more closely identified in many minds with the ritual. The arrangement of the Temple and the regulation of its worship must now be assigned to no less a man than

David, or if possible even to Yahweh himself (1 Chronicles xxviii. 19). Unquestionably, it was Solomon and not David who had actually built a house for the Lord, but David had not failed to make preparations for the great work (compare 2 Samuel viii. 10, *seq.*). Why then should he have concerned himself with nothing but the Temple choirs? Why should he not also have arranged and classified the priests, the Levites, and the porters? To ascribe to him all the measures which the Chronicler enumerates seemed nothing more than the necessary filling out of the meagreness of the ancient tradition. In the opinion of one to whom "a day in God's courts was better than a thousand," the "man after Yahweh's heart" could not have done less than is here set down.

Now the factors into which these types of the "man after Yahweh's heart" have been resolved in this rapid sketch are no mere imaginary quantities. Each one of them is taken directly from the reality. Had I been able to work out the problem more elaborately, and include, for instance, the history of the Mosaic legislation, all this would have appeared more clearly yet. But even as it is, we have seen enough to justify us in declaring that, given the veritable form of David as we have restored it, its transformation, and just such a transformation as we have traced, was an historical necessity. Thus it appears that our hypothesis, which was at first recommended solely by its own internal probability, completely accounts for the whole material which the historian finds to his hand.

Our review of the three types of David is something more than one out of many examples of the application of the critical as opposed to the harmonistic method. It throws light upon the origin and growth of the historical narratives of the Bible in general and explains the influences that have been at work upon them. Now we

may sum up these influences under the name of "the religious factor" in the composition of history, and may go on to declare that the recognition of this factor, and the application of our knowledge of it to historical researches, is what distinguishes the criticism of to-day from that of past times. Were we to ask the opponents of modern criticism what they conceive to be the special mark of its method, they would answer "the 'tendenz' theory," and in so answering they would also give the reason why they must decline to follow the predominant school of criticism, though they are very far from wishing to be thought uncritical in consequence. Their account of the state of things is much as follows: The advocate of "the 'tendenz' theory," when considering a Biblical narrative, does not inquire into its historical foundation in fact, but simply into the writer's purpose in composing it. He assumes it as certain *à priori* that the author must have had some special design, that it was not his intention, or at least not his only intention, to relate what had really happened, but that he wished to produce a certain impression, to give emphasis to some special exhortation, or to enforce his own religious ideas. Now, of course, there is no harm in these motives in themselves, but, nevertheless, if we know that a man is swayed by them, we at once suspect, if we do not absolutely reject, his testimony as to the facts of history. The advocate of "the 'tendenz' theory," accordingly, destroys the whole value of historical evidence by his unfounded suspicions. . . . So far our opponents! Now we can but partially adopt their conception of the critical method. Their one-sidedness is indicated by their predilection for the expression "tendenz theory," since it does not describe the modern method completely, nor, therefore, fairly. It is true that we recognise a definite "tendenz" (or tendency to make the narrative subserve some religious idea of the writer's own) in many of the Biblical narratives,

but we are far from supposing that this tendency was simply arbitrary. The historian, of course, displays his facts in a special light *in order that* others may take a special view of them; but he does so first and foremost, *because* he sees them in that light himself. This latter fact, which is the really important one, is entirely obscured by the nickname "tendenz criticism." The Biblical writers really *saw* the people and facts in the light in which they show them to us. But in that case how is it that they so often represent them as different from what they really were, and even from what previous historians had declared them to be? It is because each of them had his own point of view, which differed from that of his predecessors. At first it requires a considerable effort to understand this fully. We are accustomed to try, at any rate, to prevent our personal opinions and sympathies from influencing our conception of the past. And, what is more, if we made no such effort we should be acting wrongly. But why is it in our power, and consequently a part of our duty, to act thus? Because our personal convictions are, at least relatively, independent of the past, and it is therefore no necessity, or at any rate no vital necessity to us, to change our conception of the past with our own changing convictions. In former ages, this was not so. "Historical fact" and "truth" were identical. Just because the truth was supposed to have come straight from God, without any intermediate agency, it must also be supposed to have been perfectly revealed from the very first; and therefore the insight into God's nature and will which had really been gained at a later time was unintentionally antedated and ascribed to a high antiquity.* The idea of historical development was still to be born. As yet men did not and could not know how the nascent truth

* Compare C. Holsten, "Zum Evangelium des Paulus und des Petrus," (Rostock, 1868), pp. 196, *seq.*

shakes itself loose with many a strain and struggle from the error with which at first it is entangled, how it unfolds itself freely for a time, and then once more enters into fresh combinations, from which it must again disentangle itself hereafter. The theism of those days held truth to be as unalterable as He from whom it flows, and was even inconsistent with the modern theory of "a progressive revelation," which is really nothing but a compromise between the genuine supernaturalism and the theory of development. The consequence is obvious, and hardly needs restating. In ancient times, and specifically in Israel, the sense of historical continuity could only be preserved by the constant compliance on the part of the past with the requirements of the present—that is to say, its constant renovation and transformation. This may be called the law of religious historiography. At any rate, it dominates the historical writings alike of the Israelites and of the early Christians. To the three stages of the development of religion in Israel, the prophetic, the Deuteronomic, and the priestly, answers a three-fold conception of Israel's history.* Again, in the Apostolic and post-Apostolic age, the Judæo-Christian, the Pauline, and the Alexandrine conceptions of Christianity followed each other, and not unfrequently came into collision; and accordingly we find in the Gospels a Judæo-Christian picture of the Christ, a modification of it in a Pauline sense by Luke, and then, as the result of the application of the Logos-idea to the traditional materials, a complete transformation and glorification of the teacher of Nazareth in the fourth Gospel. So it is, and so it must be. Inasmuch as the Christians who followed the lines laid down by Paul, and the disciples of the Christian-Alexandrine gnosis after them, could not possibly separate themselves from the Christ, to whom they were conscious of owing all their privileges, it became an his-

* Compare the author's "Prophets and Prophecy in Israel," pp. 406, *seq.*

torical necessity for the conception of the work of Jesus in the midst of his own people to pass through the same phases which the Christian idea itself had passed through. Allowing for the difference of the subject, we see the very same process at work in Judaism. The more detailed precepts and regulations with which the later Scribes supplemented the Mosaic Law, were really the work of these Scribes themselves, and consequently grew more numerous and more minute with every century. But in the opinion of the believing Jew, they were just as holy and divine as the Law itself,—and consequently just as old. They must, therefore, have come from Moses himself, though they were not written down by him, but uttered by word of mouth and so preserved from generation to generation. In the same way, doubtless, many a "scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven" was firmly convinced that the "new things" he was bringing out of his treasure-house were as old as Christianity itself.

We may seem to have wandered far away from our more special subject; but we have not really done so. The same necessity which forces itself upon the historian when dealing with the accounts of David meets him again at every point in his Biblical investigations. The attempt to harmonise, the hypothesis that the conflicting statements merely represent different aspects of the same thing, comes into collision with the facts not now and then, but constantly. There must be a reason for this, and it was worth while tracing it out and explaining it. We have now found that it is inseparable from the very nature of the documents upon which the Biblical critic has to work. Until this was understood, he had to content himself with unnatural, or even impossible, hypotheses. He could not venture to adopt any other course than that which he actually took; for he felt bound to assume that every story rested upon an actual fact, so that the only way of

doing justice to them all was to reconcile them with each other. This necessity is now removed. The contradiction in some instances was so palpable that it was simply impossible not to recognise it. The recognition was naturally followed, after a time, by the explanation; and the explanation, as our readers may now perceive, is of such a nature as to leave the characters of the writers wholly unarraigned, while it rather raises than lowers the value of the materials at command for the history of the spiritual development of Israel or of the Christian community. Even if it were otherwise, we should have to reconcile ourselves to it; but as it is, we have certainly no cause to complain. Criticism rids us of many a supposed fact for which, in spite of our belief in it, we could really find no place; and, at the same time, it takes us into the work-place of the religious spirit, and surely the more closely we have examined the workings of this spirit, the better we shall understand it.

(iv.)

I said at the first that it would not be necessary to justify the critical method—that it would be enough simply to describe it. Nor do I wish to withdraw from that position. But this does not preclude me from devoting a few pages, in conclusion, to the consideration of the complaints which are often urged against criticism. They are generally founded upon an imperfect knowledge of its real method, and are silenced at once by a true comprehension of it.

What sense is there, for example, in the assertion that the new Biblical criticism substitutes "theories" for "facts"? The meaning may perhaps be that it often leads to the rejection of what is represented in the Biblical documents as "fact." But in that case its accusers should speak of "narratives" or "traditions," which they have

surely no right to treat as the same thing as "facts." The critic has the utmost possible reverence for real facts; for he starts from the documents, keeps to the documents, and ends with the documents. These are his "facts," and he never lets them go for an instant. "Theories," which are not borrowed from the documents, and cannot be justified by them, he systematically rejects. Can the opponents of the modern criticism say as much with equal right?

There is just as little ground for the complaint that criticism is *destructive*. I am almost ashamed to repeat the simple and obvious statement that criticism cannot destroy anything in the world; and even if it could, it would take great care not to do so. It values its facts far too highly to be willing to lose any one of them, and only wishes it could increase their number. But it does not rob these facts of the character which they really bear, or represent them as being other than they are. Whatever its conclusions may be, for instance, concerning the historical bearings and the religious value of certain books of the Old and New Testaments, it does not deny that these books were received by the Jewish Synagogue or the Christian Church into their Canon; and it allows to this fact its full weight of significance. It is only destructive of those "theories" which have gathered round the fact in the course of ages, and are still maintained in certain quarters. For instance, there is the theory that the framers of the Canon never made mistakes as to the authors or as to the historical value of the books which they deemed worthy of a place in their collection. Thus it is probably true, though we cannot be certain of it, that the Scribes attributed Ecclesiastes to Solomon, and regarded the Book of Esther as pure history. This opinion—once more assuming that it really was the opinion of the unknown Scribes in question—we are quite ready to consider; but as for treating it with implicit reverence and blind assent, we cannot and must

not do anything of the kind. If the rejection or modification of such judgments as these is destructive, then, indeed, criticism often deserves the epithet in the highest degree. But how can this be considered a reproach by Protestants, who do not believe in an infallible church, and still less, we may presume, in an infallible synagogue!

Allied to the charge we have examined, and equally unreasonable, is the assertion that the new criticism is *negative*. This implies a contrast with *positive* criticism. But the two epithets are equally inappropriate. True criticism is always both negative and positive at once, and negative only in order to be positive. If the reality can only be reached by the rejection of a part of the tradition concerning it, surely no one would ask the critic to hold back. But possibly the meaning is that the hypotheses of criticism concerning the men and the facts of the past are far less beautiful and attractive than the traditional accounts of them, and that this justifies the ascription of a negative character to criticism. To this objection my answer is twofold. In the first place, no one destroys the ancient narratives. If they are really beautiful and attractive, they are so still, and nothing prevents our enjoying their beauty. It is true that we can no longer regard them as an exact impress of the reality, but does that deprive them of their æsthetic or religious value? We do not despise beautiful parables or touching legends in other cases. And in the second place, we cannot allow for a moment that the pictures of the past sketched out by criticism invariably yield in beauty or religious value to the traditional representations. If it were so, we should have to reconcile ourselves to it, and, for the reason just mentioned, we should be able to do so. But, as a matter of fact, this is not the case; indeed it is far from unusual for the criticism of the Old and New Testaments to *rehabilitate* their heroes; and this is all the more significant because as long as the

critic is true to his principles, he is not in the least affected by any desire to place their actions in a more favourable light. Is it not highly noteworthy that so many of the reproaches, apparently well founded, which have been cast in ancient and modern times against the saints of Israel, fall away at once as soon as the narratives concerning them are cast into the crucible of criticism? To show this with reference to the patriarchs would compel me to transgress the limits laid down; and, besides, it might reasonably be asked whether modern criticism can really be said to rehabilitate them, however many scandals it removes, inasmuch as it regards them as personifications rather than persons. But take such a case as that of Samuel. If I am compelled to accept as history all that is told—no doubt with the idea of doing him honour—about his attitude with reference to the choice of a king (1 Sam. viii., x. 17—26, xii.), if I must believe the two accounts of the rejection of Saul (1 Sam. xiii. 8—14; xv.), and the story of the anointing of David (xvi. 1—13), then I can see no chance of rescuing Samuel, and I must throw upon him the responsibility of the disappointed hopes that followed Saul's elevation. It is criticism—*unprejudiced* criticism observe—which enables us still to reverence him as one of Israel's heroes. In a modified form the same phenomenon reappears in the case of David. Many of my readers are probably aware how unfavourably he is judged by no less an historian than Prof. Max Duncker.* Now I am quite willing to undertake his defence even against so great an authority, but it must be upon one condition—viz., that I may exercise criticism, and exercise it as freely as was indicated above. If I were compelled to accept the tradition as it stands, I should indeed be at a loss for an answer to more than one of the charges urged

* Vol. I., p. 589, *seq.* (3rd Edition). Vol. II., p. 130, *seq.*, of the English Translation by Abbot.

by Duncker. It is only when the image of David has been freed from all that later generations have thrown around it by way of embellishment, that David himself remains "a hero," and, even when he does not act heroically, "a man and a brother." And does not the same hold good of the New Testament characters? Paul certainly has gained rather than lost by the application of a severe criticism to the narratives concerning him. It is only by rejecting the well-meant apologetical statements of the Book of Acts (xviii. 18, xxi. 20) that we can acquit him of an "accommodation" of very questionable character.

There is a greater appearance of truth in the reproach that the results of criticism are *utterly uncertain*, and are sufficiently refuted by their mutual contradictions, and even in some cases by the wavering conceptions of one and the same critic. But we are not without an answer even here. Indeed, no great weight can be attached to the argument in any case, for difference of view concerning the truth is infinitely better than agreement in error. Criticism is no more refuted by a reference to its gropings after the truth than Protestantism was by "l'histoire de ses variations." The critics, indeed, have often followed a false track, and no doubt they are still going astray with regard to many details, for "es irrt der Mensch, so lang' er strebt;" but is that any reason why he should give up "striving"? We need not, however, confine ourselves to these general considerations. Our study of the critical method has furnished us with a complete answer to the objection we are now considering. In the first place, we have gained a clear conception of the enormous difficulties with which the historian of Israel and of early Christianity has to contend. The scarcity of the documents on the one hand, and their special character on the other, are constantly perplexing him. Though we could not accept the advice of those who urged us on this very ground to drop the whole investigation, yet we certainly must grant that nothing short of an additional

supply of documents could remove the uncertainty that now unquestionably exists. It is almost impossible, under these circumstances, that hypotheses should not be put forward which it is equally impossible to establish or to confute from the documents, and concerning which, therefore, no real decision can be reached. It is almost necessary that theses should be defended at the same time and with regard to the same subject which exclude each other, but are none of them excluded by the facts. And in the next place, our review of the Critical Method has emphatically directed our attention to the influence—always present, but often neglected—of *the subjective factor* in the composition of history. I described the task of the historian as the framing and verifying of hypotheses, because his work seemed to be most correctly and completely represented by this formula; and we now see that it had the additional advantage of bringing into prominence the enormous influence of the historian's personality, of his penetration, his gift of combining—in a word, what we may call his special genius. Ernest Naville has recently reminded us, with admirable skill, of the important part which is played by these subjective gifts even on the field of the natural sciences, in spite of their claim to objectivity;* and from the nature of the case their significance in the search for truth on the literary and historical fields is greater still. It would not be very surprising if a man were to shrink from the piles of historical works on the Old and New Testaments, determining to pass all this chaos of speculation on one side, and confine his attention to the sources themselves. But this would be extremely foolish, for he would be robbing himself, perhaps, of a good half of his material. Or is that too much to say? In such a case one can but speak for himself; but the author of the present article has no hesitation in declaring that he would be just as sorry to be deprived

* *La Logique de l'Hypothèse* (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine). Paris. 1880.

of all that others have *seen* in the documents and the hypotheses they have framed, as to be deprived of the documents themselves. His experience has taught him that the facts do indeed speak, but that the ears often need to be opened before their voice can be heard. A knowledge of the critical method teaches us to understand all this, and so to appreciate the work of our predecessors; and it teaches us, at the same time, how unreasonable it is to complain of the constant change of critical results, or to make that change a reproach to criticism itself. Where subjectivity plays so important a part, the natural consequences of its action cannot possibly fail to appear.

This leads us to our concluding remark. Even with reference to the mental qualifications I have been speaking of, each one of us is the child of his times. Each successive generation has more positive knowledge than the one that went before it, and on the strength of its advancing culture it turns fresh eyes and a clearer glance upon the past. Hence it follows that the representation of any portion of the past reality made by one generation will not completely satisfy the next. History has to be constantly rewritten, even when the documents remain the same. But a conquest which has once been made is never lost. History is a progressive science, or, at least, it is so whenever the historian understands that he must not ignore the work of his predecessors, but must take it up into his own mind. How gladly ought we to reconcile ourselves to the "variations of history"! If the line is never wantonly broken, then these variations are ever closer approximations to the truth. We need not fear to let "our little systems cease to be" as soon as they have had "their day," for they were but "broken lights," and were not meant to be permanent. They have done their work if they have shown us some little more of that truth which "is more than they."

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THINGS NEW AND OLD IN ITALY.

ONE of the first and strongest impressions the traveller receives at the present day in Italy is the sharp contrast between the old and the new which meets him at every turn. There are no gradual transitions; no intermediate stages leading from the one to the other; everything is either brand-new or very old. You pass abruptly from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century; from the dark, narrow, winding, dirty old street, offending your nose, but delighting your eyes with its picturesque architecture, rich colour, and breadth of light and shade, into the wide, straight Corso Vittorio Emmanuele,—every Italian town has a Corso Vittorio Emmanuele now,—built in imitation of a French boulevard, and as glaringly, staringly new as paint and stucco can make it. And the life in the old street and the new presents the same incongruous mixture. The ox-cart, probably unchanged since the days of Virgil, the sumpter mule and donkey with their primitive drivers, meet and mingle with the modern omnibus, the fashionable equipage; one group of figures looks as if it had walked out of a picture by Salvator Rosa, another out of the latest *Journal des Modes*. One's mind is set on edge by the rawness, the incongruity of the effect.

Nor does this contrast exist on the surface only; it runs throughout the whole life of the country. New institutions and old customs; a new nation, an ancient people; a mediæval Church, a modern constitutional kingdom; the

fifteenth century and the nineteenth exist side by side ; the two currents flowing in the same bed, yet as sharply distinct as the Rhone and the Arne below their junction. And, strangest of all, both seem to flow equally from the life of the people, and Pope and King, the living symbols of old and new, facing each other in irreconcilable opposition from the heights of the Vatican and Quirinal, are both equally popular.

The first impression, on comparing the old and the new brought into such close juxtaposition, is entirely to the disadvantage of the new. The old is the embodiment of long centuries of human faith and thought and passion ; it has the harmony, the fitness that belong to a natural growth, moulded by the surrounding conditions, and moulding them in return. It has all the sacredness of the ancient roof-tree, beneath which generation after generation has found shelter ; of the altar at which generation after generation has worshipped. The new, on the other hand, in the external forms it has taken, is altogether characterless and crude ; an imitation, not an indigenous production. It is as if the country had gone to sleep for three or four centuries, and then had been suddenly startled out of its slumbers and, only half-awake, had hastily set to work to dress itself in the fashion of the times, taking the nearest model at hand, without pausing to consider whether it fitted ill or well. And, in fact, this is very much what has happened. Italy *was* asleep for three centuries—sunk in the deep lethargy of religious and political servitude. From time to time a voice was raised, calling upon the sleepers to awake ; but it was silenced on the scaffold or in a dungeon, or choked in the mephitic atmosphere of sensual pleasure and grovelling superstition, carefully maintained by the powers that were. When the waking came at last, and Italy, from being a “ geographical expression,” became a political fact, and

sprang at one bound, as it were, from political nonentity to a place among the great Powers of Europe, she had necessarily to throw her new institutions into a foreign mould. The form her new freedom took was not and could not be of indigenous growth ; her new wine had to be put into new bottles, and naturally men say at first, " the old was better."

But how did this transformation, apparently so sudden and in such startling contradiction to all antecedents, come about? Few histories would be more interesting than one that should fully answer this question, and trace the links in the generation of the new from the old. It would be the history of Italian thought and feeling from the fall of the Roman Empire till now. But within the limits of an essay such as this, all that can be done is to bring out as vividly as possible the contrasting aspects of the Italy of to-day, and to indicate the main streams of influence which, working through the past, have made it what it is.

The Church of Rome is the root and centre, the living representative of the old in Italy, and it is she,—the heir of the Roman Empire, wielding an authority as universal and even more absolute, because swaying the inner as well as the outward life of men,—to whose all-pervading influence, subtle and constant as that of a law of nature, we must look for the moulding power that has fashioned Italian character and Italian history in its two aspects, religious and political. It may seem absurd to talk of Italian character and history, when every province now constituting united Italy, has had its own distinct character and history, and, excepting Rome and Tuscany, even its own written and spoken dialect. But true as this is, and marked as are the differences between Piedmontese and Sicilian, Tuscan and Neapolitan, Roman and Venetian, there is, nevertheless, a certain strain common to all ; a certain unmistakable moral and intellectual stamp, traceable to a common influence. This may be best

expressed generally as childishness or childlikeness, according as it is seen in its worst or best aspect. Childish superstition combined with childish irreverence; a want of moral earnestness and of fixed moral principle; a great dislike to moral responsibility; impulsiveness rather than depth of feeling; a general quickness and subtlety rather than vigour of mind; gentleness and easiness of temper rather than strength and steadfastness; light-hearted indifference to all matters above and beyond the immediate pleasures and interests of life; a childlike unconsciousness of ridicule or disgrace from yielding to natural impulses good or bad; *—these are the prevailing traits of the average Italian throughout the peninsula, and they are precisely those which might have been looked for as the result of the unchecked influence of the Church of Rome, prolonging moral childhood, keeping mind and conscience in perpetual leading-strings, and calling forth only the virtues of childhood,—submission and unconditional obedience,—while sternly repressing every attempt at independence of thought or conduct.

Let us now look at the effect on Italian society as a whole; taking first the religious aspect which, in fact, includes almost all others, so entirely, under the Papal system, has religion penetrated and modified the whole of Italian life. Signor Minghetti, former Prime Minister during the stay in power of the Right or Constitutional Liberals, and still chief amongst the statesmen of Italy, sums up the general results on the nation as follows:—"A great mass of believers, yes, but more superstitious, or ignorant, or lukewarm in thought and feeling than believing; another great mass of the indifferent or nearly indifferent, who, if they follow the external observances of religion, do it from tradition, from habit, from decorum,

* The extreme leniency shown by Italian juries to deeds of violence always supposed to be committed in hot blood, has its root in this feeling.

or from that calculation of probabilities of which Pascal speaks. Small is the number who profess religion, not merely in words, but in its true spirit; and opposed to these stands a minority hostile to Catholicism and, in part, to all religious ideas whatsoever, composed of men following science, business, politics, of those who call themselves the *élite* of civil society."*

Rafaëlle Mariano declares that Italy, the seat and stable centre of the Papacy, has ended by becoming the most irreligious among civilised nations. He goes on to say, that the deleterious effect upon the religious conscience of Italy, as the natural and infallible consequence of the oppressive action of the absolute power of Catholicism, not to mention the presence of the Court of Rome, is unanimously acknowledged by every thinker, every historian, from Machiavelli downwards; and elsewhere he quotes Machiavelli's words:—"We Italians have to thank the Papacy for this benefit, that it has made us, in religious matters, either indifferent or atheists." But the true cause lies even deeper than the external dominion of Rome,—in her materialising tendencies:—"Not only is her worship extrinsic and material; but, at bottom, her very conception of religious faith is resumed and resolved into a *cultus*. And the worship of images, the adoration of the saints, of relics, the jubilees, the pilgrimages, the indulgences and miracles are not extrinsic accidents, but essential and constituent elements of Catholicism. If they were suppressed, faith itself would be lost."† The Catholic organ-

* *Stato e Chiesa*, p. 221.

† *Problema Religioso in Italia*. R. Mariano, 1872. The author of this work is one of the ablest and most vigorous writers on religious questions in Italy, and has for years past devoted his great powers to the task of rousing the religious conscience of his countrymen and combating the deadly influence of the Papacy, though standing altogether apart from the Protestant movement. The work quoted above is unfortunately out of print, but his "*Cristianesimo, Cattolicesimo e Civiltà*" is well worth the attentive study of any one wishing to understand the present aspects and future prospects of religion in Italy.

isation is the negation of all inward and spiritual principle. "The laity stand on one side, the sacerdotal class on the other. The former is without the power to establish within their own consciences any direct relation with God" (p. 67).

Signor Bonghi, who was Minister of Education under the Minghetti Administration, though standing on a very different platform from R. Mariano, bears testimony to the same effect. In an article in the *Nuova Antologia* of June, 1878,* he says:—

In the first place, I find the general habit of religion become more and more external, and draw its life less from the sanctuary (*sacrario*) of the soul than from the rites, the ornaments, the numberless formalities, and a certain scenic apparatus, which, just in proportion as it attracts and kindles the imagination, dissipates inward compunction and meditation. Add to this that the extremely long and frequent repetition of the external acts (of devotion) in itself effaces the deep meaning of the ceremonies and symbols, and lends to these a material value which gradually confuses spiritual conceptions and intuitions. This result is the more certain that the language used in worship is unknown to the multitude, and to repeat a hundred times a series of sounds not understood by the mind, seems expressly devised to turn the pious into machines for emitting words and prayers into a co-nundrum. Add, moreover, that the Catholic religion admitting a sort of subordinate adoration to the saints and the Virgin, and even to their images and relics, it has always happened that the people have easily confounded the differences and gradations between them.

His general summing up of the effect of the system on moral character is as follows:—

. . . In the vulgar is generated the fatal belief that the fundamental precepts of morality may be disregarded, provided that forgiveness is sought afterwards, though, assuredly, rather by the service of the lips than by the conversion and purification of the heart. And the moral sense fluctuates in so much the greater confusion and error as the use of indulgences has been

* Del Catechismo nelle Scuole e della Morale Cattolica.

preserved and extended; a use corrected and purified, no doubt, by the Council of Trent and by several wise pontiffs, but, nevertheless, pernicious to the minds of the people.

It may be as well to point out to non-Catholic readers, that indulgences, or the promise of so many days or years being taken off the time of expiation in purgatory, are offered for attendance at certain services in certain churches, without any mention being made, though, no doubt, intended, of the state of mind of the worshipper. "*Indulgenza Plenaria*" is one of the commonest inscriptions one sees written over the doors of churches in Italy, and it is no wonder that the external act of devotion for which it is offered becomes the only important part of the transaction in the minds of the greater number.

Count Terenzio Mamiani, representing a different school again,—that of philosophical theism,—says that "Even the Catholic clergy, especially in its lower grades, which are the more numerous and less ambitious, perceive in the present day the urgent necessity of correcting the use and application of their moral doctrines, and breaking, once for all, among the lower classes that shameful alternation between merrily sinning and repenting, and sinning again and falsely repenting, making easy penance and reparation for every abomination through confessions, rosaries, and absolutions; so that their religion seems to reduce itself to the miserable art of making game of (*gabbare*) the saints and the Lord God in such fashion as to transform into riot and disorder the greatest and holiest festivals of the Pontifical Calendar." *

It may be added here that the system of penances is demoralising in itself, consisting, as it generally does, in the endless repetition, necessarily becoming mechanical, of acts of devotion, or of bodily mortification, sometimes painful, sometimes loathsome, but, after all, always easier than the

* *Religione dell'Avvenire*. T. Mamiani (Milar, 1890); p. 15.

process of inward purification, which makes the sin more hateful than its punishment. An instructive light is thrown upon this system of penances by the quotations given by a contemporary* from the Abbé Gaume's "Manual for Confessors," published with a preface by the Rev. G. B. Pusey, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1878: "One who has a habit of blasphemy is recommended 'to make the sign of the cross several times on the ground with his tongue,' and daily to say some prayer as an act of reparation" (p. 52). Amongst the "easy penances" recommended, the confessor is advised to prescribe "five 'Our Fathers' daily for some time (p. 356); but lest the confessor should fail 'to impose suitable penances' for grave sins, he is taught at p. 365, that an 'Our Father' (we presume that one repetition is here intended) would be a very light penance for repeated adulteries or other impurities."

The book quoted from is French, but the doctrine is that of the universal Roman Church, and cases in illustration could be given from personal knowledge by every one who has lived much in Italy and amongst Italians.

The evidence hitherto brought forward as to the moral condition of Italy comes from outside the Church. Let us now listen to a witness from within—Padre Curci, the former friend and counsellor of Pius IX., and though expelled from the Order of Jesuits for his writings in favour of a reconciliation between the Pope and King through the abandonment of the temporal power, still a devoted son of the Church. In a very remarkable preface attached to his translation of the New Testament from the Vulgate, published last year, he laments the decay of Christian virtue, and affirms that of all that may be called Christian conscience, little or nothing remains except in theory, so that comparing the present with any other Christian century, it will be found, he believes, to be far

* *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1880—Ritualistic Literature.

inferior.* He attributes this result mainly to the ignorance both of clergy and laity of the life and teaching of Christ, which, he declares, to be the least known of all sacred subjects. "There is, indeed, the explanation of the Gospels, made on Sundays by the parochial clergy, according to the Tridentine prescriptions. . . . Also, on rare occasions, the evangelical facts and documents are mentioned from the pulpit . . . but he who has noticed the sad fact, and feels the ugly significance of making that which should be the daily bread of the faithful an exceptional thing, can only deplore, without wondering at it, that among Christian populations the Christian conscience should be already, in great measure, lost, and dwindles away more and more" (xviii., xix). He speaks in the strongest terms of the ignorance of the Scriptures among the clergy. "With us it is seldom enough that these great mysteries (of the life of Christ) are made the subjects of sermons or catechising, because too few are those capable of it; for it would require far graver studies than those which are usual at present in the Seminary, and which the young priest, when he leaves it, thinks of no more." Further on he complains bitterly that the concourse of people drawn together on the great Christian festivals is taken advantage of to preach up "some new objects of worship, which, like the fashions, are the more prized the newer they are, so that on the Feast of the Epiphany the people shall hear only about the works of St. Anthony, or at Easter and other festivals, the sermons shall be all in celebration of the newest miracle of some new saint or new Madonna" † (xxi.); and further on he adds, "There is no use in concealing it—the New Testament is, of all books, the least studied and read amongst us; insomuch that the greater number of the laity, even believers, instructed and devout, do not even know of the

* *Avvertenze Preliminarie*, p. xii.

† See on this subject an interesting article in the *Church Review* for Oct. 1879, on "Preaching and other Matters in Rome in 1879."

existence of such a book, and the larger part of the clergy themselves know little more of it than what they read in the Breviary and the Missal. Irrefutable proof of this may be found in our religious literature, in which there is not a subject, be it ecclesiastical, ascetic, or moral, or mystical, which does not appear more frequently than this"* (xxiii.).

On this point we have corroborative evidence from the exactly opposite quarter, Signor Ribetti, the able and cultivated Waldensian pastor in Rome, having told me that in his many controversies, public and private, with Roman Catholic priests he had found it an infallible means of disconcerting them to hand them a Bible and request them to point out in the original the texts they adduced in support of their arguments. They always quoted at second-hand, and knew nothing of the original sources, nor of the context which modified, or even entirely falsified, the inferences they drew.

I have preferred giving the testimony of native writers to the lax morality, the ignorance and superstitions bred of Papal absolutism in Italy, that no suspicion of English or Protestant prejudice may attach to it. But it is impossible to live in Italy with one's eyes open, and not receive daily confirmation of it. The grossness and the childishness of the superstitions strike one at every turn. Nothing seems too gross to be believed, not only by the lower classes, but by the upper and professedly educated. Padre Curci speaks of two instances recently come to his knowledge of supposed miraculous occurrences "of so strange a nature," he says, "that I should be ashamed to state them explicitly." But better as a test of the general tone and influence of a church on the conscience and habits of a people than any particular instances are the standards it sets up and the

* These statements may be considered to have received the sanction of the present Pope, who not only accepted the copy of Padre Curci's work presented to him, but ordered a number to be bought and distributed in the Seminaries.

examples to which it points the admiration and reverence of the faithful. Such a test may be found in the proceedings connected with the beatification of a certain Benedetto Giuseppe Labre, as set forth in a biography of him published on the occasion of the said beatification, the 20th of May, 1860, the authenticity of which is guaranteed by the imprimatur of the Vice-Gerant of the Lateràn. A Frenchman by birth, he spent the last years of his life in Rome, where he died in odour of sanctity in 1786,—an odour which, in his case, as we shall see, must have been overpowering to unsanctified nostrils,—and where now, ninety-four years after his death, an active movement is going on, and money being collected in the churches to obtain for him final promotion to the rank of saint by papal canonisation. The man himself was a remarkable psychological phenomenon; one of those rare instances of a human mind so possessed and overshadowed by the sense of the spiritual and eternal, that the temporal and material faded into insignificance, and every energy of an evidently powerful nature was directed from boyhood upwards to the absorption of this life in the life to come. Refused admittance, on account of his youth and delicacy of constitution, both by the Trappist and Carthusian Orders, which he repeatedly sought to enter, he resolved, at the age of twenty-two, to adopt the life of a pilgrim, and subject himself voluntarily to a rule more rigorously ascetic than that of the severest monastic orders—a resolution he carried out to the extremest letter, without, apparently, a moment's failure till his death, from sheer exhaustion, at the age of 35. Clothed in rags, swarming with vermin which he carefully cherished, feeding on garbage, or taking as alms only the barest sufficiency to support life; sleeping on the bare ground, spending days and nights in prayer, and choosing the mouths of sewers as his favourite places of outdoor devotion, he wandered from shrine to shrine through

France, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy, and finally settled in Rome, where, from being the object of popular derision and insult, owing to his squalid and filthy appearance, he became a saint in popular estimation, so that at his death, as his biographer proudly mentions, not only the poor, but bishops, cardinals, the highest nobles, the greatest ladies in Rome, all grades of the middle classes, were among the crowds that pressed to visit the room where he died and to obtain some shred of his relics, and so filled with disorderly masses the church in which his funeral obsequies were performed, that the sacrament had to be removed from the altar for fear of sacrilege.

That such a life of voluntary endurance, and even courting of the pains and hardships human nature most shrinks from, should have made him a popular hero, is nothing wonderful; but the procedure for raising him to the rank of *Beatus*—begun immediately after his death, and carried on through seventy-four years under the direction of the highest ecclesiastical functionaries, with the approval of five successive Popes, till finally and successfully closed by the favourable decision of a sixth Pope, Pius IX., in 1860—makes the Church of Rome directly responsible for the standard of sanctity thus held up for popular veneration, and the ideal of Christian life presented for imitation to Christian men and women. Now, if we examine this ideal, we shall find it as far removed from the life of Him who went about doing good, and was among men “as one that serveth,” as it is possible to imagine; and the “new hero of Christianity,” as he is styled by his biographer, turns out to be only the hero of other-worldliness. His one aim and object in all his self-mortification was his own salvation, as is naïvely stated in the Papal Brief, raising him to the dignity of *Beatus*, which, after enumerating his renunciation of family, country, friends, all that is dear to man, adds the motive: “*ac deliciis recrearetur eternis, in quas*

omnia studia sua curasque defixerat." From the time of his writing a farewell letter to his parents, when entering on his pilgrim life, there is no record of his having rendered, or wished to render, a service, whether temporal or spiritual, to any human being, and though ready enough to pray for the souls in Purgatory, he refused his prayers to the living who asked for them, saying it was too burdensome to him. Of all the miracles attributed to him, and which are far more numerous than those recorded of Christ, there is not one performed by his intentional agency. All are due to the miraculous efficacy of his relics or portraits; the so-called servant of God served himself only. His aim was not to sanctify, but as far as possible to destroy his humanity, and the practical effect of holding his example up to imitation is to warp the moral judgment of the people, and bring them to the conclusion that if sanctity requires the sacrifice of all the natural affections, of the most innocent as well as the sinful desires and pleasures, they cannot be saints and human too, and may as well be sinners with the rest of their kind, and trust to the superabundant merits of such exceptional beings as Labre and his fellows to get them safe out of Purgatory after all.

It is worth noting that the book, which abounds with proofs that superstitions as gross as any in the Middle Ages are still subsisting in Italy and encouraged by the Church, is evidently got up for a wealthy class of readers, being a quarto volume, bound in red calf, gilt lettered, and stamped.

With this childish superstition is often mingled an equally childish irreverence. It is a not unnatural conjunction. Terror, not reverence, is the fruit of superstition, and religious awe is as foreign to the ordinary Italian mind as the "dim religious light" to Italian church architecture. The Italian of the lower classes prays to the Madonna and the saints with undoubting faith in their miraculous powers, and blasphemes them with equal energy if they do not

grant his prayers. Sometimes there is a tender familiarity in addressing the objects of worship,—a sort of appeal to their reasonableness,—as when a poor Florentine woman, who had undertaken, with several others, to keep a light burning before an image of the Saviour, was heard one night saying, as she turned away, leaving the lamp untrimmed: “*Buona notte, Jesu; l’olio e molto caro*”—“Good-night, Jesus; oil is very dear.” The English observer is continually struck with the absence in Italian churches,—not only in the congregations, but in the officiating priests of whatever grade,—of any sense of the solemnity of what they are about, of any sacredness in the place or service, which should exclude every act, word, or posture inconsistent with it. There is an utter want of dignity, almost of decent gravity, in the performance of even the most solemn ceremonials. This comes, in some degree, from the simplicity, the childlike freedom from self-consciousness, which is one of the charms of Italian character and manner, and which makes any thought of effect,—the posing of the Frenchman, or the *mauvaise honte* of the Englishman,—equally foreign to the Italian. So he is his natural, easy self in church as elsewhere, and thinks no more than a child would do of affecting what he does not feel. How little of religious awe is associated even with the most sacred or the most terrible of religious ideas in the minds of the people, was amusingly illustrated by the following story, told me by a friend long resident in Rome:—Last year, according to his usual custom during the Carnival, he treated his servants to the play, and next morning asked the maidservant what she had seen. “*Il Padre Eterno e l’Inferno*,” was the startling answer, with the addition, “*E ci si stava bene*”—“And it was very comfortable.” Her master mildly suggested doubts as to the person represented, and also that in the Inferno there would be flames; but she persisted in her view, and also

that, though there were flames, "*ci si stava molto bene.*" It turned out, on further inquiry, that what she had seen was a ballet representing Pluto in the infernal regions!

In point of fact, their church and church festivals are, to that class in Italy, quite as much a part of the diversion as of the religion of their lives. I remember once a strong opposition raised in an English country parish to the decoration of the parish church according to the then new ritualistic views, on the ground expressed by a sturdy yeoman that he did not want his church turned into a *theatre*. Now that is precisely what the Italian of the lower class does want. "*Panem et circenses*" was the cry of his forefathers under the Roman Empire, and the Church, when she succeeded the Empire, had to meet the same demand. She supplied the bread by alms-giving, the games by church festivals, and hence the mendicity and semi-paganism which are the curses of Italy to this day.

Beside this mass of superstitious belief, co-existing alas! with a not uncommon denial of all belief, there lies the great bulk of the indifferent,—those who have no distinct belief or disbelief, and to whom religion means only a routine of external observances as mechanical as any other habit. They get married, christen their children, minister to their sick, and bury their dead according to the rites of the Church of Rome, and would feel as uncomfortable in leaving off any of those observances as in leaving off their customary fashion of dress or living. And in some secret recess of their hearts there might be found a feeling that it is as well to make all safe, and to secure themselves against possible contingencies, through what a German writer has called "the great spiritual insurance office"—the Church. This tendency to reduce religion to mere habit is, of course, immensely fostered by the mechanical nature of so many of the forms of Catholic worship, and finds a congenial soil in the natural indolence of the Italian.

What is the use of putting a force upon one's self, of straining the mind to the lofty heights of faith, when, after all, the priest, whose business it is, will do all that is necessary, and take one's soul, if one has a soul, in an easy go-cart to Paradise, if there is a Paradise ?

These are the things which, becoming through long centuries of absolute sway the moral atmosphere of Italy, have, as by some insidious narcotic, lulled the conscience of the people and, according to the unanimous testimony of writers of all shades of political and religious opinion, have all but killed moral and spiritual life among them.

But, it will be asked, how, out of this inert mass, over which the old, represented by the Church of Rome, has not ceased to reign supreme, can have come to life the new, the modern kingdom of Italy, with its political and religious freedom, its modern science, modern literature, modern fashions of all kinds, good and evil, including modern scepticism and positivism, standing out in such crude and startling contrast with the old ? To explain this, we must recall a fact too often forgotten by those who have the government of human creatures, from kings to schoolmasters,—*i.e.*, that laws and institutions work on the minds subjected to them by two opposing forces,—attraction and repulsion,—and that while the pressure of external authority ensures the appearance of unconditional submission and conformity to the prescribed type, there may be going on all the time an under-current of intense hatred and opposition, gathering force from its compression, and ready, the moment the pressure is removed, to break forth and turn with its whole might against the authority which has kept it down. And where the authority is a temporal or spiritual despotism, under which independence of mind and character is a crime, and passive obedience the first of virtues, it will be found that the most vigorous minds, the most generous natures, will be arrayed on the side of opposition.

So it has been in Italy. From the days of Dante downwards every great Italian name will be found in the ranks of the enemies of the Papacy. Nowhere are its greed, its corruptions, its spiritual wickedness, and the evils following from its temporal power, denounced with such scathing force as in the verse of Dante, devout and fervent Catholic as he was. Nowhere is there more biting satire of the vices of her priests and monks than in the tales of Boccaccio, the poem of Ariosto. Nowhere has her deadly influence on Christian faith been expressed in stronger terms than by Machiavelli. And these are the classical writers of Italy, on which the students of each successive generation of Italians have been fed. In every department of intellectual and spiritual life we see the same phenomenon: Arnaldo da Brescia and Savonarola, the martyrs of religious reformation; Giordano Bruno, the martyr of scientific truth; and Galileo, only escaping martyrdom by denying the truth and abjuring the magnificent discovery which has been the cornerstone of modern science; and besides these great names the immense army of obscure, nameless martyrs, slowly done to death in prison, or slaughtered by a brutal soldiery or more brutal populace, led on by priests bearing the crucifix. Obscure, unknown, they fell; but each left in some living hearts a sacred memory,—a sacred fire of love for the cause in which they perished, of hatred for the power against which they fought in vain,—a fire hidden under the superincumbent mass of external authority, but which, when the hour came, was to burst its bonds, and, like the sudden outbreak of a volcano, to reveal at once its existence and its irresistible force.

It was the sense of common foe which created the ideal of Italian unity. The Papal policy had always been founded on the maxim, *Divide et impera*. It had always resisted, and called in the foreigner to resist the growth of any Italian State powerful enough to become independent of its influence. "It

required," says the Neapolitan patriot, Luigi Settembrini, "three centuries of foreign and clerical servitude, an accumulation of detestable iniquities, to make us all equal in misery and shame, to take from us that municipal feeling which gave us a distinct personality, and kept us always divided, weak, and enslaved." The means by which the ideal became a reality was the common Italian tongue. "The first thing we demanded," says the same writer further on, "when we felt ourselves once more Italians after three centuries of slavery, was our common language, which Dante created, which Machiavelli wrote, and which was spoken by Ferruccio. Know, finally, that many good men set themselves to restore the study of the language, and so did an eminently patriotic work, because our language is to us the record of greatness, of knowledge, of liberty, and the study of it was not a literary fashion, as the foolish believe, but the first manifestation of national feeling."* With this feeling grew up a common pride in the triumphs of Italian literature, Italian art, Italian science, Italian philosophy. Every man who stood on this glorious roll, whether Tuscan, Genoese, Venetian, Lombard, Roman, Neapolitan, spoke Italian as his own tongue, and was, therefore, first and before all a son of Italy. And so grew up the love of Italy as a common country, the mother sacred and beloved of all that was great and good and noble and free on the soil between the Alps and the three seas.

The book just quoted gives a vivid account of the manner in which this process of patriotic growth secretly went on during the dark years from the wars of Napoleon—which, the author says, profoundly shook the Italian mind, and awakened a new feeling developing gradually into the feeling of nationality—down to 1848. Himself a patriot

* *Ricordanze della mia Vita.* Di Luigi Settembrini. Napoli: 188. Second edition, Vol. I., p. 80.

of the purest type, the gentlest and tenderest-hearted of men, he expiated through fourteen years of imprisonment, ten of which were spent among the lowest class of criminals in the penal settlement of the island of San Stefano, the crime—he had committed no other—of having loved Italy and freedom, and used his influence as a teacher and writer in their cause. I commend the book to the reading of those inclined to fall into the present fashion of believing that the old *régime* was not so bad after all; that the sufferings under it were exaggerated for partisan purposes, and that but for Victor Emanuel's and Louis Napoleon's ambition and Cavour's intrigues, things might have remained and gone on very well as they were.* Settembrini's father, an advocate by profession, had taken part in the revolutionary movement in 1799, and the child Luigi, sitting at his mother's knee, heard him often, in the long winter evenings, relate the horrors and sufferings of the bloody reaction that followed. The child listened breathlessly to the tale, and when it came to some specially brutal act he shivered, and his mother would clench the hand she was sewing with, and grow pale. Later on the Austrians came, and the boy saw nothing around him but the misery and ruin of a foreign occupation. One day he heard the sound of a trumpet, and then a shriek of pain. His mother went to the window, and he followed her, but she caught his hand and fell to the ground. His father

* In the *Voce della Verità* of March 31, 1890, there was a triumphant article quoting the statement of a certain Italian publicist, Petrinelli della Gattina, to the effect that the revolutionary party, wanting to personify the atrocity of the Bourbon Dynasty in a living victim, "invented Poerio," whose martyrdom was "*una pretta invenzione convenzionale rivoluzionaria della stampa Anglo-Francese e nostra.*" The motive of this audacious statement, made in defiance of the living memory of hundreds, and of the official records of the Neapolitan tribunals, is the desire of the Democratic Republicans, to whom the writer belongs, to darken the fame and destroy the prestige of the great patriots of the revolutionary period, who all, with the exception of Mazzini, rallied round the dynasty of Savoy, which the Republicans want to throw off.

said, "It is the lash," and closed all the windows. This was the punishment devised by the then ministers for *carbonari*, or those condemned as such. The sufferer was bound bare-shouldered on an ass, and lashed through the streets by the public executioner. "Never," says Settembrini, "have I forgotten the sound of that trumpet, that shriek, and my mother lying on the ground." The hatred of tyranny thus sown by the memories of childhood was fostered later on by his father's counsel and example, and by his studies in classical and Italian literature under masters who made them a training in high thought and patriotic feeling. The persecutions and martyrdoms he himself witnessed in 1820, 1823, and 1833 added fuel to the flame. The country ceaselessly harried by a brutal *gendarmerie*; old men, women, priests, tortured to extract evidence from them, untried prisoners bound hand and foot with fine whip cord, and subjected to the lash, in some cases to suspension by cords above a fire of wet straw; a daily oppression exercised over all classes down to the very lowest. "In every village the priest and the *gendarme* rode ruthlessly over the people. . . . They left us not an hour of peace, but every day, in the public square and in our homes, they were ever near us, saying like the robbers:—'Give, or we will strike.' Such oppressions corrupt a nation to the marrow. . . ."

But neither imprisonment nor torture nor treachery could crush the passionate desire for liberty continually breaking out in one form or another, and, as ever before, the blood of the victims became the fertile seed whence sprang their avengers. "We youths," says Settembrini, "laid up in our memories the names of those poor martyrs, especially of Canon de Luca" (an old man of 80, a deputy in the Parliament of 1820, who was degraded from holy orders and beheaded, and who on the scaffold prayed that an avenger should be raised from his bones). "We repeated his words

. . . and said, 'Who knows if we shall be able to avenge him?''

Another kind of conspiracy went on at the same time, . . . "without violent impatience, slow, continual, in which took part every cultivated person, all sensible people." It was carried on in various directions; by efforts at economical and social reform; by the study of the language, used especially by Professor Puoti as a means to awaken Italian thought and feeling. Then came a book "which made a profound revolution throughout Italy, the 'Primato' of Gioberti. We were slaves, divided, scattered, despised of foreigners who called us a degraded race, and Italy the land of dead, not living men; nothing more than a name retained in geography, and cancelled from among the nations of Europe, we ourselves held ourselves inferior to all others, . . . when this man said to us:—'You Italians are the first people of the world. . . .' Never was there a work of philosopher, or even of poet, or any other writer, more potent, more salutary than this." In 1848 these secret forces came to a head, and for one short year Italy seemed free, only to be once more crushed,—everywhere but in the little kingdom of Sardinia,—under the heel of the foreigner and of the Pope, brought back by French bayonets. Settembrini, who had never conspired but with his pen, was condemned to death, but respited and sent to the convict prisons for life with Poerio and so many others; and few records are more terrible and more touching than his account of what he suffered there, caged in one cell with the vilest felons, through year after year, tortured through every fibre of his being, and yet writing to the wife he adored that he would not accept the pardon likely to be offered him, for to accept pardon would be to admit guilt, and own that to love and serve Italy had been a crime.

At last in 1859 came deliverance at the price of exile to him, and in 1860, freedom to his country and to all Italy

except Rome. And so through slow, secret travail, and long throes of agony was born at last the new Italy, so often represented as the mere mushroom growth of popular passion and political intrigue, but in truth, the legitimate offspring of all that was best and noblest in the past, born as Bonghi says, of the very vitals of the people. With admirable political instinct the leaders of the national party felt that in the face of all the forces of the past concentrated under a single head, the Pope, the forces of the young nation must be equally concentrated under one head, the King. "I was a Republican in those days (of boyhood)," says Settembrini, "because in the Republic I saw liberty; to be a Republican now would seem to me to undo the country, and deliver Italy into the hands of the Pope and the foreigner; the Republic to-day would be a parricide. . . . So long as there is a Pope in Italy there must be a King, who alone can hold him within bounds, though himself a believer and a Catholic."

These words sum up the situation in Italy. On the one hand, the unchanged, unchanging and unchangeable Papacy, the grandest monument of the dead past, defying the present, claiming the future, and with sublime faith in its own immutability, saying to the tide of the world's life: Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther. On the other side, the kingdom of Italy, representing the living forces of the present, which have broken through the barriers the Papal power would have imposed upon them, as the Italian army broke through the old walls of Rome on the memorable 20th of September, 1870.

But the greatest danger of young Italy is to believe the battle won because the Pope is a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican and the King installed in the Quirinal. The Pope has lost his temporal power, but his spiritual power remains, and has rather gained by the loss of the former, and it is nourished alike by the best and the worst elements in human

nature. The ruthless stamping out by the Church of Rome of every attempt at religious reformation in Italy, whether within or without her pale, has produced in the popular mind a rooted belief that religion means exclusively Roman Catholicism, outside of which there can be nothing but deadly heresy or absolute denial; and her equally ruthless enmity to political as to religious liberty and her alliance with the foreigner, Austrian and French, to keep down national aspirations, has made religion synonymous with despotism, with mental and moral slavery. The patriot, the free man, in Italy has, from generation to generation, stood in necessary antagonism to the priest; yet it is felt by the leading men of every party, save the small school of scientific Atheism and Materialism, that the moral regeneration of the country depends on a revival of religious life among the people, of the moral sense and the moral judgment deadened by long disuse under Papal thralldom. The problem for every true lover of Italy is how to combine satisfaction for the deep human need of religious faith and hope and a religious foundation of morality, with the political and civil liberty, the enfranchisement from bigotry and superstition which have been won at such bitter cost. Of course, the Materialistic School, which includes the extreme Radicals and Republicans, do not admit that there is any problem to solve; reject every form of religion as alike born of ignorance and superstition, and assert that rational man can and should be taught to live on bread alone, a doctrine of negation which has been of the utmost use to the Roman Church, not only in Italy but all the world over, by driving into her arms thousands who seek a refuge from its dreary Gospel of Materialism. The Constitutional Liberals, on the other hand, represented by Minghetti* and Bonghi,† and comprising the soundest elements of the political life of the country, seek the solution in Cavour's formula: "A free

* Pio IX. e il Papa Futuro.

† Leone XIII. e l'Italia.

Church in a free State,"—which Minghetti's book above quoted was written to defend and expound,—and look for some change in the spirit of the Papacy which shall make a reconciliation between them possible. Another party far less numerous, probably, and less known to the general public, reject this solution as not only wrong in principle but specially inapplicable to the Italian State and Papal Church. They maintain that the Papacy cannot change without denying its very essence, and that salvation can come only from an anti-Papal religious reformation.

"This Italy cannot live, cannot maintain itself, in the long run, without religion," says Mariano.* "But its Catholicism is not a religion. Catholicism creates ignorance ; destroys morality ; kills the conscience. Hence the dilemma is terrible, but fatal—to die, or come out of Catholicism ; to come out of it, if not altogether, yet to some extent, by creating differences, opposition, struggles in the popular religious conscience which shall revive it."

It is a revival of this kind which the Protestant propaganda, in all its forms, representing the traditions and spirit of the early reformers, is working with no insignificant success to bring about. The writers I have quoted above all address themselves to the cultivated intellect of the country ; the Protestant reformers address themselves first and mainly to the people, and seek their converts as did the apostles and their Master in the market-place, in the workshop, at the plough, on the sea-shore, and of them it is also true that, "not many rich, not many learned, not many noble" are found among them.† Working thus, principally among the lower classes, they are little heard of by the

* *Cristianesimo, Cattolicismo e Civiltà. Introduzione*, p. 83.

† See for a very able and interesting account of the reform movements in Italy, in the past and present, both within and without the Church of Rome, and especially of the Waldenses, Leopold Witte's "*Italien*," which is the second volume of a larger work "*Bau-steine zur Geschichte des Gustav Adolph's Vereins*," 1878.

general public, and the successes or persecutions of the Protestant missionaries are as little heeded in the political and fashionable world of the Rome of to-day, as St. Paul and his band of Christianising Jews and Greeks in the Rome of Nero. Yet they have become a social force, though a latent one, and at the end of 1878 they counted in Italy 170 churches; 111 stations regularly visited; over 8,828 regular attendants at church; 40,000 to 50,000 occasional attendants; 4,744 scholars in day and evening schools; 2,995 in Sunday-schools,—surely no insignificant result, if it be remembered that it has been the work of 30 years only, from 1848, the earliest date alike of political and religious emancipation in any part of Italy. Amongst the Protestant communities, the Waldensian, and the Free Christian Church (*Chiesa Christiana Libera*) a seceded off-shoot of the Waldensian, are by far the more important, not only as regards numbers, organisation, and culture, but as of native not foreign growth, having their root in Italian, not English, Scotch, or American soil. The Waldensian Church has, moreover, the prestige of nine centuries of heroic tradition, the history of which may be summed up with literal truth in the words spoken by the Apostolic Father of the prophets of old—"Who through faith . . . wrought righteousness, obtained promises . . . out of weakness were made strong; waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. . . . Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. . . . They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy), they wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth" (Heb. xii. 33-40). And through all these terrors, they kept alive in their remote Alpine valleys the sacred fire of pure Christian faith, which, so soon

as the victory of the Italian cause opened the doors, they carried with them from city to city, following with the Gospel of Christ the tricolour flag of Italy. The religious reformation has thus become the natural ally of patriotism, of the liberty and unity of Italy which alone made it possible. It is the old alliance of religious with civil liberty, which made the distinction between Protestant and Catholic, at one time, synonymous with freedom and despotism all over Europe.

Besides these organised Protestant bodies, there are individual agencies at work, one of which in particular, that carried on by Signor Capellini among the soldiers, is likely to have far-reaching results. The Italian army is one of the most important factors in the training of the people into a nation. Drawn by conscription from all classes and all parts of the country, it is the great school in which the young manhood of Italy learn that they have a common country, a common language, a common flag, a common law of duty and honour. It was among the soldiers of this army that Capellini, who had voluntarily joined it for love of the cause it represented, began his missionary labours; a single individual, unconnected with any religious sect, and supported only by his own ardent faith in the Gospel he preached. Himself strictly educated in the Roman Catholic faith, he had been converted by the perusal of some leaves torn out of a New Testament, which he had casually picked up in the barrack-yard. They were to him a revelation, as he describes it himself: "It was as if I came out of a dark room into the air filled with splendid light. My soul seemed to come out from the bondage in which it lay, to fly and expand in lofty regions. A strange joy made me happy."* From that moment he eagerly sought every opportunity of increasing his religious knowledge, and at last met one of the *colporteurs* employed by an

* *Memorie della Chiesa Evangelica Militare*. L. Capellini (Roma, 1880); p. 6.

English lady, Mrs. Burton, to distribute Bibles and tracts, and from him, for the first time, heard the Word of God explained. "From that evening," he says, "I had rest, peace, a living faith, a steady hope, love!" He began immediately to work among his fellow-soldiers, in which his rank as a sub-officer gave him great facilities, continuing his labours when his term of service, which included the war against Austria in 1866, was over, and, as soon as Rome became the capital, fixing his head-quarters there as the centre of the largest garrison in Italy. Persecution was not wanting to test his faith and that of his converts. He was driven from house to house so soon as the owners learnt that he was a Protestant and had prayer-meetings in his rooms, till, at last, he had to gather his small congregation in street corners. Want of means was another hindrance. He had spent the last farthing of his small patrimony in the work, and knew not where to look for more, when two American ministers came to the rescue, and they have ever since defrayed the expense of the mission-building, the ministers, and *colportore*. His establishment in Rome was, of course, an immense offence to the Papal party, and a series of persecutions against the soldier-converts was carried on, sometimes by the regimental officers when these were *Papalini*. On one occasion a soldier was kept on night-duty for a whole month consecutively; on others, the Sisters of Mercy and priests in the hospitals used every device to induce or force the Protestant sick to recant, to the extent of withholding food and medicine from the recalcitrant. But in no single instance did these persecutions succeed in their object, and in more than one they proved the means of spreading the faith they were intended to stamp out. As each man ends his term of service, he carries with him to his home his new faith and its credentials—the New Testament—sometimes to be driven out again in peril of his life, under the curses of his nearest and

dearest, sometimes to win over father or mother, brother, sister, or betrothed to share his exile and poverty, or to form new centres of evangelisation at home.

Capellini has imposed no dogmatic text, no fixed constitution on his church. Faith in God the Father and in Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent, manifested through an actively Christian life is all that he requires for membership. Once a year the anniversary of the foundation of the church is celebrated in Rome; all members within reach, or who can afford time and means to travel,—sometimes obtained by the most self-denying efforts,—flock to it, while those at a distance send individual greetings or collective addresses. At the eighth anniversary, celebrated this year, Capellini counted 730 communicants, of whom some were officers, some on the road to promotion, others in Government employment, others abroad, a considerable number still serving in the army; and for one and all the watchword is still: Loyalty unto death to Christ and Italy.

A somewhat similar work for the seamen has been set on foot in the Port of Genoa by Mr. Donald Miller, of the Scotch Free Church in that city. A ship in the harbour has been turned into a sailors' chapel, and from this centre an Italian missionary visits every ship in port, offering Bibles and tracts. Many of the coasting vessels which regularly visit the Port of Genoa provide themselves with books from the same source and spread them along the coast, so that often a request comes from one or other of these fishing villages for an evangelist to be sent to them.*

I have mentioned only these among the many efforts made through Protestant agencies for the religious reformation of Italy, because it was impossible to name all, and these, from their very nature, are not individual and local, but national. It is worth pointing out that the one instrument all work with, whatever their other differences, is the

* Italian, p. 392

New Testament, and that all the conversions made seem invariably to have been the result of the feelings awakened by the simple reading of the life of Christ. The power of that life has been equally recognised by those who have attempted from the Roman Catholic side to rouse the people from their spiritual and moral lethargy. Padre Curci believing this to be, as he says, "*il mezzo capitalissimo di salute*," published in 1873, a translation of the four Gospels with short explanatory notes, and distributed, partly at a nominal price and partly gratuitously, 30,000 copies, for which, of course, he incurred the reproach of Protestantism; and he declares his belief that "single-minded readers of the Gospel have a better chance of obtaining eternal life than many who are Catholics by baptism only, and have never thought of informing themselves, were it only from historical curiosity, who and what really was that Jesus Christ, whom they profess and perhaps think that they believe in." *

Again, the great Catholic theologian and metaphysician, Abbate Rosmini, in founding his "Istituto della Carità," laid it down that nothing in it should be extraordinary or arbitrary, but all should be regulated by the simple and universal pattern of the Gospel, and that the mission of its members was only that which had been already given by Jesus Christ to all who would accept it from their hearts.† It would be well for those who, in the present day, believe only in physical and mechanical forces, to ponder on the power thus exercised by that one life led "in loveliness of perfect deeds" nearly nineteen centuries ago, and which has been the centre of moral leverage for the ruling races of the world ever since.

It is not to be supposed that because the Inquisition no longer exists and the Church no longer wields the civil

* *Avvertenze Preliminari*, p. xxv.

† *Conni Biografici*. Di A. Rosmini. Milano: 1857.

power to put down heresy, that therefore persecution is at an end. The Papal censure and disgrace, inflicted upon all those within the Church, who have attempted by individual efforts to instil something of their own vigorous life and moral enthusiasm into the inert mass around, from Liverani to Curci, and the harassing opposition met with even by such obedient sons as Abbate Rosmini, when they forget the first lesson of the modern Papacy to its hierarchy: "*Surtout point de zèle*"—are there to show that not the will but only the power is wanting to punish enemies, or even over-active friends, as severely as ever. The same spirit animates the great mass of the people who are still bigoted adherents of the Church. Witte gives a long list of the attacks made on Protestants, both individuals and congregations, some of them ending in serious loss of life, since the *Statuto*, or constitution of the Italian monarchy, proclaimed toleration to all creeds within its borders. "But," he adds, "let as many more individuals be persecuted and oppressed; let parents disinherit, cast out, and curse their children; masters discharge their servants, and deprive their labourers of bread; artisans and shopkeepers lose their custom; let the Roman Church threaten, bann, calumniate, disgrace, and incite to deeds of violence . . . to put down Protestantism; all will be in vain. It has won for itself a place in the moral consciousness of the people which neither fraud nor force shall wrench from it again." * Those who best know Italy, and therefore know how fatal to all revival of religious and moral life was the deep-rooted popular conviction, that there was no religion outside the Catholic pale, will best appreciate the immense importance of this conquest.

There are other difficulties in the way of such a revival besides those raised by bigotry and intolerance; difficulties common to it with all other countries of Western Europe:

* Italian, p. 463.

the sceptical spirit of the times; the materialising tendencies of both the scientific and the social opinions of the day; the opposition between the theology of the so-called orthodox Protestantism, which is the same as that of the early reformers, and the knowledge, and habits of thought engendered by the knowledge, gained in the three centuries since the Reformation. In Italy, the Protestant propaganda having, as we have seen, been confined almost entirely to the lower classes, this difficulty has scarcely yet made itself felt; but that it will present an obstacle to the growth of a purer religious faith among the more cultivated classes, may be surely foreseen. Let us hope that not for Italy alone, but for the whole Western world, this time of transition between the old and the new, between the breaking up of the old faiths and forms, and the development of the new, will end, as history teaches such crises heretofore have always ended, by the appearance of some master-spirit, who shall find the higher expression harmonising knowledge and faith, so that—

Mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before.

Many are still the difficulties and dangers threatening the new *régime* in Italy. The Papacy, entrenched in the Vatican, protected by the very Government it has excommunicated and daily insults and spits upon through its organs, is an enemy in the very heart of the citadel, with an eye, ear, and hand in every family, every society, every association, philanthropical, commercial, or political throughout the land.* It was believed by many, when the present Pope, whose liberal tendencies as Cardinal Pecci were well known, assumed the tiara, that a more conciliatory spirit would be manifested by the Vatican. But those who indulged in such hopes forget that "Vaticanism" is stronger than the

* See "Behind the Scenes," by T. A. Trollope, for an amusing but saddening account of the manner this influence is worked.

Pope, the system than the individual; and the system cannot change; its very essence is its immutability. The worst foes of Italy are not, however, those that menace her from the Vatican. She has good reason to say: Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies. The miserable factions into which the Left, in power since 1876, has split up; their intrigues and squabbles disgracing national and Parliamentary government, are, of course, playing the game of the Papal party, who hug themselves in malicious joy as they see their work done for them by their deadliest foes. Then the burdens of the new system, especially the heavy taxation, which represents the cost of national independence, pressing on every class, efface the memory of the burdens of the old. Worst of all is the want of public spirit, of moral energy, of high aims among the Italian youth of to-day. They are the sons of as noble a generation as ever redeemed a fallen country; but, like the sons of self-made men, they have been born to the independence, ease, and comfort their fathers had to win by the sweat of their brow and the best blood of their veins, and they think lightly or not at all of the evils they never knew. Among them there is the same aversion to moral earnestness, the same contempt for moral enthusiasm, the same disbelief in everything but that which can be seen and tasted and handled, which is characteristic of the set in this country who claim to be exclusively "society," and the look-out is a sad one, if, as some well-informed persons believe, the future of Italy rests with them.

But in spite of all grievances, of all the grumbling and apparent disaffection, Italian unity has a deep root in the hearts of the people; and should the clerical party threaten it too openly, and win many more such victories as those which have just given it the predominance in the Municipal Councils of Rome and Venice, the sense of a common

foe will once more rally every section of the Liberals round their common flag, and those very victories prove the forerunners of more lasting defeat. Even among the most bigoted of the people the priests do not have it all their own way. "Even in the minds of the most religious," says Bonghi, "there is a confused idea that to be united into a national body is a beautiful and useful thing, and cannot be displeasing to God. . . . If you press them with scriptural or other religious authorities, you may easily silence them, . . . but you will not change their opinion, and each one will affirm that the faith is holy, the Mass and the Sacraments most holy, but that Victor Emanuel was the saviour of Italy; that Humbert is our legitimate king and Margherita our gracious queen, whom may God bless and prosper every hour."* The profound emotion which shook Italy from one end to the other at the death of Victor Emanuel and the attempt on the life of his successor proved how deep in the heart of the nation is the love for the dynasty.

It has pleased a popular writer, whose sense of the picturesque seems too strong for his other senses, to sum up the gain of Rome from the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, in the setting up of a water clock on the Pincio,† and there are, alas! plenty of English men and women who are not ashamed to echo his words, and lament the loss of Papal ceremonies, picturesque decay, and exclusive society, as of more worth than the life of a people. We need not trouble ourselves much about them. Fine ladies and gentlemen and literary *dilettanti* have never yet weighed much in the scale of a nation's fortunes, except in so far as they have hastened the process of social decay, which clears the ground for new and healthier growths. Others, of a very different type, thoughtful readers of the

* Leone XIII. e l'Italia.

† Walks in Rome. By Augustus Hare. Introduction.

past, ask doubtfully whether a people once dead, like the Italian, can come to life again, and recover its ancient glories? To this it may be answered,—first, that the life of Italy has never ceased, though “cabin’d, cribbed, confined” under temporal and spiritual despotism; and, secondly, that it is not the old Italy of the Roman Empire, or of the mediæval republics, which it is sought to revive. It is a young Italy, the child and heir of the old, an Italian nation, a new birth in time, which is rising into a new life of its own. When the final struggle comes between the old and the new,—the Papacy and free and united Italy,—as come it must, for there can be no *modus vivendi* found between two powers, each of which is the absolute negation of the other,—there can be little doubt in the minds of the readers of human history which will be the conqueror.

MARIA G. GREY.

NATURE AND LAW.

"**T**HE Laws of Light and Gravitation," wrote Mr. Atkinson to Harriet Martineau thirty years ago, "extend over the Universe, and explain whole classes of phenomena;" and this "explanation," according to the same writer, is all-sufficient, "Philosophy finding no God in Nature, nor seeing the want of any." The "advanced" Philosophy of the present time goes still further; asserting that as the progress of Science now places it beyond doubt that all the phenomena of Nature—physical, biological, and mental—are but manifestations of certain fundamental "properties of matter," acting in accordance with fixed Laws, "there is no room for a God in Nature." And Scientific thinkers who do not accept this as the conclusion obviously deducible from their recognition of the universality of the "Reign of Law," are branded as either illogical thinkers, or as cowardly adherents of a bygone superstition—men who are either deficient in the power to reason out the conclusions to which their own premises necessarily lead, or have not the courage to face them.

There can be no question of the influence that is being exerted by the reiteration of these assertions on the intelligent thought of the younger generation. Over and over again has it been pointed out with truth, that whenever Science and Theology have come into conflict, Theology has had in the end to go to the wall. The Copernican system of Astronomy has established itself in spite of the

thunders of the Vatican. The Geological interpretation of the History of the Earth has taken the place of the Mosaic Cosmogony in the current belief of educated men, notwithstanding all the denunciations of Theological orthodoxy. Any one who should now maintain the universality of the Noachian Deluge, to doubt which was once to peril one's salvation, would be laughed at as an ignoramus. The Antiquity of Man, which no more than twenty years ago was repudiated as a dangerous heresy, has already passed beyond the region of discussion. And so, it is affirmed, as the doctrine of Evolution has now established itself in the minds of all competent judges as an indisputable verity, Science—which formerly attacked and mastered only the outworks of Theology—will be assuredly no less successful in its assault on the citadel itself. The "Creation" of the Old Revelation will fall before the "Evolution" of the New; the motion of Power will be superseded by that of Law; the evidences of "design" will be disposed of by the fact of "natural selection"; and the "potencies" of Matter will henceforth be the only subjects about which sensible men will concern themselves.

Now I fully accept it as the highest work of the Man of Science, whatever his department of study, to seek out those "Laws" which express the Order of Nature. But I affirm that even supposing him to have so completely succeeded in his search, as to be able to formulate a general statement in which they could be all embodied, and from which all the phenomena of the Universe could be traced out deductively, the question of the Cause of those phenomena would be left just where it was; the "Law" simply expressing *the order and physical conditions of their occurrence*, and giving no real "explanation" of them.

Much of what seems to me a prevalent confusion of thought on this subject—nothing being more common than to speak of Laws as "governing" or "regulating" phenomena,

and to affirm that phenomena are sufficiently "accounted for" when they can be shown to be "consequences" of a Law—seems to me to be traceable to the double sense in which the word "law" is habitually used. And the purpose of my present paper will be to help my readers to "think themselves clear" upon this matter; by showing the fundamental difference between the *legal* and the strictly *scientific* conception of Law, and by examining into the Theological bearing of each. And if, in so doing, I go over ground which has been trodden until it seems perfectly familiar, and use illustrations that may be thought to have been worn to triteness, it is because I believe that the best lessons are often to be drawn from the most familiar things, *if they be looked at from the right point of view.*

I. When we speak of the "laws" of a State, we mean the rules laid down by the Governing Power of that State for the conduct of its members; which rules, its Executive is charged with enforcing by the power it wields. But there may be laws which a Government regards as obsolete, and thinks it inexpedient to enforce (as is the case with many of those still inscribed on our Statute-book); or others of recent enactment, which a Government may be deterred from carrying into execution by the antagonistic force of public opinion (as happened many times in regard to the "fugitive-slave law" of the United States). Or, again, the Executive may itself be paralysed by a panic, which allows mob-force for the time to reign supreme (as in the Riots of London in 1780, and the Riots of Bristol in 1831); or may be overthrown by a Revolution which subverts its authority, leaving anarchy to prevail until a new Government shall have been constituted. Thus it is clear that State-made laws have no coercive action *in themselves*; that action being entirely dependent upon the enforcement of them by the Governing Power, of whose Will they are to be regarded as the expressions. The very term "government," indeed, carries

with it the idea of a Governing Power on the one hand, and of a People controlled by it on the other. And when we speak of a State as "governed *by* law," we mean no more than that its controlling Power "governs *according to* law;" or, in other words, that it acts—not on the arbitrary dictation of its own Will—but in accordance with certain fixed and determinate rules, in which that Will is expressed, and within which it limits its exercise.

It is thus that when we pass from the sphere of Human government to that of the Divine, and speak of the Universe as "governed" by the "laws" of a Supreme Ruler, we mean that His power is exerted, not like that of an arbitrary Potentate who changes his course of action as his own caprice or passion may direct, but like that of a benevolent Sovereign whose rule is in uniform and orderly conformity with certain fixed principles, originally determined as conducive to the welfare and happiness of his people.

Such, in the earlier stages of Scientific inquiry, when the Uniformities of Nature first attracted the attention of thoughtful men, seems to have been the aspect under which the "laws" that express them were generally regarded. While the Hebrew mind, nursed in the idea of an anthropomorphic Theocracy, regarded all the phenomena of the Universe as the immediate expressions of the personal Will of its national Deity, and, so far from feeling any incredulity as to "supernatural" or apparently disorderly occurrences, expected them as the appropriate attestations of His authority, the Philosophers of Greece and Rome, who gave themselves rather to the study of the *order* of Nature, and were strongly impressed by its Uniformities, for the most part saw in them (as expressed by the application of the word *Kosmos*, originally meaning "orderly arrangement," to designate the Universe) the manifestations of supreme

designing and controlling Minds.* And among those who, nearer our own time, most advanced our knowledge of that order, the same conception of the nature of the "laws" expressive of it continued to prevail. Thus it is recorded of Kepler, that when, after a life devoted to the search, he had discovered the three laws of Planetary Motion which have made his name immortal, he spoke with devout gratitude of the ample reward he had received for his labours, in having been thus permitted "to think the thoughts of God." And no one who has followed the course of Newton's discoveries and his own mode of viewing them, can doubt that this idea was alike dominant in his mind. For when charged by some of the Theologians of his time with (as they affirmed) superseding the Divine agency in the production of the movements of the Planetary system, by attributing them to hypothetical forces of his own creation, he defended himself by showing that his "Principia" simply aimed to express the mode in which that Agency exerts itself.

II. But as the *Scientific* conception of "law," based on the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, extended itself into every department of Nature, and one class of her phenomena after another was brought within its range, the idea of Divine government, originally embodied in the phrase "Laws of Nature," dropped away; the study of "final causes" was found to hamper, instead of guiding, scientific research; and the more thoroughly the pursuit of the Truth as it is in Nature has been freed from Theological trammels, the more successful that pursuit has been. While, however, the idea of "government" by a God is now excluded, by general consent, from the domain of Science, the notion of "government" by Law has taken its place, not only in popular thought, but in the minds of many who claim the

* Every reader of Cicero's treatise "De Naturâ Deorum" will recollect this to be its "argument."

right to lead it; and it is the validity of this notion which I have now to call in question.

We may, I think, best begin our inquiry into what a "Law of Nature" really means, by tracing historically the progress of our knowledge of that one, whose simplicity of form allows it to be stated with the greatest clearness and precision, and whose universality seems to have been demonstrated beyond all question. I mean, of course, the Law of Gravitation, as enunciated by Newton; which affirms that "all masses of matter attract one another with forces directly proportional to their masses, and inversely proportional to the squares of their distances." As I pointed out in my former paper, what is meant by "force," in this and similar expressions, is the "pull" of which we ourselves become sensible in any attempt we make to resist its action—as when we try to hold back a piece of iron that is being drawn towards a powerful magnet.

That all solid or liquid bodies fall to the ground if unsupported, must have been among the very earliest of the generalised experiences of the Human race; and the downward "pull" felt by every one who held such bodies in his hand, justified his attributing their fall, when let go, to the "attraction" exerted upon them by the Earth. The difference between the "pulls" exerted by stones of different sizes, would give the notion of differences of *weight*; and certain standards being adopted, the balance supplied the means of more exactly determining the downward "pull" of a mass, than any personal estimate of it could afford. Differences of weight being thus determined between masses of the same size, but of different kinds of matter—as, for instance, between a cube of lead and a cube of stone, or between a cubic vessel of water and a block of wood of the same dimensions—gave the notion of differ-

ences of *relative weight* (or "specific gravity"); and the weight of water being taken as the standard of comparison, a distinction was drawn between "heavy" and "light" bodies. The floating of a piece of wood on the surface of water, and its rising-up from the bottom when no longer held down, were rightly interpreted as a consequence of their respective downward tendencies or relative weights; for since it could be shown by experiment that if equal measures of wood and of water were put in the two scales of a balance, the water would go down, it was seen that the Earth must have a greater attraction for it, and that the ascent of the wood is brought about by the descent of the water to take its place.

Now here we have a very simple case of what is commonly called the "explanation" of a natural phenomenon. To those who first reflected on the matter, the ascent of the solid wood through the liquid water might seem an *exception* to the general Uniformity, for which the Philosopher of the time would be desired to account. And he would do so by showing that it is really *in accordance* with such uniformity. Further than this he could not go; and *further than this no Scientific explanation can go*. As J. S. Mill has truly said, "In Science, those who speak of explaining any phenomenon mean (or should mean) pointing out not some more familiar, but merely some more general, phenomenon, of which it is a partial exemplification."—But our ancient Philosopher could *not* have so explained the ascent of *smoke*; for he knew not that both the atmosphere and the smoke have weight, but that the smoke, being the lighter of the two, ascends like a piece of wood through a column of water; and he could only account for it by attributing to the smoke an exceptional "levity," which made *it* ascend, whilst *all other* bodies descended. But he could not really get any nearer to the "cause" of the *general*, than to that of this

exceptional phenomenon. As it is a "property," he would say, of the Earth to attract, and of bodies in general to be attracted by it, *downwards*, so it is a "property" of smoke to mount *upwards*. But this is nothing more than another form of stating the facts familiar to everybody. Such Philosophers as talk of Laws "explaining" phenomena, or of the "potencies" of Matter as giving a sufficient account of its activities, seem to me not to have got beyond that "wisdom of the Ancients," which, in such a case as that just cited, they would themselves repudiate as mere "folly."

The notion of the attractive force of the Earth, unchecked by any right conception of the action of force in producing motion, led the Ancients into a very strange error. As the "weight" of a body is the expression of the downward "pull" which the Earth exerts upon it, it seemed natural to suppose that the *rate* of the fall of any heavy body to the ground would increase in proportion to that weight, so that a body weighing 10 lbs. would fall ten times as fast as a body weighing 1 lb. And this was formulated as a "law" by Aristotle, and accepted by "educated" mankind as such for nearly 2,000 years: for although it might have been at once disproved by the very simple experiment of letting fall the two weights at the same moment from the top of a high tower, and observing when they respectively struck the ground at the bottom, the authority of Aristotle on the one hand (to doubt which was rank heresy), and what seemed the "common sense of the matter" on the other, prevented it from being called in question.

Here again (as it seems to me) we may find a lesson of great value. Aristotle was undoubtedly—as regards Science—the "master mind" of the Ancient philosophy; but in this matter he proceeded upon *his own conceptions*, instead of upon *ascertained facts*; and he consequently presumed to make Laws for Nature, instead of setting himself to determine what are the Laws of Nature,—framing general

expressions of what he thought *must* be her orderly Uniformities, instead of inquiring what these Uniformities really are, and basing his generalisations upon them.

It was by Galileo that this matter was first experimentally investigated. While yet a student in medicine at the University of Pisa (his native town), his attention was attracted by the swinging of one of the chandeliers from the lofty roof of the Cathedral, which suggested to him a series of experiments upon the vibrations of pendulums of different lengths,—without, however, causing him to pursue the subject further than the devising an instrument for measuring the rate of the pulse. But the interest he took in the study of Mathematics and Mechanics proved so strong as to lead him to devote himself entirely to them, with a success that caused him to be appointed lecturer on those subjects in the University. Although no religious Reformation could then make head in Italy, a revolt against the domination of Aristotle was beginning to break out among its scientific men; and undeterred by the fate of Giordano Bruno (who was burnt by the Inquisition at Rome in 1600), Galileo early joined the movement party. One of the first of the Aristotelian doctrines which he called in question, was that which I have just cited. He saw that it *must* be erroneous, as taking no account of the very obvious consideration that while the “pull” of the Earth on a weight of 10 lbs. is ten times as great as it is upon the weight of 1 lb., it has to give motion to ten times the mass; so that the *rates* of fall of the two bodies would be the same. His teaching on this subject being opposed by his colleagues, Galileo, in the presence of the whole University, ascended the “leaning tower,” and dropping from its summit bodies of different weights, he showed that (with an inconsiderable difference, due to the resistance of the air) they reached the bottom in the same times.

As the monument of an experiment which gave the

death-blow to the *unscientific* legislation of Aristotle, and prepared the way for the *scientific* legislation of Newton, the "leaning tower" of Pisa, beautiful in itself as an architectural work, has a far grander interest for all who can appreciate this great step in the emancipation of thought, which should cause it to be preserved with the most jealous care so long as its stones will hold together.

But this demolition of an old error was only the first result of Galileo's experimental researches. For he found, by letting fall similar weights from different heights, that the rate of motion of the falling body continually increases as it descends; a body that falls 16 feet in *one* second, falling 64 feet in *two* seconds, 144 feet in *three* seconds, and 256 feet in *four* seconds, this last being probably the greatest height at which he could experiment. These results were found capable of being expressed by a very simple formula,—that the *total fall* in any number of seconds is the product of the square of that number multiplied into the fall in the first second. But there was no adequate ground for asserting, or even for expecting, that this formula would hold good in regard to a body let fall from a height of *ten* or a *hundred* times 256 feet. The "law" was, in that stage, the simple generalised expression of facts within the range of actual knowledge. No one had a right to say *how far* above the general surface of the Earth its attractive force extends; nor could it be affirmed with any certainty, that the fall of bodies from great mountain heights would follow the same "law" as their fall from the top of a tower.

But a great advance was made, when Galileo applied to this case the general doctrine of the action of "accelerating forces," to which his study of Mechanics had led him. For he saw that when the falling body is let go, it starts from a state of rest, its velocity being 0; and that since it is receiving afresh, at every instant of its fall, the same "pull" from the Earth as that which first puts it in motion, its rate

of movement must undergo a continual regular acceleration. On the basis of this conception, a very simple computation showed that during the first second it will have thus acquired a velocity, which, if there were *no* fresh "pull," would carry it through 32 feet in the next second, but which, *with* the fresh "pull," would cause it to descend 48 feet, making 64 feet in the two seconds,—and so on. The simply *empirical* law, then, which at first had no higher value than it derived from its accordance with a very limited experience, and which might, or might not, be found to hold good beyond the range of that experience, acquired a *rational* value, as the expression of what may be fairly anticipated to be the continually-accelerating rate of motion of falling bodies, due to the constantly-acting attraction of the Earth upon all bodies within its range. And thus it was *reasonable* to expect, that within the range of the Earth's attraction—whatever that range might be—the rate of descent of bodies falling towards its surface would still be found to conform to it. But no one could then form any definite idea as to the extent of that range. It was, as we shall presently see, the bold "scientific imagination" of Newton, which first framed the conception—and his vast mathematical ability, which enabled him to give it definite shape—that the Moon is constantly "falling" towards the Earth at a rate exactly conformable to that "law" of Terrestrial Gravitation, with which the name and fame of Galileo will ever be associated.

My own first ideas of the Newtonian Philosophy, if I rightly remember, were drawn from the answer given in that best child's book of my generation—"Evenings at Home"—to the question "Why does an apple fall?" Whether the apple of Newton is to be relegated, like that of Tell, to the limbo of "myths," is a question I shall not stop to discuss. It is enough that the story serves to illustrate the "idea." Probably if the question were put to a

hundred "educated" people, ninety-nine of them would give one of these two answers, "Because of the Earth's Attraction," or, "Because of the Law of Gravitation." But, as I have shown, to speak of the Attraction of the Earth, is merely to express, in different words, the fact that it "draws" the apple downwards; and if we go further and say that the Earth draws downwards not only apples, but stones, water, and air—in fact, all material bodies whatever—we only express a general Uniformity, of which we know nothing more than that it *is*. Clearly it is no real "explanation" of the fall of any *one* apple, to say that *all* apples or *all* material bodies fall when unsupported. So the "law" of Gravitation is merely an expression of that general Uniformity, framed with a scientific exactness which enables us to say "with certainty" (in common parlance) what will be the time occupied in the fall of a heavy body through any given number of feet. But that "certainty" depends not upon any "governing" action of the "law" itself,—for into the purely scientific conception of Law the idea of a governing Power does not enter;—but solely upon our rational expectation that what has been found conformable to a vast experience in the past, under every variety of conditions, will in like manner prove conformable to it in the future.

Before, however, we follow the development of Galileo's doctrine of Terrestrial Gravitation into the Newtonian doctrine of Universal Gravitation, we must deal with another of the "laws" imposed on Nature by the Ancient Philosophy. It was held that as a *circle* is the most "perfect" figure, and as the motions of the Celestial bodies *must* be "perfect," they must revolve in circles;—whether round the Sun, as Pythagoras maintained, or round the Earth, as Aristotle and the later Schoolmen taught. Every tyro knows how the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, based on the latter conception, developed itself into a mechanism of

most ingeniously devised complexity, by the necessity of continually adding new cycles and epicycles to "account for" the new discordances which improved methods of observation were continually bringing to light between the actual and the predicted places of the heavenly bodies. This method of "accounting for" them was a pure assumption; and yet it answered its purpose so well, as to form the basis of the methods of Astronomical computation in use at the present time.* But when Copernicus revived the scheme of Pythagoras, and the comparative simplicity of his system (doing away with a large part of the cumbrous machinery of the Ptolemaic) recommended it to the acceptance of minds not trammelled by their own Scholastic prejudices, or dominated by Ecclesiastical tyranny, the whole question had to be studied afresh; and it was by the marvellous perseverance and ingenuity of Kepler, the contemporary and friend of Galileo, that the solution of it was found. Starting with the conviction that there *must* be an "order" (if he could only find it out), he passed his life in a series of *guesses* as to what that order might be; and his ingenuity in guessing was only surpassed by his eagerness in subjecting every guess to the test of its strict conformity with observed facts, and by his candid readiness to abandon it so soon as its discordance became clear to him. Limiting his studies to the orbit of Mars, he brought to the explanation of the observed places of that planet all the resources of *eccentric* but uniform *circular*

* It is not a little singular that notwithstanding the great advance which Mathematical Science has made since Newton's time, no formula has yet been devised for *directly* computing the place of a Planet or Comet in an *elliptic* orbit; all such computations being still made on the assumption of *uniform circular motion*, with cycles and epicycles "interpolated" (after the method of Ptolemy) so as to attain any required approximation to absolute correctness. And thus, both as generalising the facts of observation, and as furnishing the only basis for accurate prediction, this complex conception (as now perfected) would have had even a higher claim to be received as true to Nature than Kepler's "laws" of *elliptic* motion, until these were shown to be deducible from Newton's grand and simple assumptions.

motion, which he could devise both for Mars and the Earth ; but found, time after time, that Mars "burst all the chains of the equations, and broke forth from the prisons of the tables." At last it occurred to him to try an *ellipse* ; and on projecting this as the path of the planet, he found, to his great joy, that the observed places of Mars in the heavens corresponded so exactly with what they should be on that assumption, as to afford the strongest assurance of its truth. But this hypothesis of the elliptical orbit of Mars did not "explain" anything ; it did no more than state in general terms the course of that one planet's motion. *Why* Mars should take that course, was a question on which he threw no light. And, however probable he might think it that the other Planets also move in elliptic orbits, he neither proved it as a fact by the like experiential investigation, nor could adduce any other ground for such probability than that general idea of uniformity and harmony which was the basis of his whole work. It is clear, then, that Kepler's *first* "law of planetary motion" has in itself no "governing" power whatever.

While working out his conception of elliptical motion, Kepler was baffled for a time by the discordance between the observed places of Mars, and the places which would be predicted for him on the assumption of "uniform" motion in an elliptic—instead of in a circular—orbit. Finding that motion to be much more rapid in the part of the orbit nearer the Sun, than in the part more remote from it, he again applied himself to his old work of *guessing* ; and it is singular that he was led to hit upon what is known as his *second* law—the passage of the "radius vector" over equal areas in equal times—by an erroneous physical conception of a driving force emanating from the Sun, and acting more powerfully on near bodies than those at a distance. Now this second "law," like the first, was simply nothing else than a theoretical generalisation of a class of facts ; its value lay entirely in the correctness

with which it expressed them ; and so far was Kepler from having attained to any higher conception of its import, that what he regarded as a triumphant confirmation of his doctrine came out of a merely accidental relation between the ellipse and the circle.*

It was not until twelve years after the publication of his first two "laws," that Kepler was able to announce the discovery of the *third* ; which expresses the numerical relation between the respective *distances* of the Planets from the Sun, and the *times* of their revolution around him. This, again, was the outcome of a long series of guesses. And what was remarkable as to the error of the idea which suggested the second law to his mind, was still more remarkable as to the third ; for not only, in his search for the "harmony" of which he felt assured, did he proceed on the erroneous notion of a whirling force emanating from the Sun, which decreases with increase of distance, but he took as his guide another assumption no less erroneous, viz., that the *masses* of the Planets increase with their distances from the Sun. In order to make this last fit with the facts, he was driven to assume a relation of their respective *densities*, which we now know to be utterly untrue ; for, as he himself says, "unless we assume this proportion of the densities, the law of the periodic times will not answer." Thus, says his biographer, "three out of the four suppositions made by Kepler to explain the beautiful law he had detected, are now indisputably known to be false ;" what he considered to be the *proof* of it, being only a mode of false reasoning by which "any required result might be deduced from any given principles." And yet I cannot doubt that if Kepler had found his "law" to be inconsistent with the *facts* of which it was the generalised expression, he would have at

* I do not know any more instructive or interesting Scientific Biography than the Life of Kepler by Drinkwater, published by the long-since-defunct "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," which did much good work of this kind half a century ago.

once surrendered this pet child of his old age, with the same honest zeal for truth that led him to abandon the earlier offspring of his creative brain.

Neither of the "laws" formulated by Kepler, then, can be regarded as having any higher than an absolutely *empirical* value; being good as expressions of certain classes of Uniformities observable in Nature; but, as he left them, quite untrustworthy—except as a guide to further inquiry—beyond the limits of the experience on which they were based. They had (as it seems to me) just the value of what is commonly known as "Bode's formula" (called by Professor Newcome the "law of Titius"), in regard to the distances of the Planets from the Sun: for this gave a numerical expression of the several distances of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, which not only agreed sufficiently well with the observed facts to suggest the existence of a real "law;" but actually led to the prediction of a "lost planet" between Mars and Jupiter, which has been verified by the discovery of somewhere near two hundred "asteroids," to say nothing of streams of meteorites. The discovery of Neptune, however, effectually demolished the credit of this "law;" the distance of that Planet from the Sun proving to be nearly one-fourth less than the formula would make it.*

The first of the great achievements of Newton in relation to our present subject, was a piece of purely Geometrical reasoning. Assuming two forces to act on a body, of which one should be capable of imparting to it uniform motion in

* It may not be uninteresting to note that in their mathematical search for this stranger, which manifested its presence by disturbing the motions of Uranus, both Adams and Leverrier took Bode's formula as the basis of their computations, assuming its distance from the Sun to be somewhat more than twice that of Uranus. And it was by nothing more or less than a fortunate coincidence, that the new Planet was found in the place which they agreed in assigning to it; for if the search had been made a year earlier or a year later, its actual place would have been so far from its computed place, that it would probably not have been found until new computations had been made on the basis of some more lucky guess.

a straight line, whilst the other should attract it towards a fixed point in accordance with Galileo's law of terrestrial gravity, he demonstrated that the path of the body would be deflected into a curve, which *must* be one of the Conic Sections; and that, if the two forces are in near equivalence the one to the other, the curve will be an Ellipse. (Galileo had already shown that the path of the projectile in which gravity preponderates over the onward force, is a Parabola). He proved, moreover, that the motion of any body thus traversing an elliptical orbit round a centre of attraction, *must* conform in its varying rates to Kepler's *second* law. And further, he showed that if a number of bodies be moving round the same centre of attraction at different distances, the rates of their revolution *must* conform to Kepler's *third* law. By assuming the existence of these two balanced forces, therefore, he not only showed that all the observed Uniformities could be deduced from that one simple conception, but furnished a rational basis for the assured expectation that the like Uniformities would prevail in every other case. And the verification of this expectation by the discovery that even Comets move in Elliptical orbits, and that, if these orbits can be exactly determined by observation, and the influence of perturbing forces rightly estimated, their return can be predicted, may be considered as fully justifying such an expectation, so far at least as the Solar system is concerned.

But the "law" at which we thus arrive, is only a higher and more comprehensive generalisation of the facts of Celestial observation, and rests on assumptions which are not only *unproved* but *unprovable*. For the idea of continuous onward motion in a straight line, as the result of an original impulsive force not antagonised or affected by any other—formularised by Newton as his first "law of motion"—is not borne out by any acquired experience, and does not seem likely to be ever thus verified. For in

no experiment we have it in our power to make, can we entirely eliminate the antagonising effect of friction and atmospheric resistance; and thus all movement that is subject to this retardation, and is not sustained by any fresh action of the impelling force, must come to an end. Hence the conviction commonly entertained that Newton's first "law" of motion *must* be true, cannot be philosophically admitted to be anything more than a *high probability*, based on the fact that the more completely we can eliminate all antagonising influences, the nearer we get to the perpetuity of movement once initiated. To say that this "law" is so self-evident that we cannot help accepting it as an "axiom" or necessary form of thought, is to run counter to the historical fact, that the great thinkers of Antiquity—whom none have ever surpassed in pure thinking power—accepted as the dictate of universal experience, that all *terrestrial* motions come to an end; and were thus led to range the *celestial* motions in a different category, as going on for ever.

So, again, we have no *proof*, and in the nature of things can never get one, of the assumption of the attractive force exerted either by the Earth, or by any of the bodies of the Solar system, upon other bodies *at a distance*.* All that we can be said to *know* (as I have already pointed out) is that which we learn from our own experience as to the attraction of the Earth for bodies near its surface. And although Newton is commonly credited with having "demonstrated" the identity between Terrestrial Gravity and the force which deflects the Moon out of its straight course, and with having thus "proved" the universality of the mutual attraction of masses of matter, I speak with the authority

* Newton himself strongly felt that the impossibility of rationally accounting for *action at a distance* through an intervening *vacuum*, was the weak point of his system. The Science of the present day is seeking for the solution of this difficulty, in the hypothesis of the universal pervasion of Space by moving molecules of some form of highly-attenuated Matter.

to which I consider myself entitled, not by my own study of this subject, but by the answers of the greatest Masters of it to questions I have put to them,—that what Newton really did was to show that such an exact *numerical conformity* exists between the rate of fall of the Moon towards the Earth (that is to say, her deflection from her onward rectilineal path) in any given time, and the rate of a body actually falling to the Earth's surface (according to Galileo's law), as *justifies the assumption* of the identity of the force which causes the former, with that of which we have experience in the production of the latter.

Now, in regard to the Sun's attraction for the Earth and Planets, we have no certain experience at all. Unless we could be transported to his surface, we should have no means of experientially comparing Solar gravity with Terrestrial gravity; and if we *could* ascertain this, we should be no nearer the determination of his attraction for bodies at a distance. The doctrine of Universal Gravitation, then, is a pure assumption; and, as a highly competent writer,* who obviously takes my own view of the matter, has lately said with reference to Descartes' theory of "vortices" (which, essentially the same with Kepler's, for some time disputed the field with Newton's theory):—"Had Descartes been "able to show that the parts of his vortex must move in "ellipses having the Sun in one focus, that they must describe equal areas in equal times, and that their velocity "must diminish as we recede from the Sun, according to "Kepler's third law, his theory would have so far been satisfactory." But while "all three of Kepler's laws were expressed in the single law of gravitation towards the Sun, with a force acting inversely as the square of the distance," Descartes' theory entirely failed to grasp them, and therefore fell before the comprehensive power of the Newtonian doc-

* Professor Simon Newcomb, of the U.S. Naval Observatory, in his admirable "Popular Astronomy."

trine; which soon afterwards obtained its verification in the discovery that the regular movements of the Planets in their orbital revolution round the Sun, show "perturbations" whose actual amounts are found to be exactly conformable to the results of computations based on the assumption that *they*, too, attract one another in proportion to their respective masses. A like verification was found in the application of the doctrine of Gravitation to the familiar phenomena of the Tides; the *rationale* of which had remained a mystery, until Newton traced not only their diurnal rise and fall, but their monthly and annual variations, to the attractive force exerted by the Moon (and in a less degree by the Sun) upon the waters of the Ocean.

It will not, I believe, be questioned by any one who has carefully studied Newton's writings, that he himself regarded the doctrine of Universal Gravitation as an *hypothesis*, the value of which entirely depends upon the conformity of every deduction that can be drawn from it by the most rigorous mathematical reasoning, with the facts determined or determinable by observation.* But as all experience since his time has but afforded fresh illustrations of that conformity,—as no perturbation, great or small, has been observed in any of the bodies of the Solar system, which has not been "accounted for" (to use the familiar phrase) by its conformity with the general doctrine,—and as the orbital movements of Double Stars round their common centre of gravity are now found to be in equally exact conformity with it, we feel an assurance of its truth, which nothing, save a complete revolution either in the world of Matter or in the world of Mind, can ever shake.

But this brings us no nearer to the idea of "government" by that law. That Newton's law is higher and more general than Kepler's—being, to use the language

* See Note, p. 765.

of J. S. Mill, one of those *fewest and simplest assumptions from which, being granted, the whole order of Nature would result*—does not give it any “power” to produce or maintain that order. It is simply (again to quote J. S. Mill) one of those *fewest general propositions from which all the uniformities which exist in the universe might be deductively inferred*.^{*} Newton, then, was the unquestionably greatest revealer the world has yet seen of the order of the Universe. As was grandly said by a contemporary poet,

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said “Let Newton be,” and all was light.

But so far was he from claiming to have revealed anything of the *cause* of that order, that he most distinctly repudiated the notion. I altogether deny, then, the right of the so-called Philosophers of our time to attribute to Newton's or any other hypothesis the solution of the problem of the Kosmos. No law of pure Science *can* be anything but an expression of the *fact* of its orderly Uniformity. And that fact gives us in itself no clue to its *cause*. But it clearly does not exclude the notion of an Intelligent First Cause, or *Causa causarum*. And to that notion we seem to be led (as I pointed out in my former paper) by our own experience of *volitional* or *purposive* agency. To me the Uniformities of Nature, so far from suggesting blind force, have ever seemed to present, in their wonderful combination of unity and variety, of harmony and diversity, of grandeur and minuteness, the evidences of such a Designing Mind as we recognise in any great Human organisation which approaches our notion of ideal perfection, such as a well-conducted Orchestra, a thoroughly-disciplined Army, or an admirably-arranged Manufactory. To see a great result brought about by the consentaneous but diversified action of a multitude of individuals, each of whom does his own

^{*} System of Logic (8th Edition). Vol. I., p. 366.

particular work in a manner that combines harmoniously with the different work of every other, suggests to me nothing but admiration for the Master-mind by which that order was devised, and by the influence of which it³ is constantly sustained. And so, as I wrote more than forty years ago, "every step we take in the progress of generalisation, increases our admiration of the beauty of the adaptation, and the harmony of the action, of the laws we discover; and it is in this beauty and harmony that the contemplative mind delights to recognise the wisdom and beneficence of the Divine Author of the Universe." And I persuade myself that to those who have followed me through this discussion, it may not be uninteresting to see in the closing paragraph of my first attempt to work out the Principles of "General and Comparative Physiology" (1839), the conception I had then formed, and to which I still adhere, of the highest aim of Scientific research :—

If, then, we can conceive that the same Almighty *fiat* which created matter out of nothing—impressed upon it one simple law which should regulate the association of its masses into systems of almost illimitable extent, controlling its movements, fixing the times of the commencement and cessation of each world, and balancing against each other the perturbing influences to which its own actions give rise—should be the cause, not only of the general Uniformity, but of the particular variety of their conditions, governing the changes in the form and structure of each individual globe protracted through an existence of countless centuries, and adjusting the alternation of "seasons and times and months and years;" should people all these worlds with living beings of endless diversity of nature, providing for their support, their happiness, their mutual reliance, ordaining their constant decay and succession, not merely as individuals, but as races, and adapting them in every minute particular to the conditions of their dwellings; and should harmonise and blend together all the innumerable multitude of these actions, making their very perturbations sources of new powers: when our knowledge is sufficiently advanced to compre-

hend these things, then shall we be led to a far higher and nobler conception of the Divine Mind than we have at present the means of forming. But, even then, how infinitely short of the reality will be any view that our limited comprehension can attain, seeing, as we ever must in this life, "as through a glass, darkly!" How much will remain to be revealed to us in that glorious future, when the Light of Truth shall burst upon us in unclouded lustre, but when our mortal vision shall be purified and strengthened so as to sustain its dazzling brilliancy!

I purpose, at some future time, to apply the above method of inquiry to the Law of "Evolution," which is very commonly supposed to "account for" the existing fabric of the Universe—animate, as well as inanimate; and to show that it really does nothing more than express an *orderly sequence* of phenomena, leaving the *cause* of that order entirely unexplained.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT FAUST.

I.—THE POEM AND THE POET.

CARLYLE says, finely, "Goethe's poetry is no separate faculty, no mental handicraft; but the voice of the whole harmonious manhood; nay, it is the very harmony, the living and life-giving harmony of that rich manhood which forms his poetry." This saying applies strongly to his *Faust*. With Goethe the ideal is always based upon the real; the bases of his imaginings are his life experiences. We know, happily, so much about Goethe, that we can trace, through his creations, his profoundest convictions and views of life. A knowledge of Goethe's biography, correspondence, and, especially, of his autobiography, enables us to follow, through *Faust*, his changing and growing opinions—to study some of his life events and his mental progress. Would that we could know as much of Shakspeare!—but the personality of our great poet is shrouded in his works. Of Goethe we may say, "His thoughts are very deep." Apart even from poetry, and from drama, there is, in *Faust*, always a spiritual atmosphere of the very loftiest thought that is within the reaches of the soul of man; a deep criticism of life which does not disturb, but which does elevate alike poetical creation and dramatic vitality. In Goethe's work there is nothing strenuous; no evidence of effort or of labour; all seems to have grown as a result of god-like ease and spontaneity of production. His bold, high, sometimes wild, but always regally dominated imagina-

tion works ever in free fantasy and large conception. His profound striving to penetrate the mystery of Existence is embodied in purposeful and winged words, furnishing to his nation quotations which form a part of thought and life. Clearness of vision and spiritual insight, together with working imagination, are among his special attributes. Humour he has; but it is attended with one peculiarity;—it is humour which extends just so far as it is needed by his art purpose, but never goes beyond that limit. There is, in Goethe, nothing of the frolic fun of humour enjoyed for its own irresistible sake by a born humourist: nothing of Shakspeare's revelry of joy in pure humour: Goethe has it at command for a needful purpose—as, for instance, for the scene between Mephistopheles and Mistress Marthe Schwerdtlein—but he uses it only for his needs, and, indeed, employs it with a certain coy reticence. He loves earnestness better than sportiveness; he thinks all thought rather through gravity than through humour. Life is, to him, in the main, wholly serious. All its sides do not strike upon his mind with the equal force with which they press upon the full-orbed, every-sided mind of Shakspeare. It would be a mistake to expect fun, or more than a stately mirth, from Jupiter; and analysis demands from every man that only which he can give.

Despite some high labour—notably that highest of Carlyle—it cannot yet be said that the full significance and value of Goethe are adequately recognized in England. He has been dealt with in part by such dull commentators that his true image has been all obscured; as the noblest face seems distorted when it is reflected in a spoon. Great art reveals no secrets except to labour of great thought; and it must be long before Goethe can become—if he ever should become—popular in England. His own height stands in his way. You might as well blame a weak man for not having been up the Matterhorn as blame him for not under-

standing Goethe; it is not given to all to ascend such ideal altitudes.

Goethe's infinite dramatic poem of *Faust*, the writing of which spread itself slowly over a period of some thirty years, was first printed in 1806. It was the only one of his many works over which he lingered long; he could not hurry the completion of a poem on a quite infinite subject. *Faust* is, indeed, a subject singularly suited to the genius of Goethe. The fulness of meaning in the great Christian mythus had a rare attraction for his magnanimous intellect and wonder-working imagination. The symbolism involved in the magic fable enabled him to render every line pregnant with meaning; the high, abstract spirit of the legend gave him scope for painting things divine, demonic, human. The theme was worthy of the work; the work was commensurate with the theme. Into it he could pour all his thoughts, all his theories, all his wisdom, all his experiences. *Faust* may be said to have been commenced with *Werther*; but the execution of *Faust* outgrew the phase of mind, the *Zeitkolorit* of that fervid, but feverish frenzy of morbid youth which summed up and exhausted the mental disease of a sickly time in *Werther*: *Faust* survived into his later and his riper years, and includes all that even Goethe felt, and thought, and knew. *Hamlet* was, so far as we know, produced with no more length of labour, with no greater expenditure of time, than were occupied by any of the other works of Shakspeare. Goethe lingered long and lovingly over the great work which is his masterpiece; and worked at *Faust* as he worked upon no other of his poems or his dramas.

The origin and the growth of Goethe's *Faust*, the time at which he first conceived the play, and the different dates at which he executed it, are assuredly subjects of literary interest, if not of great literary importance. It is enough to possess such a work in its entirety; the desire to know

the dates and the progress of completion, involves questions which may easily be considered a little too curiously; and this is more especially the case, because the evidence, mostly circumstantial, is mainly defective. Still, German *Gründlichkeit* has laboured assiduously in this field of inquiry; though the results, to quote Sheridan's old joke, are voluminous rather than luminous. Wilhelm Scherer, in his "Aus Goethe's Frühzeit," is the latest labourer in this highly speculative region of research. His conjectures are many, his discoveries few; but it is yet possible to glean some suggestions of interesting probabilities—nay, even some sure facts from his inquiries. I pass over, as scarcely worth much attention, the thin and windy theories which would seek to indicate that Herder was the original of Mephisto—or of the *Erdgeist*. Herr Scherer admits that the problem of the growth of *Faust* is one that can never be solved. Asking only, in passing, Why should it be solved?—I shall cite here those few facts in connexion with the subject which seem to be established without much room for doubt by Herr Scherer and by others.

Goethe himself says that *Faust entstand mit dem Werther*; was planned at the same time as was his early romance—that is, his *Faust* was first contemplated when he was a little over twenty years of age. Indeed, the subject is alluded to in a manner which shows that he was then thinking of it in the *Mitschuldigen*, the work of a youth of eighteen. From Loeper's *Laroche Correspondenz* it would seem that a sketch of *Faust*, in prose, was made in the winter of 1771-72; and this prose sketch served as the basis of a poetical version begun after 1773. The last scene but two, *Trüber Tag, Feld*—still remains in prose; and Schiller (May 8, 1798) records that Goethe had said that the execution of certain scenes, in prose, was powerfully moving, *gewaltsam angreifend*. Among the side lights thrown upon the subject is an allusion by Wieland

(Nov. 12, 1796) to the fact that Goethe had suppressed some interesting scenes—notably one in which Faust became so furious (probably when he discovered the incarceration of Gretchen), that he intimidated Mephistopheles. Gotter says that Goethe was at work on *Faust* in Wetzlar, at the period of his love romance with Lotte. In completing his design, Goethe has let certain of his original intentions drop away; for instance, Gretchen was to have wandered with her child in misery over the earth, until, in her insanity, she destroyed it. Another abandoned project was one of a great public disputation, in which Mephistopheles, as a wandering student, was to have taken a characteristic part. In 1800, Goethe wrote to Schiller that he hoped the great disputation scene would soon be finished. In 1790 was completed that version of *Faust* now known in German literature as “the Fragment.”

In January or February, 1775, Goethe read his *Faust*, as it then existed, to Jacobi, who noticed but little difference between that version and the fragment of 1790. In 1774 Goethe read *Faust* to Heinrich Leopold Wagner. The heroine was then named Eva. Her name became Margarethe and Margretlein. Gretchen was the latest of the names chosen. In 1776, Goethe speaks of a conception of Helena—a conception reserved for the second part. Theod. Mommsen expresses an opinion that the early prose version still shows through the latter poetical form. On March 1, 1788, Goethe writes to Herder that he had found the old thread of *Faust*, and had completed his scheme of the tragedy. In 1777, Goethe visited the Harz country, and his acquaintance with these mountains is evidenced in the *Walpurgis Nacht*. In 1789, Goethe writes to the Duke that he will produce *Faust* as it stands, as a fragment. He adds that the poem is, in a certain sense, finished for the time. Hence the fragment of 1790. The latest entry in this chronology is “the first part of *Faust* completed,” in

1806. It seems that the witch struck off from Faust the burden of thirty years ; so that we may assume him to be 55 when a sage, 25 when a lover.

Goethe takes an optimistic view of evil ; but as the play progressed, the strength of the old tradition moulded the treatment of the modern poet, and he introduces Mephisto's proposal for a compact to be signed with blood. The peaks of the highest mountains seem, at night, to blend with the stars, and Goethe's pure ideas rise to the divine ; but yet the fascination to the imagination of the old wonder-legend exercised a strong influence over his dramatic conception and art treatment. Dropped threads of his early plan, with their ends loose, are sometimes left in his completed work.

In the poem itself, the legend of *Faust* is decided upon, as the subject of a drama, in that prologue which depicts a debate between a theatre director, a theatre poet, and a clown. This deeply, sadly humorous prologue paints the never-ending quarrel between poets and the traders in poetry—a dispute in which a Merry Andrew can act as mediator—and is written with a humour strictly subordinated to its immediate purpose, and with all the sadness of thoughtful satire. Goethe recognises the lets and hindrances which hamper the free activity of the poet, and yet shows that the great poet must and can do his work, despite of all the limitations and difficulties which a theatre, a director, and a mixed public can throw in the poet's way. In spite of a public which desires only to be amused, it is yet possible to deal highly with the high theme of a noble, erring soul to be led, if that may be, *Vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle*. Poets do their work through a Spartan training. Earnest effort will, in the end, overcome ; but no effort will be wanting on the part of enmity and ignorance to thwart and to oppose the owner of the Godlike gift.

Goethe first speaks in his own person, in that matchless, that grandly pathetic *Zueignung*, or Dedication, in which

the old man, putting forth his life's highest work to a generation unborn when first he sang, expresses heroic tenderness without a weakling's sentimentalism. After the Theatre Prologue, comes one in heaven, in which, following the opening of the Book of Job, Goethe uses the quaint *naïveté* of mediæval conception, in order to lay the framework of his *Divina Commedia*. But all prologue ceases, and, with our thoughts full of the mediæval legend, and of the permitted experiment of the Evil One, the curtain draws up on the drama of *Faust*.

Many will probably recollect the emotion with which they saw, for the first time, in some German theatre, the curtain rise and disclose the first scene in Goethe's *Faust*.

In the narrow, high, Gothic chamber, surrounded by books, parchments, skeletons, crucibles, retorts, sits the bowed, worn, prematurely old sage; and the great void space of the theatre becomes filled with the grand declamatory roll of the majestic opening soliloquy. The dark, bearded figure of the life-worn philosopher, who has learned so bitterly that great knowledge is great sorrow, becomes a possession of the mind—a picture fixed in the imagination. The play opens on the eve of Easter Day, and the sad moon shines in through stained glass upon the student's solitary study. Faust's state of mind, or soul, presents to us a spiritual tragedy. His unhappiness is the result of individual dissatisfaction with life. His is the sublime egotism of a scholar, a striver, a thinker, who has exhausted knowledge, but missed all happiness. For him the light of the lamp has replaced the light of heaven. He has turned his back upon the light, and has made his path of life very dark by projecting on to it his own shadow. In his passionate despair he yet yearns madly for truth, and thirsts for fuller knowledge. His recourse to magic is an attempt to reach heaven through hell. He turns to diabolic science in order to attain to divine light. Aspiring and inquiring, half mad

with longing, wholly desperate with doubt—sublime, if passionate, error impels him into a cavern to seek for light—drives him into darkness with a glass to see his face. The moonbeams make warm gules upon the haggard features and bent figure of the old, life-weary student. As the morning—the morning of Easter Day—greys upon the long vigil of the philosopher, he attempts suicide; but the heavenly tones of the Easter hymn, with all the memories of childhood, of prayer, and of youth, arrest the impious hand. His tears flow, and earth reclaims her son.

In all the early stages of *Faust*, Goethe has used the suggestions—not reproduced the detail—of his own youth's experience. He, too, had pushed knowledge beyond ordinary human limits; he, too, had pined with that sad, high, longing discontent of great and ardent souls, that cannot find in life all that the mind can desire. He knew the unsatisfied desires, the satiety of learning; and he, too, had learned how grey is all theory, and how green alone the golden tree of life. But Goethe remembered and used, though he had long outlived, the feverish discontents of youth. He himself never succumbed to despair. A strong man, he turned his weakness into strength; calmly victorious, he survived into peace and light. He, too, turned to magic; but his magic was divine, and not demonic. When, in his *Werther* days, the echo of Jerusalem's pistol sounded through the void heart, the unsatisfied soul, the mock hysterical passion of his brain-sickly time of temporary fever and unrest, Goethe, too, had once contemplated suicide. Basing his only half-sincere plan of operations upon the example of the Emperor Otho, he placed, every night, a sharp dagger by his bedside. Finding, however, after one or two slight trials, that he lacked resolution to drive the sharp steel even a little way into his breast, young Goethe relinquished the idea of suicide—nay, parted with it even in laughter. To many human beings the sorrows of life are so

many, and so heavy, that, but for the Hamlet dread and doubt, the earth would be strewn with suicides, especially in those periods over which a wave of morbid feeling passes. Men shrink from the great and dread Unknown; from the dreams that may come in that sleep of death; and thus remain bound and confined to the ills they know of—ills which, though often almost unbearable, seem to the haggard imagination better than the awful and terrible vagueness of the possibilities that surround death. The dread of death does much to keep men in life.

It is characteristic of Goethe that he draws Faust as always proud of his own image of the Godhead; that he depicts his philosopher scornfully confronting spirits and demons with a haughty assumption of being their peer, if not their superior. Goethe's own residence as a student in Leipzig had made him well acquainted with the Auerbach Keller; his own experience had taught him a contempt for the barren pedantry of University teaching, and for the waste studies of so many ingenuous young souls. His own repugnance to jurisprudence is amply recorded by himself. Indeed, his experience shines through Wagner, through the student, through the mock professorship of mocking Mephistopheles. Goethe records, in his own account of his own University career—"In logic it struck me as strange that I was, in order to perceive the proper use of them, to pull to pieces, dismember, and, as it were, destroy those very operations of the mind which I had gone through with the greatest ease from my youth."

Through the whole tragedy of *Faust* shines a deep and distinctive doctrine which Goethe held firmly—I mean his belief in the ultimate supremacy of Good. He did not believe in Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, in two equally powerful potentates, two spirits of the same might, one good, one evil, between which the ultimate issue of the perpetual struggle is uncertain. Goethe believed supremely in the entire

supremacy of God; he held that the shows of evil do but subserve the higher purposes of divine beneficence. The spirit that always wills, and always works for evil, is, as Goethe teaches, always guided and moulded by a Supreme Power, so that its strivings for evil are mainly futile; and, rough-hewn to harm, are, nevertheless, ultimately shaped by God to good. Thus, the seeming victory of Mephistopheles is barren after all—Gretchen and Faust seem, but are not, lost and ruined. They are ultimately snatched from the fiend's grasp; though ill deeds and impious longings are expiated in time by sore sufferings on earth. Mephistopheles is, unconsciously, but a tool in the hand of the divine; he walks in a vain shadow, disquiets himself without result—except in so far as he serves divine purposes—and remains, at last, a fooled and baffled fiend. In Goethe's conviction an Omnipotent and All-wise God lives and reigns; and this conviction is shown through all the scheme and action of his *Faust*. Goethe's Mephistopheles, his "Squire Satan" (*der Junker Satan*), is surely one of the supreme products of art; and in nothing that he has done, has he shown more clearly his spiritual depth of insight. Mephisto gives but a hint, or glimpse, of revelation of things outside human scope and knowledge; but that hint and glimpse he gives, and gives most wonderfully. The fiend does not wish to tell all he knows; he says only so much in that sort as is necessary to impress and to mislead Faust; though, at times, by rare pregnant suggestion, he speaks half as if he were thinking his own thought aloud. The fiend is constantly conscious of the supremacy of Deity. The spirit of denial, he knows that he works for good, while always scheming evil. He tells Faust—

Trust one of us; this whole of life
Is made but for a God alone.

At other times—as in the scenes with Marthe and with the

student—he cannot restrain his own grim, hellish, cynical humour; he indulges his savage, gross, devilish bitterness, his sneering, withering mockery and irony. Always, reader and spectator have before them, through Goethe's magic art, the image of an infra-human, super-human being. In the beginning, light itself created, or evolved, its own shadow—darkness; and of that mystically created darkness Mephistopheles is a part.

Faust sought the stupefaction of doubt; distraction from vain inquiry—and, hence, he summoned up the fiend. His early passion for knowledge was incapable of being converted into action, was impotent to yield the joys of sense, and of life. When magically restored to youth and love, the Titan—the stormer of the skies—is reduced to an ordinary earthly lover, though plunged into a love which, under devils' guidance, could only throb with lust, could only lead to misery and crime. In Faust's devil-guided passion, Gretchen reigns like a fever in his blood. She, when she yields to temptation, illustrates Shakspeare's saying—

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

It is devils' work to lower love to lust. It is noteworthy that Faust, when making his compact with the devil, does not believe in ecstasy of sensual, or of any other delight. He says—

When, to the moment fleeting past
I cry, "O stay! thou art so fair;"
Then let your chains be round me cast.

Resolved no longer upon the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy, but, in the hope of relief, to plunge into the joy and woe of life, Faust does not even then believe in the possibility of real happiness. The old impulse toward the divine is still left in his breast, but is left vague; and all his wisdom will soon pale before a glance of Gretchen's eyes. The scenes in the tragedy follow in a somewhat loose order,

and great spaces of time are overleaped without reference to them. Thus, we know nothing of Gretchen's child until we learn that she has murdered it. Goethe's large, inexplicable art is rather pregnant with mystic suggestion than precise in careful arrangement of realistic construction; we must piece out with our imaginations the wild sequence of an unearthly story. The tragedy is born of that balance of uncommon qualities which forms the divinity of genius.

There is noticeable a certain levity in Goethe's treatment of the character of Mephistopheles; a levity which would assuredly not be found if Goethe had believed in the success of evil. But he seems to regard the Evil One with a certain sarcastic scorn; with a conviction that the restless labours of the devil are futile as impotent. He is full of the belief in the ultimate triumph of enduring Good. Hence it is that, in the drama, *der Herr* allows Satan to try his best to mislead and ruin Faust; the Lord adding, that the demon will stand abashed at the futility of his attempt to utterly ruin a man to whom, in spite of wildest errors, the way of righteousness is known. Mephistopheles admits to Faust that, despite his long and ceaseless labours, he is sometimes in despair at the smallness of the results he can produce; and Faust recognises, in his hour of most desperate madness, that the Evil One wages fruitless and hopeless war against the source of life and light. Goethe is not didactic; he never distinctly preaches his theory; but until we really understand the profound conviction as to the comparative power and influence of Evil and of Good, which Goethe shows throughout the whole poem, we shall miss that great leading idea which lies at the root of all his wonderful treatment of a theme so complex and so high. Mephistopheles can, and does, bring about most damnable mischief, woe, and wrong. Thus—to take a few instances—he transmutes the duel with Valentine into a murder, and causes the hue

and cry of the Blood-Ban to be raised against Faust : his devilish arts bring about that which Faust alone could hardly have compassed—the seduction of Gretchen ; he gives to Gretchen that sleeping draught which poisons the mother ; he drives her to madness with the mocking tones of an Evil Spirit which sneer down her faith, even when she bends in prayer in the cathedral. He impels her to the murder of her infant ; and he leaves her, in the insanity of sorrow, in that night in prison which is to lead to her last morning on the scaffold. Of all this woe, he tells Faust nothing ; and few things in this great play are dramatically finer than the cold, devilish indifference with which he replies to Faust's frenzied reproaches, that—"She is not the first ;" *Sie ist die Erste nicht.*

Gretchen was the name of Goethe's first love ; and the memory of the early, youthful passion survives in the dear, caressing, diminutive of the name of Margaret. In his Gretchen, Goethe has created one of the loveliest, sweetest, saddest women of all poetry. She is divinely and humanly woman. She is not a bundle of attributes ; but a living, individual, most human girl—born for love, driven to crime, doomed to sorrow. When first we see her, coming out of the Gothic cathedral, she is pious, innocent, pure, tender ; and yet with the simple wiles, the instinctive coquetry, the feminine modesty, the little maidenly vanities of her sex, her age, her time. Every man could love, no man—unless moved by the devil—would wrong Gretchen. Faust had sought the fiend ; Gretchen would never, of her own free will, have come to him ; indeed, she instinctively shuns and loathes Mephistopheles—nor would the demon have had such power over her but for the fatal love of Faust. Mephisto's vain venom, but for her hapless love, would have hurt her no more than the viper could hurt St. Paul. When first Faust urges the demon to gain Gretchen for him, Mephistopheles has to confess that he has no power over

her. Goethe has used the mediæval respect for rank when he shows how the simple burgher maiden felt flattered by the attentions of a cavalier of noble house. Marthe is a woman

designed express
For go-between and procuress ;

and she is a tool ready to the demon's hands. Out of Gretchen's own goodness the fiend makes a net to enmesh her. Until her vanity is corrupted by the jewels, his devilish arts have no success, but she yields to the gauds of the tempter. The trials of her virtue, trials both human and infra-human, are too strong for her ; she loves, she gives place to the devil, and she falls. One of the best and purest of women succumbs piteously to the powers of hell. Her fate forms the human tragedy of the drama. In the opening of the play, we see that spiritual tragedy of Faust's restless soul which leads to the compact with the Evil One ; in the later scenes we have the more human tragedy of the love and fate of Gretchen. The sage has become lover—a depraved lover only—earthly, sensual, devilish. In Gretchen's fond love, Faust might have hoped for the moment in which he could have cried—

O stay : thou art so fair ;

but the demon who impels while he ensnares, who seems to serve but that he may destroy, is incapable of loyalty to his own victim, of fidelity to his own bargain. He can give ignoble delight ; but he cannot, if he would, give happiness, or peace, or rest—even in love. Faust, still the half-god, has only deadened a conscience which he cannot destroy. He is capable of remorse—he cannot shut out pity. Hurried along the infernal path, he obtains his desires only to ensure his misery.

To our human ken, Mephistopheles seems to do much that is against his own interest ; but we must remember

Goethe's theory that he is only the tool of a Higher Power by which he is constantly befooled. Again, we must not forget that his supernatural knowledge is a key to much that he does which seems unwise—that is, unwise as regards his own purposes. Faust is disgusted in the Auerbach Keller, but the demon desired to lead the soaring soul downward to gross and sensual evil through a preliminary stage of flat commonplace and unmeaningness. Faust resembles a flying fish; his aerial, heavenward flight soon subsides into a return to his more native element. There is, in Goethe, nowhere that attenuated thread of inspiration which is like a waterfall in a dry summer; he is always full, and always full of meaning. It might seem to us that Mephistopheles was thwarting his own ends by transmuting Faust's amour to utter misery; but the fiend had more to hope from Faust's despair and desperation than from his contentment and enjoyment; and then Mephistopheles took a joy in human suffering. Things that happen off the scene are often merely suggested. The art difficulties in the way of picturing ostensible demonic interference in human affairs are immense; and if we are puzzled at times on the surface, we always find that Goethe is right in the depths.

The mind lingers with a strange emotion—half of delight, half of sorrow—over Goethe's immortal creation of dear, unhappy Gretchen. *Halb Gott, halb Kind im Herzen*, she is one of the women of fiction who lay hold so strongly of our imaginations, of our sympathies. Her sweet, simple, loving nature; her childlike *naïveté* and trust; her holy innocence, which knows no bashful cunning; her irresistible maiden coquetry, based only upon instinct—all these qualities are fused into a pure and perfect character, which is one of the glories and the charms of great art.

The sin of Faust and Gretchen arises from demoniacal possession. Gretchen never wholly loses our respect; and then her error is atoned for by such deep sorrows! When

shame and remorse begin in her sweet soul the Nemesis of wrong, she can yet say—

Doch—alles was dazu mich trieb,
Gott! war so gut! ach war so lieb!

She confesses to her lover that she was very angry with herself because she was not more angry with him for having accosted her. Who forgets her playful, childish superstitious flower-test of love, as she plucks off leaf after leaf of the daisy, murmuring—"He loves me—loves me not"? Compare that moment with the anguish of her bitter prayer in the *Zwinger* to the picture of the *Mater dolorosa*. What a dramatic poem is that in the garden, when cavalier-like Faust and fair Gretchen, Mephistopheles and Marthe, in alternate couples, pass and repass across the working scene! What simple, pious goodness in the girl's tender concern for the soul of the man she loves, when, in Marthe's garden, she questions Faust—

Nun sag, wie hast du's mit der Religion?

and how characteristic is the reply of the lover-philosopher! Faust's early belief has been turned to mist by devilish obscuratation, and yet, in her presence, he who once was an *Hoffnung reich, im Glauben fest* returns to a faith vital, though obscured by the phraseology of philosophy. Note, too, that Faust declares his love through his vaguely lofty theological profession. Men have often more faith, and a deeper faith, than they themselves know of. In action, in passion, in error, a faith seems dead which is only sleeping. There can be no victory without battle. *Wer immer strebend sich bemüht, den können wir erlösen*. In the wild anguish with which Faust learns that Gretchen lies in the dungeon which is the porch to the scaffold, he once more addresses direct and burning prayer to the Deity from whom he had strayed so far—whom he had so long forgotten.

In that terrible, most moving dungeon scene, Goethe rises to the very summit of his tragedy. In the insanity of great sorrow, poor Gretchen awaits in the dark prison cell the morrow that shall lead her to the scaffold. When Faust enters to save her, her wandering senses can only recognize him by snatches made up of half memories of their old, their fatal love. She cannot be moved to fly with him. There are, in this scene, touches of pathos that lie too deep for tears. In the madness of her agony, Gretchen can only remember—she cannot act. In her joy at seeing Faust, her warped senses lead her to pray him to stop with her—not to take her away: then she urges that he cannot know that he seeks to free a criminal who has murdered her mother, drowned her child. Her thought changes, and she next insists that he shall survive in order to provide the graves of herself, of her brother, of her mother, and of their child. Surely her thought for these graves has rarely been surpassed in pathos—

The best place you must give my mother,
And close beside her lay my brother;
Lay me a little way apart,
But not too far off!
On my right breast the little one.

The scene of agony and anguish is ended by the appearance of Mephistopheles. Gretchen calls upon her Heavenly Father, upon the serried ranks of holy angels, to preserve her from the Evil One. She trembles at last, not for herself, but for her lover. As her soul flies, the fiend exclaims, exultingly—

“She is doomed!”

But a voice from heaven says that she

“Is saved!”

And another voice, from within—perhaps the voice of Gretchen on her heavenward flight—exclaims, in tones that die away in distance—

“Heinrich ! Heinrich !”

Faust disappears with Mephistopheles ; his fate is left in more doubt, but this is explained partially by the fact that he is reserved for a second part ; in which, in some imaginary higher sphere, he will not love and ruin a human-hearted, warm-kissing Gretchen, but will worship in another sense than that of the senses, that Helena of Greece, that

— face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium.

At the end, the vain fiend, Mephistopheles, is baffled and befooled ; and the Enduring Good reigns for ever over all.

The romantic and picturesque side of this great drama is a thing to be noted with delight. Both persons and scenes are in the highest degree picturesque and romantic. The costume is that of the sixteenth century ; the architecture is of the same, or of yet earlier times. The two chief figures of Faust and Mephistopheles—a pair as well known in art as are Dante and Virgil—are of most picturesque presence. The old Gothic chamber of the student sage, with its olden furniture, inherited from ancestors, is singularly striking and charming. Take, again, the spring walk of pedant and of sage—of Wagner and of Faust—“outside the gate” of the mediæval city, of some antique Nürnberg, Frankfort, Hildesheim, Leipzig, Lüneberg. They pass through the close streets of olden houses, within the narrow limits of the walled town ; they pass the great open porch of the Gothic cathedral in which Gretchen prayed and worshipped ; they pass through the city gate, with portcullis, probably with drawbridge, and issue into the open country which surrounds the quaint dwelling-place of thickly clustered men. They look back upon the armed town, with its towers, roofs, gables, spires, houses. It is a return, with the bud-bursting opening of the year, to Nature and to life ; the snows, and ice, and frosts of winter

are melting and disappearing before the gentle breath of hope-giving, life-bearing spring. The gay and active crowd of ordinary men and women, bent on the commonplace holiday enjoyments of dancing, drinking, joyous love-making, pass by and talk and walk beside the two philosophers. Note that Wagner is not a particularly stupid man. Goethe's art was too fine to make him that. He is more learned, and as intelligent as is the mass of his contemporaries; he is the dried, pedantic product of that University professorship which puts on so many coals that the fire cannot burn; which heaps up so much learning—not necessarily knowledge—that the mind is stifled. Goethe had known, in his University career, many a Wagner, and many a student. He knew too, well, what a Voltairian demon would have to say of the course of study, of the choice of a "faculty." The whole drama, in its essence, as in its surroundings, is instinct with the romantic and the picturesque, and yet it is classical; for has not Goethe said that everything which is of the highest order of merit is classical? Gretchen, also, in the street, at the well, in the garden, at her spinning wheel, in the cathedral—nay, even in the dungeon—is a most quaint, lovely, archæological girl figure. The black horses sweep by the ghastly Rabenstein; the witch's kitchen, with its baser magic and its filthy apes, is a demonic picture; and the magic mirror, in which Faust first sees the fair image of Gretchen, replaces the foul wall of the fiend-kitchen by an illusion of beauty and of charm. In short, there is, all through, and all round the drama of *Faust*, that picturesque, objective delight which the genius of Goethe's partly Gothic imagination knew so well how to employ for our enjoyment. We are fascinated by the surroundings, as by the essence of the great Northern tragedy.

In that witch's kitchen a magic draught restores to Faust his youth, and transforms him into the splendidly attired, handsome cavalier of the sixteenth century. It is note-

worthy that when the fiend assumes human shape he cannot be beautiful. The Gothic fantasy, so much gloomier in its dark, spectral north than was the Greek imagination, depicted Satan, in the middle ages, as a dusky, terrible phantom with horns, and claws, and tail. Mephistopheles is too modern in spirit for such old-fashioned horrors. He appears as a cavalier, as a Herr Baron, but, in deference to tradition, he retains the red doublet, hose, and cloak, the cock's feather, and the long rapier. When well made up, Mephistopheles is certainly one of the most striking apparitions that the stage can show.*

The profound meanings of this poem do not injure the workings of the drama; so deeply is meaning expressed through action. *Faust* remains, in one respect, a puppet-play; the characters are all *Marionetti*, which are seen moving and acting in the light of a Divine Idea, which shines behind and through all appearance. The high, inscrutable designs of deity are always suggested. Faust was a professor of science, not of art; he acquired knowledge, but did not create beauty. His strivings represented only one phase of human mental activity. He forgot a God who did not forget him. Even in his fall, his flashes of proud, divine manhood are unspeakably noble; they are God-descended. Goethe uses no scalpel to discover a soul by means of the dissection of a body. His art is always spiritual. If stained glass be well-coloured, no spectator regards the intrinsic quality of the glass itself; but in this play of *Faust* the noble colouring covers the finest material; subject and treatment are co-equal. We have the best glass most nobly stained and richly dight. Byron says, finely,

The Devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deemed;
He hath an ignorant audience;

and Goethe admired and praised our poet's pregnant saying.

* Red is the old German colour of the devil, and is worn by Zamiel, as well as by Mephisto.

Here we conclude our attempt to measure the incommensurable: here we cease, for the present, to try farther to pluck out the heart of the mystery of Goethe's "mystic, unfathomable song" of *Faust*. We shall not have exhausted an infinite subject; we shall not have completed our study of a theme which, like all things divine and high, remains, and will remain, with meanings by no means wholly fathomed, with depths never thoroughly sounded. Like *Hamlet*, *Faust* will ever reserve more than gleanings to reward the labours of future thinkers; but our present attempt may be attended by some gladness, and may yield some profit: since not without delight and gain can men strive to enjoy and to understand one of the world's masterpieces; not without enduring advantage can they seek to love and to admire, through critical comprehension, Goethe's immortal tragedy of *Faust*.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.*

ACCORDING to Aristotle's definition—the oldest and still the best—the drama is imitation, in the way of action. The germs may be seen in the games of children and the festive sports and pantomimic dances of savages. In both these, imitation of a more or less elaborate sort plays a prominent part. The earliest literary forms of the drama, however, seem always to be connected with some religious ceremonies. So the religious drama may be defined as imitation in the way of action in honour of the gods or of a god, and primeval legends refer the origin of the whole dramatic art to inspiration. Among the Hindoos it is said that Brahma inspired Bharata, which is another way of saying Brahma invented acting. The Hindoo drama, therefore, naturally begins by celebrating the incarnations of Vishnu. The wandering Car of Thespis is not the first Greek home of the drama, but rather a rude and popular offshoot of an already existing sacred rite. The worship of Dionysus the Liberator and the symbolisms of the Eleusinian Mysteries

* Dodsley's Old English Plays. Edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves and Turner. 1874.

Ancient Mysteries. By William Hone. London. 1823.

A Collection of Miracle Plays and Mysteries. By W. Marriott, Ph.D. Basel. 1838.

The Coventry Mysteries. By J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S. London. 1841.

Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas. By Dr. Karl Hase. London: Trübner and Co. 1880.

English Dramatic Literature. By A. W. Ward, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

are the real beginning of the art which reached its climax in Æschylus and Sophocles.

We appear to owe the drama, both in its general and its religious development, nearly exclusively to the Aryan race, and all Aryan peoples, with a history behind their back, except perhaps the Persians, have contributed to the common wealth. It is different with the Egyptians. No doubt human nature would provide for the drama among them as well as everywhere else, for children would play and religious ceremonies would be performed from the first. The Egyptian mythology also provided a rich fund of materials for the dramatic art, and it is not likely that the priests would entirely fail to turn these to sacred purposes. It is probable that Egypt stimulated the early civilisation of Greece in prehistoric times, and that the Eleusinian Mysteries themselves are a Greek adaptation of esoteric Egyptian doctrines and ideas of the gods, which may also have been represented dramatically in the symbolic religious ceremonies of the Nile Valley. But, however, this may be, amidst the recovery of paintings, inscriptions, hymns, and tales, archæologists have as yet found nothing deserving to be called an Egyptian drama, and we can only guess at the influence exercised by Egypt from what we see in Greece and India, with both which it was certainly connected in intimate bonds.

There is no evidence that the Hebrew drama ever assumed a stage shape or attained respectable proportions, although the reasons already mentioned compel us to believe that a Hebrew drama existed in some primitive form. The Song of Solomon is dramatic. The Book of Job is full of dramatic capabilities. There is a prologue in Heaven. God, Satan, Job, and his friends, all imitate in the way of action, so far as words go, what the writer conceives the original characters whom he portrays would themselves say and do, and the accompanying narrative acts as descriptive

Chorus. Still, as Job was not written for the stage, but for philosophical and religious meditation, the Hebrews and the kindred Arabs must both be omitted from the list of nations who have presided over the birth of the religious drama, or assisted largely in its early development.

One reason, and the chief reason, why the genius of the Aryans was so fertile and the genius of the Hebrews so barren in the direction of the drama is to be found in their profoundly different methods of picturing the relationships between God and man. Whatever the Aryan deities may have been in their origin as personifications of Nature-forces, it is plain that intellectually and morally they were altogether projections of the human consciousness, and even when they became a family of gods apart, this birth characteristic still clung to them. We speak of the deities as the people believed in them. The loftier idealisations of the philosophers were confined to a limited circle, and exercised little influence over the popular faith. No religious sense was offended when gods appeared on the stage, for degree made all the difference between them and ordinary men. They were more powerful than men; but they had the same passions, and were sometimes better and sometimes worse than their worshippers. The Greeks and Indians could, therefore, freely range through the whole celestial world, and when the experiences of the common life of humanity failed to quicken them to create, the heavens were open to them, and they could call on obedient deities to help. The great and devouter masters of the Greek drama used this dangerous liberty charily. The Indian dramatists were less scrupulous, and the commonalty, both in India and Greece, as always is the case with commonalties, allowed imagination to riot.

With the Hebrews, on the other hand, God probably was, as with the Aryans, the idea of a nature-force, or many nature-forces, at first, and He may also have been—

indeed, He must have been—to a large extent, in His intellectual and moral attributes, the projection of the human consciousness. But Hebrew religious growth was comparatively rapid, and He soon came to be regarded as a Power beyond nature and beyond man, and an objective Person transcending all capacities of human comprehension. The growth was slower among the people at large than it was among the representatives of the religious genius of the nation, as may be seen from their frequent lapse into idolatry, and the complaints and bitter reproaches of the prophets. However, Hebrew literature is never free and easy with God. He stands at an infinite distance from the prophets. And when the author of Job actually introduces Him, we feel that He belongs to quite another order than the deities of the Sophoclean and Æschylean drama, let alone the deities of the sceptical Euripides. He constitutes an order of His own. If the Hebrews had possessed a stage, they could not have put upon it the God of the prophets. This fact alone, immensely favourable as it was to their religious development, and educating them as it did to become the representative Monotheistic nation, made dramatic development an impossibility, except within narrow limits, for the childhood of the drama, without which there could be no manhood, required familiar deities. Homer is antecedent to the Greek stage by some centuries, yet we may evolve from him all that afterwards came into daylight in the theatre of Pericles; while in the Song of Solomon we have merely amatory poems that may or may not have been sung dramatically; in Isaiah we have only internal dialogues going on within the prophet's soul between a visible man and an invisible God; and in Job, although there is the literary form of the drama, there are no signs of stage capabilities; nor yet is there the vaguest notion of any stage performance.

But if we owe to the Aryans alone the drama of the pre-

Christian world, they were by no means the creators of the drama of the early ages of Christianity, and of modern Europe. Neither their religion nor their original artistic genius was sufficient for this purpose. In the order of historical events there is invariably a conspiracy of forces operating to produce every effect. The Hebrews appeared actively and beneficently among the regenerating factors of European life long before the advent of Christianity, and when Christianity transformed and interpreted anew the national religion for better and worse, that religion in its Christian form, yet still Hebrew at the heart, exercised a predominant influence over the development of the drama when the drama was born afresh. Christianity, so far as the founders of the Church creeds were concerned, had professed to break finally both with Judaism and Paganism, and to supplant them by a complete revelation of its own, altogether unique, and able to stand alone in the strength of God. But the facts were contrary to this flattering persuasion. No old system ever entirely dies. It sleeps awhile, then the resurrection trumpet sounds, and it wakes, and is changed. In the changed life opposites meet and unite. The new religion found a foothold for itself in the solid basis of the Roman Empire, and an atmosphere to breathe in the free, vigorous, and inquiring spirit of the times. It inherited Monotheism from the Jews; it borrowed speculative philosophy from Greece and Egypt; it started with the gift of Christ; it invented theories to account for him and to find him a place in the divine system of the world-government. And when the drama was re-created, all these forces were used for the purpose, and its history became the history of the human mind.

The first centuries of Christianity were marked by a fierce and righteous antagonism against the degenerate polytheism of the Empire. As men saw it in Rome it had lost the breath of life which made it a means of divine education in

its earlier stages. It had become a convenient superstition more than a religion to the government, and it had ceased to exercise a moral influence over the masses of the people. Emperors and populace displayed a lust of blood that was magnificent in its insatiableness in the games of the amphitheatre, and these were in honour of gods in whom nobody believed, except officially, and in honour of deified emperors whose infamy was only surpassed by the infamy of the gods. The example set by Augustus was followed by his successors, and the worse an emperor was, the more anxious he was to be deified. Augustus Imperator inaugurated a grand scheme of policy, where individual liberty was crushed, and the State was supreme, but Augustus Divus could not make the State religion respectable; while Nero Imperator marked the lowest depth of Roman degradation, and Nero Divus profaned every temple, and scandalised the not over-sensitive conscience of every inhabitant of Olympus. There is no wonder at John calling Rome, under the transparent disguise of Babylon, the abomination of desolation. Suetonius and Tacitus would authorise darker weird visions than those he had in Patmos. Rome was preparing for itself a day of judgment, of which dragons and Death on the White Horse were not inappropriate symbols.

The utter corruption of the Pagan world stood self-revealed in the theatre, and Christians included it in their condemnation. It was of no use to tell them of the sublime ideas of Sophocles. They knew not Sophocles. They only knew the Man of Sin and his belongings. He was worshipped in two places—the temple and the theatre, and his official servants were priests and actors. It required a long discipline, and the advent of a new race of teachers, before the Church could return to Greek thought with a wise and discriminating love, and recognise, in theatrical representations, a means of instruction in the true faith.

The African Tertullian, with his characteristic fiery passion, gloated over the tragedy which God was preparing for actors in the eternal punishments of hell. The Jewish hatred of all images of God, combined with the Christian hatred of idolatry, set the Church in deadly animosity to the theatre, where gods, which were no gods, were honoured, and where, as it seemed, sin ran riot, unheeding of the gathering storm of divine vengeance so soon to burst.

But this excited and extravagant condition of mind could not last. Civilisation could not afford to abandon the breasts of its Greek nursing mother. The dislike to the theatre decayed, and the Church was content to demand that representations should be purged from impurity. The revulsion of feeling from visible deities shared a similar fate, except among the Jews, and the Church only demanded that false gods should disappear, and the true God should take their place. The cause of this latter complete upsetting of old ideas is inherent in the nature of the prevalent conception of early Christianity. God was in some sense incarnate in Christ. Even the heretics all admitted this in ways of their own. And when it was once believed that God had taken a human form, there could be no further serious objection to introduce the Man-God or the God-Man playing a part in a sacred pageant. The Creator was visibly present in the service of the Mass, and it was an easy process to transfer His visible presence to the stage in the person of the divine Son. Thus the drama which started in Greece as part of the worship of Dionysus the Liberator, was transformed in the Church into a part of the worship of Christ the Saviour.

In the reign of Julian, St. Gregory Nazianzen composed a tragedy on the "Passion of Christ." About a third of it was borrowed from Euripides. The debt is

frankly enough acknowledged in the Prologue, which thus begins :

Thou who hast verses heard with pious love,
And now a pious tale in verse wouldst hear,
With willing ear incline to me who sing,
After the manner of Euripides,
The pangs of Him who saved mankind from bale.

In the tenth century the Abbess Hrosvitha travestied or adapted Terence in six Latin comedies, for the benefit of her nuns. The comedies were meant to celebrate the praises due to chastity, but they are unquotable, because the imaginations of vowed celibates, whether men or women, delight to revel in pictures of scenes which simply disgust people with healthy natures. On the whole, modern taste would prefer Terence to his pious improver. However, St. Gregory Nazianzen and Hrosvitha ("the loud voice," or "the white rose") exercised little influence beyond the schools of the saint and the convent of the abbess, for which they wrote, and not for the profane public. Nor did the growing acquaintance with Greek literature, or the latitudinarian sympathies of the early and wiser and better fathers of the Church, which induced them to see dim foreshadowings of the Christian Mysteries in philosophers and poets, lead directly to a rehabilitation of the drama under the immediate sanction of the chosen of God. These movements of the spirit, impatient to escape from its prison, did, no doubt, bring many breaths of fresh air to the age, and much sweet music from the outer world—music no longer luring to the pit, but echoing heavenly strains, yet the second birth of the drama was in the bosom of the Church itself. The old masters of comedy and tragedy were absent during the school-days of the new child, and did not make their appearance until its approach to maturity. It sprang out of the service of the Mass, and it devoted its vigorous youth to the representation of the

birth and death of the Creator, and the sin and salvation of man.

In the Mass we have an elaborate series of symbolic actions which constitute an improving and solemn drama.* The pantomimic element is furnished by the ceremonial observances of the officiating priest. In the reading of the Scripture lessons to the congregation there is the epical element. And there is the lyrical element in the music and the processional chants and hymns, with anthems and antiphones. The people join in the performance; they are either rapt spectators, or they respond in prayer and praise; sorrow and sin, joy and deliverance, all the means that tragedy uses to purify the soul by pity and by terror are presented in religious pomp to the eye and ear. It is a theatrical representation of the fundamental Christian Mystery as conceived by the Church, the Mystery of the Incarnation. Imagination is exalted to the highest pitch. The worshippers behold God before their eyes; the wafer seems to take human shape, the touching "Agnus Dei" is followed by partaking of the Chalice of Salvation, and the drama closes with the Confession of Faith, when the penitent sinner, enriched by the life of God, feels his calling and election sure. It embraces the whole scale of religious emotion, and travels from hell to heaven, from "Miserere Domine" to "Gloria in Excelsis." This was drama enough to satisfy piety to the full in the early glow of enthusiasm. Afterwards, as the glow died down, it was fanned afresh by artistic means, and with the aid of more music and new symbolic actions, the Mass-drama grew into grander proportions, and finally the miracle plays and mysteries of the Middle Ages shot up from its roots, and their tendrils climbed round the parent stem.

*Ward's Dramatic Literature, I., 18. Mr. Ward quotes many important statements from Klein's "Geschichte des Dramas." So also does Dr. Hase.

The new development started within the limits of the celebration of the Mass, and proceeded some considerable distance before reaching the stage of the independent drama. As the service was conducted in Latin, of which language the bulk of the people were ignorant, it became necessary, in order to maintain their attention, to provide pictures which they could understand, as a means of interpreting the sounds that fell on idle ears. *Tableaux vivants*, representing in dumb show the story of the lessons of the day, were first introduced. These were succeeded by descriptive narrative and short dialogue, and, meanwhile, musical enrichments proceeded at a still more rapid rate, and preluded the Passion music of Bach, Mozart, and Rossini. In the fifth century it was usual to add to public worship living pictures of such subjects as the Adoration of the Magi, the Marriage at Cana, and the Death of the Saviour. These were represented by the clergy, and considered a component part of the Liturgy. In the tenth century it was customary, after the Te Deum and at the appropriate season of the Church year, to perform the office of the Shepherds, varied with the Star, the Massacre of the Innocents, or the Sepulchre. In these offices the priests spoke the text, and the congregation gave lyrical responses. The music steadily grew more dramatic, and sometimes the Roman Church, in its zeal for promoting edification by any lawful means, and by means of sweet sounds in particular, has gone very far. At present, in the chapel of the Vatican on Good Friday, after the Old Testament, Psalm, and Prophecies, the Passion of Christ, from John's Gospel, is sung, arranged as an oratorio; Christ is tenor, Pilate bass, and there are choruses for the priests, soldiers, and people, interspersed with Evangelical narrative in recitative. The Mass itself leads legitimately to these developments. They are necessary either to interpret it in its historical connections, or to render it

effectively. The addition of *tableaux vivants* from the Old Testament was a step involving the doctrine of types which was pushed to extravagant lengths. The tendency to the complete religious drama was further strengthened, not only by the natural growth of the dramatic instinct, but, when the Old Testament was pressed into the service, by the abundant materials which it provided, and by the fact that Christianity is, above all, the story of a personal life, rich in tragedy and full of poignant interest to sympathetic and grateful souls who see in it their ransom from death to the kingdom of God.

While the Church was thus dramatising her Liturgy, and gathering the multitude to Christ by religious spectacles within the sacred walls, she bestowed scant favour on profane theatres and their troops of actors. What was piety in the house of God, and performed by priests, belonged to Satan and his crew when moved outside and performed by the laity. In this change of judgment, induced by change of place in the representation, there was probably some jealousy of the rival claimants for popular applause, and some honest fear lest the faithful should be led astray. Actors were excommunicated. Unless they foreswore their evil professions, they were allowed neither share of blessings on earth nor anticipation of the joys of heaven. Maledictions, temporal and eternal, were their doom. It is true that St. Thomas Aquinas defended them, and that they had a patron saint of their own, St. Genesius. But the irrefragable Doctor failed to win them clemency, and St. Genesius was only a stolen patron. The hostility of the Church towards profane players lasted till the days of Louis XIV., and Molière was one of its last victims. The authorship of *Tartuffe* was an unpardonable sin. Still, notwithstanding edicts against them, and favouritism shown to the clergy, the profane actors manfully held their own, and the clergy were at last forced to form a half-

hearted alliance with them, where ecclesiastics, as was then deemed fitting, kept the supremacy, and the laity were content with a subordinate position. The clergy wrote and superintended the plays, and took the leading parts, while the laity obeyed the orders of their spiritual pastors and teachers, and acted as what we now call supernumeraries. And when, at a later period, the performance of the religious drama was left altogether to the laity, the clergy still continued to write and superintend. The Church was too sage to let go her hold. She continued to supervise as she still does at Ober-Ammergau.

Mysteries, Miracle-Plays, and Moralities are the three stages of the religious drama. Between the first two it is not easy to distinguish, but, on the whole, the Mystery dealt with divine secrets, such as the Incarnation and Redemption, and the Miracle-play was more concerned with the ordinary Scripture narrative. The title "Mysteries" betrays a reminiscence of Pagan ideas. The Mysteries of Eleusis were in the minds of the Church authorities, and the Greek Church also remembered them when the name of Mysteries was given to the Sacraments, and the performance of the various sacred functions.* The New Testament provided the word, and the religious ceremonies of Paganism suggested the dramatic application to Christian purposes. Moralities came last in the order, and immediately preceded the birth of the regular drama. As they dropped men, women, saints, angels, and devils alike, and only introduced allegorical personages representing virtues, vices, and abstract qualities, it seems as if they diverged altogether from the true line of development. But the historical order turns out to be the natural order. The half-emancipated intellect took to allegorical personages when it first ventured outside the Bible and the Church dogmas, and durst not as yet introduce on the stage characters

* Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities:—Art-Mystery.

from the common human world. In this middle region, neither sacred nor profane, it tried its wings, and felt they were strong enough to bear it whithersoever it wist. Then it descended into the universal life of man, and moved there freely. It had to die to the old form before it could live to the new, and when the personal drama seemed lost in allegories, the second birth was close at hand.

Remains of the early *officia* out of which the Mystery grew have been discovered at Freising in Bavaria, and at Orleans, Limoges, and Rouen. The oldest extant Mysteries are French, and belong to the eleventh century. "The Rise and Fall of Anti-Christ," found in the Convent at Tegern See, is the oldest German play, and belongs to the twelfth century. The Mysteries were introduced into England soon after the Norman Conquest, and were naturally written in Norman-French or Latin. There are no traces of Mysteries in English before the thirteenth century, and these traces are only inferences, though strong inferences. Matthew Paris, writing in 1240, says that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbott of St. Albans, caused the play of "St. Catherine" to be represented at Dunstable in 1110. This is the earliest date we can fix. The play itself is lost. There can be no doubt that at the middle of the thirteenth century the popularity of Mysteries and Miracle-Plays was at its zenith, and their affiliation to the drama of the Mass and its accompaniments can be distinctly traced.

They repeat the same familiar story with trifling variations. The Easter-Play of the Passion of Christ is the central idea on which they all build. It will, however, be at once perceived that the Passion, with its theological belongings in the Church of the Middle Ages, involves the divine proceedings from the rebellion in Heaven to the Day of Judgment, with the Old and New Testament narratives thrown in between. With this boundless field open to them, it is strange, perhaps, that the authors should present the same

plot with wearisome repetition. But we must remember that individual genius was bound to work according to the traditional rules of the Church, and that the monks and other "*religious*" who wrote the plays had seldom much genius of any kind to spare. Besides, they were all persuaded that they could not improve on the message of salvation as it had come from God, and how it had come from God they were authoritatively told by the Church. Even Lope de Vega and Calderon, who made sublimer ventures in the religious drama and had more native dramatic power than any other authors who devoted themselves to the work, did not dream of departing seriously from what was laid down. All the authors had the Bible stories, and these they accepted with implicit faith—in a literal sense. They had the Apocryphal Gospels, and these gave them marvels of the Nativity in which they loved to revel. They had especially the Gospel of Nicodemus, which is the authority for Christ's descent into hell; and around this quaint legend their fancies played with pious glee. Over and above these literary sources of inspiration the Church gave them an ample system of dogma, and of this they made liberal use, stumbling at no paradoxes, hesitating at no anachronisms, shrinking from no realisms, and introducing scenes and making practical applications which appear coarse and indelicate to us, but which to them, in their *naïveté*, appeared necessary to secure devout edification. The conversations of the matrons in the plays of the Nativity are better imagined than described, and their physiological examinations to test the truth of the recorded miraculous birth may be left to lecturers on midwifery. Of this kind of thing the Apocryphal Gospels contain a superabundance.

But the true Mystery was the dogma of the Church, and that lent itself to dramatic purposes admirably when once the reverent dislike to visible representations of divine

persons was fairly mastered, and instruction in the faith and improvement in morals were supposed to excuse both departures from decency, and a familiar treatment of the Creator and His Son. The end justified the means. According to the dogma, human sin must have a cause in temptations arising external to humanity. The cause was found in Satan, whose own sin was, therefore, causeless, or, at any rate, it needed no prompting from the outside. The mystery of mysteries in the supposed heavenly origin of evil here involved the Church did not attempt to grapple with. So Satan is always predicated in the dogma, and he is a satisfactory explanation to the popular mind of the Middle Ages of the evil which indubitably exists in the world. Logically and chronologically, the dogma and the mystery of the dogma begin with the inexplicable fall of Satan, which is taken for granted. The lapse of Adam and Eve from the innocence of Eden follows out of the spite of the cast-out archangel. The determination of God to redeem His children thence arises. St. Thomas Aquinas hoped for the redemption of Satan too, and prayed a whole night to Christ for him, and finally rose from his knees comforted by the sight of the dawn, and crying that if the darkness might change to light, surely the devil might yet again an angel be ! But the Church was not so charitable ; and Leo XIII., in his recent recommendation of Aquinas's "*Summa Theologiæ*," would scarcely, we fear, accept this saintly heresy of the universal triumph of redeeming grace. The redemption is foreshadowed by Old Testament worthies, who are unconscious types of the Saviour to come appointed by God. So far we have the Prologue. The deeper interest of the main portion of the drama begins with the Nativity and the Incarnation. The earthly Interlude culminates in the Passion and Crucifixion, when the victory is achieved, and the rest happens necessarily. In the Descent into Hell, Christ fetches Adam, Abraham, and the faithful saved

beforehand by hope, out of the kingdom of Satan, who growls, but knows resistance vain. Then comes the Judgment; the sheep and the goats are parted for ever, these going to eternal bliss, and those to eternal bale; and angels and saints sing "Gloria in Excelsis" with such participation on the part of the lost as their sad fate may permit. This is the Mystery in its whole extent—pictorial, epical, musical, moral, and dogmatic. Its immense dramatic capabilities are evident, and the writers of the Mysteries and Miracle-Plays did the best they could with them. But no competent genius undertook to represent the vast scheme in its totality. We have only fragmentary attempts. It is plain that there was no room left here for the speculative spirit of modern philosophy. Even Milton would be out of place, although his assumed knowledge of the unknowable goes a long way; and for Goethe there would be no chance. His own illimitable mercy, shown in the salvation of Faust, would deprive him of mercy himself. Men require a complete account of God and man; the Mysteries gave it them in rude drama, and Dante in grand and terrible poetry.

Hase tells this story:—Philip IV., a great patron of art, resolved on the improvisation of a drama representing the Creation. He gave to Calderon the *rôle* of Adam, while he himself retained that of the Creator. Calderon, in a long poetic speech, described the charms of Paradise. Perceiving some signs of impatience in the Royal actor, he asked what was the matter. "What is the matter?" exclaimed His Majesty; "I repent having created such a loquacious Adam!" This is Philip's only recorded speech in the character of Deity. But evidently he would have had no objection had Calderon given him an opportunity to speak impromptu for God at any length. The Royal familiarity, which was not owing to lack of piety, only very faintly illustrates the levity often adopted by the writers of the

Mysteries. We put aside the Mysteries of the Nativity and the favourite story of Susanna and the Elders. In the Deluge, Noah's wife refuses to enter the ark, and roundly rates her husband. If she does enter, she insists on taking her gossips along with her. She has drunk many a quart of ale with them, and charitably resolves not to abandon them. Noah complains that women are crabbed always, and tells Shem to bring her in by main force. When this is done, she gives her husband a swinging slap in the face—"There, take that!" she says. Noah answers, "Ah, marry, but this is hot! It is good to be still!" And then he calmly sets sail to voyage over the drowning world, and the disobedient, kind-hearted wife leaves her lost gossips behind, lamenting that they cannot share a final quart. One of her speeches is worth quoting, both for its good feeling and the curious anachronisms characteristic of the Mysteries:—

Yea, Syr, set up ye sayle,
 And rowe forth with evill hele,
 For, without any fayle,
 I will not out of this towne.
 —But I have my gossips every one;
 One foote further I will not gone;
 They shall not drowne, by St. John!
 An I may save their lyfe.
 —They loved me full well, by Christ!
 But thou wilt let them in thy chist,
 Else rowe forth, Noe, whither thou list,
 And get thee a new wife.

The speeches of the first person of the Trinity are generally, though by no means always, marked by a certain gravity of style. There is less reticence with respect to the second person, as his assumption of human nature brings him nearer the level of the spectators. Angels and saints are treated with remarkable freedom. Devils are frightful to look at, but they are supremely stupid, and are often

made butts of. The realism to which the actors would be compelled to have recourse may be seen from the booths they used for their performances when these were not in the church itself. The action of the Mystery extended to heaven, earth, and hell. The stage was, therefore, divided into three stories. At the top was Paradise, in it were the Trinity, with saints and angels, an organ, and trees that blossomed and emitted sweet odours. In the centre was the Earth, made as large as possible, because there most of the business was done. At the bottom was Hell, or the Mouth of Hell, often represented by the opening and shutting of the jaws of an enormous dragon.* According, as the plot of the play required, the actors at the end went up or down. This picture presented no difficulty to the popular imagination, and hardly any to such science as existed. For that hell was inside the earth, and men on the surface, and heaven above, all seemed equally certain facts, and the three-storied copy of the universe was sound divinity. In an Easter play at Donaueschingen, Judas is hanged by Beelzebub. The stage instructions said the devil must take care of the fastenings and sit behind Judas on the gallows. Judas must carry concealed in his coat a black bird and the entrails of some animal, so that when the devil tears his coat the bird may fly away and the entrails fall out. Then both he and the devil must slide down to hell on a slanted rope. To slide into hell was to descend a story. The accounts of expenses tell the money paid for widening hell-mouth and setting the world on fire. Here we have to understand the extension of the third story and the destruction of the second. It would seem, therefore, as if the heavenly top story could be removed when the second was burnt. The manager in *Faust* had a theatre of this kind before his eyes.

* An engraving of the jaws of the Hell-dragon may be seen in Hone's *Ancient Mysteries*.

Thus in our booth's contracted sphere,
The Circle of Creation will appear,
And move, as we deliberately impel,
From Heaven, across the World, to Hell.

In the second part of *Faust*, however, the course was heavenward. When the angels pelted Mephistopheles with roses, even the "case-hardened devil," as he styles himself, melted into temporary tenderness.

Occasionally the actors were hard pushed to represent the Trinity. Sometimes the three persons were distinct, and the mystic unity was left to faith. Sometimes the music of the part was set to three voices, tenor, bass, and alto, and the unity was revealed in the harmony. Now and then, however, the Trinity was subjected to levity of treatment, the same as other religious ideas. Thus, in John Heywood's "Four P's," the Palmer, the 'Poth'cary, the Pardoner, and the Pedlar, when these worthies are trying which can tell the biggest lie, the Pardoner and the Palmer both talk about the Trinity in language for which the compilers of the Athanasian Creed would almost be driven to invent a new anathema. To perish everlastingly would hardly be punishment enough for their scurrilous witticisms and profanities.

Yet, notwithstanding this irreverence, Heywood was a pious Roman Catholic, who suffered persecution and died in exile. It must be borne in mind, too, that he was meaning to expose the cheating tricks of pardoners and their kin, and that, living as he did at the opening of the Reformation era, he, like his contemporaries, was not careful of his vocabulary. The Four P's finally repent them of their sins, and the Palmer, who has beat his brethren in lying, gives the moral—

Beseeching our Lord to prosper you all
In the faith of his Church universal.*

* Hazlitt's Dodsley, Vol. I.

Heywood's "Four P's" is neither Mystery, Miracle-Play, nor Morality, but an early attempt at the genuine modern drama while preserving intact the primitive religious impulse in which the drama originated. With him, or about the same period, began the application of the now fully developed art to the controversies of the time. Catholics and Protestants equally availed themselves of the opportunities offered to try to confound their opponents, and to establish themselves as the true shepherds of the fold of Christ. The old-fashioned Mystery more and more fell into desuetude, and questions of living interest occupied the popular mind—in Europe, at large, as well as in England.

Before the storm broke in its full strength at home, the Morality "Everyman" appeared, about 1531. It was an exposition of practical Catholicism and undogmatic theology in so far as it manifested no anticipation of the coming conflict. God and a Doctor of Divinity are the only two persons in it, the rest are allegories personified. "Everyman" is mankind, and God, after lamenting the sinful ways of the world and the careless neglect of proffered salvation, sends Death to summon him to judgment. "Everyman" is in despair, for he knows his shortcomings. He beseeches his old friends to stand by him. However, Fellowship, Jolyte, Strengthe, Pleasure, and Beaute take their departure, and he is soon abandoned also by Fyve-Wyttes and Dyscrecyon. But Good Dedes remains true, and she and Knowledge bring him to Confessyon, who orders a penance of scourging, such as the Divine Master bore. Then he dies, and is received into heaven, to live there, high crowned, body and soul together.* Troubles within and without would not, however, permit the age to take refuge in the restful ease of the clerical author of "Everyman." He was soon swept into forgetfulness by the angry controversies of zealots, on each side equally unfair—Catholics who prized orthodoxy and the

* Hazlitt's Dodsley, Vol. I.

Papal Supremacy above righteousness, peace, and charity, and Protestants who deserted Good Dedes to glorify Election and Grace. His play was a fancy picture, and lacked the essentials about which both parties were at war. If he had painted Catholicism completely, and to the life, like Cromwell with the warts on his face, we should have had many dark colours on the canvas for which we now look in vain. Was he aware of their existence? Did he mean an Eirenicon, or hope to induce others to ignore the faults he passed by silently? If so, to the pleasant dream succeeded a doleful waking. But it is more likely that he was a man of the stamp of George Herbert's Country Parson, and lived and died unwitting of the brewing tempest that made havoc of the faith, and toppled in ruins the Church he loved, and set men's minds afloat on wide, wild waters where even yet they find no permanent anchorage.

The dramatic controversy was carried on by Mystery and Morality through the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and the early part of Elizabeth, and by Sir David Lyndsay, in Scotland, in the reign of James V. Lyndsay's famous "Satyre of the Three Estates" is the ablest of all the Moralities; he was, perhaps, the one man of undoubted genius who mingled in the fray. Bishop Bale's "Kynge Johan," oblivious of historic truth, makes that monarch a pattern patriot, but it is because John quarrelled with the Pope. Bale calls him a Lollard. Bale's "God's Promises" is an elaborate sermon, according to Luther. The controversial religious plays of the Continent are very numerous, and their language fiercer, and their symbolic representations more threatening, than any of the English. When Francis I. was dallying with the Reformation, one was performed before him in Paris in 1524. The Pope is sitting on his throne surrounded by courtiers, and in the midst of the hall is a large brazier where the coals are entirely covered with ashes. Reuchlin comes forward with a speech

against the secular splendour and spiritual abuses of the Church. He brushes aside some of the ashes, and causes the fire to sparkle a little. Then Erasmus counsels delay, and plaisters over the Church's wounds, but does not touch the fire, whereupon the Cardinals extol him as a future ally. Ulrich von Hutten reviles the Pope as Anti-christ, blows up the flame with a pair of bellows, and fills the assembly with terror. But he suddenly falls dead. At last Luther enters, bearing a great load of wood. He throws it on to the fire, which now burns with intense fury. The monks, incited by promises of benefits and honours, try to extinguish it, but in vain. Then the Holy Father himself, to whom all power is given in heaven and earth, curses it, and those who kindled it. His anathema produces no effect, and in rage he gives up the ghost.* But Catholic passions were also savage. In a Latin comedy Luther and his wife are brought to great disgrace, and the Reformation is exhibited as a tissue of baseness, hypocrisy, and lies. A Corpus Christi drama, as late as 1682, represents Protestantism by a simple blockhead, Hereticus, who is full of Luther and Calvin, but Catholica converts him, and he becomes Dr. Poeniters. Lutherans and Calvinists used the pious drama against one another. In Spain and Italy the Catholics had mostly their own way, and clung devoutly to the Mystery proper after it had died out in other countries. On the whole, in the polemic phase of Mysteries and Moralities, if the Protestants had the better cause, the Catholics had better manners.

In the course of this development, through which England grew to Shakspeare and Germany to Goethe, the Mass and the Passion of Christ, in which the Christian drama started, gradually faded from sight, or were relegated to faith and the Church, and theological controversy vanished from the stage. Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus," and Ben

* Hase, p. 58.

Jonson's beautiful masques, prolonged Miracle-Plays and Moralities for a while in an altered form, and Milton, as we know, had the idea of writing "*Paradise Lost*" as a religious drama. This would have been a genuine Mystery. But the time had passed beyond these artificial needs, and Milton's scheme happily went no further than an abortive sketch. Still, the old connection between the drama and religion is preserved in a curious round-about fashion. Hannah More's religious plays are favourites in Sunday-schools. Services of Song, where the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" and Scriptural stories are chanted, with readings interspersed, are frequented by people who share Tertullian's opinions concerning actors and the theatre. Prynne said stage plays had their original form from the Devil, and were invented and practised by the Devil's instruments—"idolatrous Infidels and the deboisest Pagans." Prynne's modern representatives, fallen back into profanity, yet loving the Bible and John Bunyan, are restoring what the stern old Puritan had his ears cut off for denouncing.

In Roman Catholic countries the original play of the Passion of Christ survives, though no longer directly connected with the Mass, and modified so as to suit altered modes of thought, and a finer sense of the reverence due to sacred subjects. There are examples of it in Spain and Italy. But these are on a small scale. Ober-Ammergau is now the solitary place in the world where the ancient Christian drama, as it once obtained everywhere in Catholic Europe except Hungary, can be witnessed. The local origin of the performance is characteristic, and belongs to an age of miracles. An epidemic, arising after the Thirty Years' War, spread through the highlands of Bavaria. The Ober-Ammergau villagers vowed that if they were delivered from it they would, in gratitude, celebrate the play of the Passion of Christ every ten years. They were delivered. Henceforth, from the day of the pious vow, neither man,

woman, nor child died of the epidemic, which was threatening to destroy them all. There is no reason to doubt the reality of the history. The causal connection between the vow of the villagers and the cessation of the epidemic is another question. Ober-Ammergau is in a healthy spot, and a clear stream from the surrounding mountains runs through it, and these sanitary provisions of nature may have made the miracle unnecessary. At least, they make it doubtful. The last representation took place in 1880, beginning in May and ending in September. It occurred every Sunday, with some additional Mondays and Wednesdays, and altogether there were about thirty performances. My remarks are based on what I saw myself on July 25.

There are 1,500 inhabitants in the village. On the Saturday and Sunday these are augmented to 8,000 or 9,000. The visitors consist of pious pilgrims and æsthetic sight-seers and religiously disposed freethinkers, all of whom are anxious either to benefit their souls, or to gratify their curiosity, or to increase their knowledge of man and the modes in which he seeks God. The pious pilgrims immensely preponderate. Mostly they come from Bavaria and other Catholic countries, and the others from England and America. High Church clergymen provide a respectable proportion of the foreign element. At five o'clock there is Mass in the village church, and all the actors attend; and this ceremony is repeated before each performance, whatever the day may be—Sunday, Monday, or Wednesday. For the Ober-Ammergauers are not engaged in an ordinary dramatic exhibition. They are fulfilling a vow and praising God; the priests have superintended the rehearsals, and the priests consecrate the performers, who are all natives of the village, and have confessed from childhood upwards. At eight o'clock the play begins in a wooden structure, half open to the sky. All the stage

is open to the sky, except a portion at the back set apart for *tableaux vivants*, and on the open stage the chorus sing, and the actors come and go for more than eight hours. No weather interferes with them. Christ endured the burning sun and the beating rain, and why should not they likewise? There are 6,000 people present, and while they wait the actors are praying behind the curtain. The wind rustles the leaves of the trees, birds sing, the mountains look on the scene wonderingly, the morning is fresh and fair. Then some plaintive music is heard. A chorus of guardian spirits appears, and chants the Fall of Man in sorrowful, and redemption by the Cross in joyful, strains. A *tableau* shows Adam and Eve driven forth from the Garden of Eden, and another shows the cruciform symbol of deliverance planted on a rock, with young angels worshipping it. This is the mystery which the play is to interpret. Christ enters Jerusalem in triumph, and crowds sing Hosanna, and wave palm-branches. He cleanses the temple of money-changers, who make it a den of thieves instead of a house of prayer, and this excites against him the anger of the priestly party. The High Council meet, and plot his destruction. At Bethany the intended treachery of Judas peeps dimly forth, partly born of avarice and partly of anger at the slow coming of the hoped-for earthly kingdom. Christ parts from his mother, who weeps and faints as if her divine Son were but a man. Judas resolves to betray Christ. The Last Supper is partaken, and Christ washes his disciples' feet and foretells his approaching fate. Then come the agony in Gethsemane, and the arrival of the soldiers, whom passionate Peter resists in vain. Christ appears in succession before Annas and Caiaphas. Judas despairs and dies, and Peter denies his Master thrice, and weeps bitterly at the third crowing of the cock. Christ appears before Pilate and Herod, and before Pilate again, when he is condemned.

Each time he is dragged along in ignominy, with torn garments, bound hands, and buffeted face. He is scourged and crowned in mockery, and the Roman soldiers make rude and coarse mirth. He toils towards Golgotha beneath the burden of the Cross. Veronica wipes the sweat off his face with her handkerchief, and his image remains imprinted there. He is crucified and dies. He rises again and ascends to heaven. Before each scene of the drama the chorus sing the story of what is to follow — first in typical *tableaux*, and then in suffering and redeeming action. The words and songs belong to the spirit of mediæval Catholicism, and there is nothing in them that need offend believing Protestants. The Old Testament *tableaux* foretell New Testament events, and prophecy and history are fulfilled in Christ. When the Council plots against him, the sons of Jacob conspire against Joseph, their brother. When he departs from Bethany, Tobias leaves his parental home. When he last enters Jerusalem, Abasuerus repudiates Vashti and elevates Esther. When he administers the Supper, God sends manna to the Israelites, and the spies bring grapes from Canaan. When Judas betrays him, Joseph is sold to the Midianites for twenty pieces of silver. When he agonises in Gethsemane, Adam is condemned to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and Joab smites Amasa under the fifth rib. Before Annas, Zedekiah strikes the prophet Micaiah on the cheek. Before Caiaphas, Naboth is stoned, and Job derided by wife and friends. When Judas despairs, Cain, tortured by conscience, is a wanderer on the earth. Before Pilate, Daniel is falsely accused. Before Herod, Samson is a sport to the Philistines. At the scourging and crowning, the bloody coat of Joseph is brought home to Jacob, and the ram is sacrificed in the place of Isaac. At the death sentence, Joseph is made ruler over Egypt, and two goats are offered as sin offerings. When Christ bears the cross,

Isaac carries wood up Mount Moriah, the Israelites are bitten by the fiery serpents, and look on the brazen serpent and are healed. At the Resurrection, Jonah is cast on the dry land, and the Israelites pass the Red Sea in safety. The Ascension is itself a *tableau*, accompanied by a Hallelujah chorus.

At Ober-Ammergau the best parts of the old Mystery are preserved. There is no coarseness, as in the plays of the Nativity; no controversy, as in the Reformation; no devil, as always before. There is no comic element, and no undevoutness. Only Peter's sword and the crowing cock provoke a temporary lightsomeness of heart. For the rest the eight or nine hours pass as if the audience were in some cathedral, witnessing the gorgeous rites of the Church Catholic. It is true that the types are far-fetched, but they are common interpretations. The chorus of guardian spirits is inappropriate, but it is forgotten in the sweet music and the general effect. Christ is a passive sufferer, bearing vicariously the punishment of the sins of men, but it is a necessity of the theology. A visible angel consoles him in Gethsemane, but it is a pardonable addition to the Gospel narrative. A miraculous portrait is stamped on Veronica's handkerchief, but it is a legend once universally believed. The Passion Tragedy at Ober-Ammergau serves purposes of Catholic edification, and it is so picturesque, so tender, so poetical, and so reverent, that Protestants who go to scoff may well remain to pray.

The Christian myth of the Incarnation and Redemption, with its antecedents in the divine counsels of the Trinity, its dramatic evolution, and its *dénouement* in the joys and terrors of the Judgment Day, does not seem likely to soon disappear. The bulk of men require a God whom they can shape like themselves, and to whom they may ascribe emotions akin to their own at their best. The religious imagination demands symbols and pictures. The secret of

the power of popular Christianity is that it provides them and tells a story about them, and sums them up in dramatic action easily presented to the mind even when not put on the stage. The myth will pass away ultimately in the sense understood by the Churches, for in that sense it is incredible to the awakened intellect. Yet there is truth in it. The Incarnation affirms the ideal unity of God and man, and the Redemption declares that the unity, seemingly broken, shall again be made clear. Its devotees misunderstand it, and mingle with it cruel dogmas, that, to use the current language, crucify the Lord afresh. If philosophers can translate the deep-hidden meaning to the modern consciousness, they may wisely keep some of the pictures and symbols and dramatic conceptions, remembering what they really are. They will then discover, at the root of all creeds alike, a religion, imperfect truly, yet full of quickening power, and providing for the persistency of its energy throughout the endless evolution of life, death, and life anew. God is permanent, and humanity is permanent in God, and religion is the changing expression of the sense of relationship between them.

WILLIAM BINNS.

PHILOSOPHICAL NECESSITY: A DEFENCE.

IN the January Number of this Review appeared an earnest and temperate article entitled, "Fervent Atheism," directed chiefly against the writings of Professor Clifford and Miss Bevington, and dwelling somewhat at length upon the immoral consequences likely to be the result of a belief in the doctrine of Necessity *versus* that of Free Will.

The object of this paper, as is obvious from its title, is to justify upon moral grounds the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, and to rescue it from the undeserved odium that has gathered round it through, as it appears to me, a misconception of its true implication. Before proceeding with my task, let me observe that while I share the necessitarian doctrines of Professor Clifford and Miss Bevington, I repudiate all wish to identify myself with their religious, or rather non-religious, opinions. Belief in Necessity is no more a necessary correlative of Atheism than is belief in Free Will a necessary correlative of Theism. On the contrary, Predestinarianism (which is a form, and, as I venture to think, a very perverted form, of the doctrine of Necessity) has been supported and propagated, as every one knows, by our most eminent religious teachers—from St. Paul to St. Augustine; from St. Augustine to Calvin; and from him again to Jonathan Edwards. But while the doctrine of Free Will has never had to seek for support exclusively among *religious* teachers, it has had, I think,

to seek for it principally (at all events, in our day) among our great *moral* teachers; among those noble, self-devoted men and women, who, filled with the "enthusiasm of humanity," have sacrificed their time, money, and best energies to the reclaiming and education of the little waifs and strays of our larger cities, and upon whom this doctrine of Necessity weighs like an incubus, the open propagation of it filling them with an indignation that we can scarcely regard as other than righteous, seeing how well they must be aware from long experience what a very potent factor in self-improvement is the earnest endeavour after it on the part of the subject himself.

The supporters of the doctrine of Necessity, on the other hand, are to be found, I think, in our own day, mainly among men and women of cool critical judgment, honestly anxious for the calm investigation of truth; who, after carefully balancing the evidence for and against the doctrine, have arrived at the conclusion that the evidence for is greater than the evidence against it, and propagate their views unflinchingly with little regard to any ulterior consequences. Great as is my admiration for those persons who make the pursuit of truth the one object of their lives, and who brave all personal odium for the sake of disseminating what they believe to be their juster views; yet if misery and immorality can be directly traced as results of their plain speaking, I am almost inclined to side with those who hold that reticence is to be preferred to too much openness, that prudence is the better part of valour, and that on all such doubtful subjects silence is more golden than speech. But because I do not believe this to be the case with the question before us; because, on the contrary, I feel that until this doctrine of Necessity is rightly understood—until it is universally accepted and placed on a firm and logical basis, there can be no science of human nature properly so called, neither can Education be prosecuted in

any truly philosophical spirit; because I believe that the entire odium by which this doctrine of Necessity is surrounded can be traced to a misconception of its true meaning, I venture to open once more this much-vexed question.

The idea of "Freedom" as attaching to the human will appears as early as the Stoics. The virtuous man was said to be *free*, and the vicious man a *slave*. The epithets "free" and "slave," as thus severally applied, occur largely in the writings of Philo Judæus, through whom they probably extended to Christian theology. The modern doctrine of Free Will as opposed to Necessity first assumed prominence and importance in connection with the doctrine of original sin and the Predestinarian views of St. Augustine. In a later age it was disputed between Arminians and Calvinists, and it is this connection with Predestinarianism, I believe, that has been the origin of much of the obloquy that has fallen on the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity. Historically considered, the theological dogma of Predestinarianism is the offspring of a singularly repulsive form of Anthropomorphism. Consciously or unconsciously Predestinarian believers conceive God to be an omnipotent, tyrannical Being—creator of men and arbiter of their destinies. Some he predestinates to honour, others to dishonour; some to happiness, others to misery; some to virtue, others to vice; and, "try as they may" to escape their doom, the unhappy victims whom it has been his will to create evil, can, by no possible aid from themselves or from others, ever become good.

A greater contrast to the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity cannot be imagined than this anthropomorphic conception of Predestinarianism. Necessity repudiates *in toto* the immoral doctrine that a man cannot conquer his evil tendencies if he so desire, and prove the sincerity of his desire by strenuous endeavours after improvement and self-

conquest. Indeed, she pronounces this endeavour, this "try as he may," to be a very potent, if not the most potent, factor in moral perfection. But whence comes this factor? Clearly from one of two things. Either from the disposition of the person himself, in which case it becomes a factor in the organism, or from the persuasion or teaching of some friend or adviser, in which case it becomes a factor in the environment. Predestinarianism, then, consigns a man, under all circumstances, to the absolute dominion of his own evil tendencies. Philosophical Necessitarianism, on the other hand, merely asserts that certain causes under certain conditions must give rise to certain effects. Put a certain mental organism, that is to say, into a certain definite environment, and a corresponding definite character will as inevitably grow from it as from a certain definite seed, sown in particular soil, will be developed one kind of flower and no other. Nature throughout is one and uniform, and proceeds by rigid Law; and until we have convinced ourselves that in Ethics, as elsewhere, there reigns a Universal Causation, there can be no science properly so called of human nature. Gradually and slowly throughout the realm of knowledge the conception of Law and Necessity has taken the place of that of Chance and Spontaneity. One by one, each of the sciences as it has approached to perfection has abandoned the sovereignty of the latter influences for the former. Even Biology has yielded at last to their conquest. Psychology and Sociology will as inevitably succumb. Time was when miracle-cure, relic-cure, shrine-cure were the sole agencies invoked in relief of disease. Time was when it was peremptorily commanded that if a man had sore eyes he must invoke St. Clara; if he had an inflammation elsewhere he must turn to St. Anthony; if he had an ague he must pray for the assistance of St. Pernel.* We have learnt better now, and because

* Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*, Vol. II., p. 122.

the conception of Law and Necessity has taken the place of that of Chance and Spontaneity in the realm of Disease, the sciences of Physiology and Biology have been able to grow into existence. Slowly, but surely, the like conception will prevail in the realm of Ethics. Psychology and Sociology will take their proper place as recognised sciences. There is an exact parity of demonstration between the two. Given a consumptive, sickly infant, born of consumptive, sickly parents and grandparents: let his environment be one of straitened circumstances; let him, if he live past infancy (a thing in itself improbable), be put into some notoriously unhealthy occupation such as that of mines or sewage, and it follows from definite laws that he will be cut off before his prime. Again, let a healthy, sturdy infant, born of a healthy pedigree, be reared to youth in competence, and then put into some eminently healthy occupation such as that of a well-to-do gardener, farmer or gamekeeper, and, barring accidents and fevers, he will live in enjoyment of perfect health to a good old age. The same causation holds good in the realm of Ethics. Given a morally deficient child, the offspring of a vicious pedigree; let him be indoctrinated in vice from his infancy, shut out from every influence of good, encouraged in everything that is bad, and he will inevitably grow to be a scourge to society. Again, let a morally and mentally healthy child, the offspring of a virtuous pedigree, be brought up by a gentle, sympathising mother, by a just and intelligent father; let him be such a one, for instance, as Crawford Tait, and it follows by definite laws that his manhood and old age will be as productive of good as might be expected from such a childhood and such a youth.

"Thus far," Predestinarianism may reply, "you side with me. What is the life of Crawford Tait but an illustration of my doctrine that some vessels are born to honour; what of the other child you cite but that other vessels are born to

dishonour?" "The cases are not in point," Necessity will answer. "You imagine your vicious character to be the product of a certain doom foreordained from time immemorial. I imagine mine to be the product of a certain seed having been placed in a certain soil. You would deny that any alteration could take place through the environment or circumstances that may surround your vicious character. I, on the contrary, believe strongly in the modifying influences of environment that may surround mine. While I cannot shut my eyes to the pregnant facts contained in the Law of Heredity; while I am forced to acknowledge with reluctance and sorrow that a bad organism cannot be changed into a good one; while I admit, that is to say, that no organism can be radically *altered*, I yet not only hope, but feel perfectly sure that, with very few exceptions, every organism may be materially *modified*. A stinging-nettle will never be turned into a rose; but the fragrance and size of the rose depend much upon the soil it is in and the amount of water and sunshine it receives. A good seed put into good soil will certainly bring forth good fruit; a bad seed put into bad soil will with equal certainty bring forth bad fruit. But how about bad seed put into good soil, and good seed put into bad soil?"

The doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, then, is nothing more than the recognition of the invariable Law of Cause and Effect; of the great truth that in Ethics as elsewhere, there is no chance or spontaneity; but that Character is the inevitable product of a certain combination of organism with environment. Mr. Herbert Spencer has defined Life to be *The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations*; * and, taking it on the whole, this, of many definitions, is, I think, the best that has been given. In the majority of cases the action and reaction between the organism and its environment balance each other. But here

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I., p. 80.

and there exceptions to the rule will be found. In cases of strong individuality the power of the organism is immensely in excess of the power of the environment, as will at once be seen by recalling to memory such of our great geniuses as have been "self-made men," and who have had to struggle to eminence through the most adverse circumstances. Again, there are other cases where the individuality is so slight that the power of the environment is greatly in excess of the organism, and the character will be entirely at the mercy of the circumstances by which it is surrounded. But still, in the majority of cases, for all practical purposes, the assertion that "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," will be found to be correct; and as an adumbration of this truth Character may be defined as "*Heredity plus environments.*"

"But," the supporter of the doctrine of Free Will may inquire, "if the character of my child is solely the product of Heredity and environments, if he have no power to amend his failings, why should I punish him?" "According to your own doctrine," Necessity might reply, "you ought not to punish him, since you do not believe in the universal law of Cause and Effect. Neglect your child as you may, some happy chance will arrive, some miraculous answer to your prayer take place, and the little reprobate become a child of grace. I, on the contrary, who am a believer in rigid Law, who hold that nothing proceeds uncaused, punish my child, because I think punishment is a potent factor in the environment that is slowly modifying his character." "But has my child no power over himself?" Free Will may inquire; "can he not love virtue for its own sake, and look upon the avoidance of vice as a more sacred thing than the avoidance of pain?" "Doubtless he can, *subject to two conditions.* Either his own moral perceptions must be sufficiently exalted for him to be able to

recognise the beauty of holiness—which exalted perception is a factor in the organism ; or he must be under the charge of those who know how to train him judiciously while he is yet young and his character pliant, so that from early habit and association virtue will gradually grow pleasurable to him and vice distasteful—which judicious training is a factor in his environment.” There are many cases—perhaps the majority—where encouragement, trust, and the force of good example will be found to be greater deterrents from vice than any amount of punishment; and it was owing to this discovery that Dr. Arnold was so singularly successful in the training of youth. Until parents and teachers recognise the fact that different characters require different treatment, as surely as different seeds require different soil—which is but another mode of recognising that certain effects can only proceed from certain causes—there can be no scientific process of Education. Until our eminent novelists recognise the fact that certain conduct can only arise from certain character, we may have exciting plots or humorous *dénouements*, but no accurate delineation of human nature as it in reality is. Perhaps I need scarcely excuse myself on the score of a digression, if, instead of proceeding with this essay in the somewhat dry form of philosophical discussion, I give expression to my views through the medium of a comparison between two novelists of equal eminence, equal repute, but one of whom I believe to be a radically unscientific writer, the other eminently scientific.

There is a wide-spread notion among many critics that the one thing needful for the creation of an able novel is that its author be an accurate observer of human idiosyncrasies. That this is a most necessary ingredient in the writer of fiction no one can deny ; but if he would aspire to take his place amongst our greatest masters, it is not enough. It appears to me that the difference between the careful observer of human idiosyncrasies and one who has

mastered the principles of Psychology, is the difference between a well-trained nurse and the skilful physician. The one can deal with special cases which come under her notice ; the other, in addition to this, knows efficiently the general laws of health and disease. His medical studies have taught him that where certain causes exist certain effects will follow ; and where certain effects have been observed the causes must be carefully investigated. There are many medical cases where the careful, well-trained nurse can supply the place of the wisest physician ; there are others where, for lack of sufficient technical knowledge, she does more harm than good. What applies to the investigator of the laws of the body, equally applies to the writer who attempts to describe the workings of the human mind. The good novelist may be likened to the well-trained nurse ; the exceptionally good novelist to the skilled physician. It is the difference, for instance, between Charles Dickens and George Eliot. Take Charles Dickens, where he is describing the idiosyncrasies of his fellow-creatures ; their tricks of manner, of voice, of gesture ; and he is not to be surpassed. But take him where he is attempting to describe the subtler operations of the human mind ; where mere superficial observation of outward peculiarities is insufficient, and he treads at once with uncertain step. Nay, I go even further than this, and pronounce one or two of his creations to be absolute impossibilities. I am not now alluding to the oft-repeated charge of the impossible perfection with which he so frequently endows his heroes and heroines. That virtue is rare is unfortunately true ; but only the pessimist believes it impossible. I do not quarrel with Dickens, because he occasionally draws us the picture of a perfect rose ; but because, without any adequate cause, he suddenly transforms the most meagre chaff into finest grain. I do not hesitate to say, for instance, that the portraiture of Mr. Dombey is an impossibility. Given a

character that is naturally cold, unsympathetic, and egoistic; let its environment lie in soil specially adapted for the growth of those qualities; let every one with whom it comes in contact bend down and flatter, and let the subject himself, sometimes unconsciously, but sometimes also consciously and wilfully, do all he can to thwart his better, and encourage his worse nature; let this state of affairs go on for sixty years, till egoism has grown into arrogance, and selfishness into positive cruelty, and I believe it to be an utter impossibility that in a moment of time the work of sixty years will be undone, and the cold, arrogant Mr. Dombey be transformed into the docile, grateful being he is represented to be at the close of the book. Let us glance for a moment at the leading incidents of his life.

When the book opens he is forty-eight years of age, handsome in appearance, stern and pompous in manner, with but one idea in his life—Dombey and Son. The only human affection of which he seems capable is love for this son, born so late in his married life. His daughter, during her earlier years, excites no other feeling in him than that of cold indifference. But as the years pass, and little Paul grows older, this indifference increases into jealous dislike. Paul loves her better than his father, and in that last bitter hour of his death it is his sister to whom he clings, not his father. Still, had Dickens determined to transform Mr. Dombey's character into one of gentleness and love, the period of Paul's death would surely have been the most probable. Death is a mighty softener and humbler of mankind. Even the most haughty will crave for sympathy and pity when under the shadow of its icy touch; and could Mr. Dombey be stirred with love to his daughter at all, now would surely be the time when Death, the great Reconciler, was in the house, and he had done nothing worse to her than neglect her; not ten years afterwards, when disgrace

and downfall—two calamities that will make many a victim much less proud than Mr. Dombey shrink from sympathy and condolence—were smiting him; and when he had upon his conscience ten additional years of neglect to his daughter, occasionally amounting to unkindness and positive cruelty; these additional years forming a very potent factor in the growth of his dislike. For it must not be forgotten, we can never indulge in persistent and undeserved unkindness to any one without getting at last to dislike our victim. If we will carefully analyse either our own character or the characters of others, we shall see that there is a constant tendency in every one to dislike those they have injured, and love those they have benefited. Startling as it may seem at first sight, it is nevertheless true—it is always easier for us to forgive those who have injured us than those we have injured. I have often tried to analyse the reason of this, and I think it lies in the fact that even in the most callous person there is a certain poor shred of conscience that will not allow him to injure the innocent without some stings of remorse. He therefore persuades himself, as an anodyne to his self-reproach, that his victim is not innocent, but wholly deserving of his behaviour. And if we once try to do this, if we wilfully shut our eyes to the many merits of a person and persistently brood over his few demerits—whether fancied or real—it is wonderful how vile and unworthy the noblest character may appear through the distorted medium of our own perverted fancy. Florence's devotion to his son was imagined by Mr. Dombey to be wilful stealing of his heart from his father; her love for his wife, open rebellion against his authority as a husband. All her gentle and lovable qualities are perverted into so many crimes against himself, until at last even the tender sympathy she proffers him when his wife deserts him has only the effect of enraging him, and in a moment of frenzy he strikes her a blow that nearly fells

her to the ground. She flies his house ; she has no father—none. Even her love, patient and long-suffering as it has been, is exhausted. She will not hate him ; she has no feelings of revenge ; she only casts him out from her poor, bruised affections. She never speaks of him ; as far as possible she never thinks of him ; and by slow degrees he becomes to her as though he had never been : while he goes on in proud sullenness, betraying no anxiety about her, neither knowing nor caring where she is until the final crash comes. The house which has the keeping of his reputation fails ; Dombey and Son are ruined and disgraced. Then Florence, filled with compassion, throws herself at his feet, blaming herself, not him—begging his forgiveness for having left him.

Now, there is nothing improbable in this self-devotion—in the injured making the first efforts towards reconciliation with the injurer. Very loving sympathetic natures, until they have learnt by hard experience the positive necessity of self-control, are too often apt to charge themselves with sins they never committed, rather bearing all the blame themselves than utter the faintest reproach against those who have injured them. There was nothing, I say, improbable in Florence making the first effort at reconciliation ; but there is the greatest improbability in her father accepting it. He who had repelled her sympathy when they were fellow-mourners for little Paul ; he who had struck her when she longed to comfort him for his wife's desertion—was it likely that he would do anything else than spurn her when she intruded upon his privacy in his sore humiliation ? With his perverted fancy he would instantly have jumped to the conclusion that she only came to gloat over his disgrace ; or, if in spite of all, she had forced him to listen to her passionate, exaggerated expressions of self-accusation, he would have accepted her at her own value, claiming it as an additional proof that he had been

right in his evil judgment of her, that he was the aggrieved party and she the aggressor. It is only the generous who can comprehend extreme generosity; and had Mr. Dombey been capable of appreciating his daughter's magnanimity, most assuredly he would have been incapable of those long years of neglect, dislike, and cruelty. Whenever characters such as Mr. Dombey's are capable of turning in a moment of time from the height of haughtiness and arrogance to the extreme of gentleness and love, then, indeed, may we expect figs to come from thistles and grapes from thorns.

It is when depicting the subtler operations of the human mind that George Eliot, as it appears to me, surpasses not only Charles Dickens, but almost all the great writers of her time. She alone, of all our novelists, has, through her wide acquaintance with philosophy and psychology, been able to perceive that in the human mind, as elsewhere, certain seed can only be followed by certain fruit through the irrevocable law of cause and effect. In her earliest as in her latest works this principle is scrupulously followed; and it is for this reason that I am unable to agree with the opinion pronounced by so many critics, that George Eliot, through the learning and philosophy she has acquired of late years, is beginning to lose the freshness of her earlier style. Such critics forget that, before she brought out her first novel, this distinguished woman was the accomplished translator of Strauss and Feuerbach. In all her novels alike she so deals with the characters she creates that they appear to be gradually unfolded as the development of a flower from its minutest seed; and she never yields to the temptation, for the sake of a happy conclusion to her story, of twisting her characters into forms it would have been impossible for them in nature to assume. It is for this reason, notwithstanding the almost unparalleled circulation of her novels, that I believe George Eliot is a writer whose works are almost thrown away on the ordinary reader of the circulating

library type. She has, no doubt, the all-essential art of making her plot interesting; and it is to this art she owes her commercial success. But she has much more than this art. Her creations are psychological studies. She will be admired by the many, appreciated by the few. She is eminently a writer to be comprehended by the matured reader more than by the young; by the masculine mind more than by the feminine. Take the character of Hetty Sorrel, for instance. Who amongst us that was young when *Adam Bede* was published was not half angry with the author for making Hetty so cold and obstinately hard almost to the end? Sweet little Hetty! with her exquisite form, her childish beauty, her ignorant little nature! How unlikely that she would not melt at the sight of all the suffering she had so unwittingly caused. Surely, had she died of a broken heart, it would have been much more natural—certainly much more touching! It is only when we have found out by hard experience that we must not expect to find deeds of love or speeches of affection from persons whose natures are utterly devoid of all affection, that we begin to perceive how finely and accurately drawn is the character of Hetty Sorrel. For, from our first introduction to her until our final farewell, the author never lets us lose sight of the fact that she is incapable of any exalted aims; though at the beginning of our acquaintance with her she is depicted as free from any absolute vice, we are never allowed to forget that she is devoid of any virtue. She has no affection, no conscience, no gratitude. Her young heart is stirred by none of the innocent day-dreams of sweet girlhood. She thinks of no loving husband whom she will worship and cherish—no little children for whom she will slave and deny herself. Her whole thoughts are occupied with the fine house she will have, the dresses she will wear, the jewels with which she will decorate herself, and, above all, with the less fortunate who will envy her.

Does any sweet or sad memory mingle with this dream of the future—any loving thought of her second parents—of the children she had helped to tend—of any youthful companion, any pet animal, any relic of her own childhood even? Not one. There are some plants that have hardly any roots; you may tear them from their native nook of rock or wall, and just lay them over your ornamental flower-pot, and they blossom none the worse. Hetty could have cast all her past life behind her, and never cared to be reminded of it again. I think she had no feeling at all towards the old house, and did not like the Jacob's Ladder and the long row of hollyhocks in the garden better than other flowers—perhaps not so well. It was wonderful how little she seemed to care about waiting on her uncle, who had been a good father to her; she hardly ever remembered to reach him his pipe at the right time without being told, unless a visitor happened to be there, who would have a better opportunity of seeing her as she walked across the hearth. Hetty did not understand how any one could be very fond of middle-aged people. And as for those tiresome children, Marty and Tommy and Totty, they had been the very nuisance of her life. . . . Hetty would have been glad to hear that she should never see a child again; they were worse than the nasty little lambs that the shepherd was always bringing in to be taken special care of in lambing time; for the lambs *were* got rid of sooner or later. As for the young chickens and turkeys, Hetty would have hated the very word "hatching," if her aunt had not bribed her to attend to the young poultry by promising her the proceeds of one out of every brood. The round downy chicks peeping out from under their mother's wing never touched Hetty with any pleasure; that was not the sort of prettiness she cared about, but she did care about the prettiness of the new things she would buy for herself at Treddleston Fair with the money they fetched.—*Adam Bede.*

Such is the portraiture of Hetty Sorrel at the commencement of the tale; and the character is developed rigidly, truthfully to the end—I was well-nigh saying sternly, save that the author seems to pause at times as if filled with an infinite compassion for her own creation. This little Hetty—this petted, pampered little being, with whom every one—man and woman alike—is more than half in love, why

should it be that her future must be so unlike her past? This distracting, kitten-like maiden, with not much more conscience and intelligence than a dog, and far less affection—why should it be that her only mental characteristic of humanity is her infinite capacity for human suffering? But in spite of her compassion, the author proceeds with her task unfalteringly. There has been no affection or gratitude in Hetty in the days of her prosperity; there will be no compunction or self-forgetful distress in the days of her adversity. How can that come out which has never been in? And there has never been affection or love in Hetty save for herself. When she flies from Adam and her uncle and aunt to seek a refuge from her shame with Arthur, there is not even the faintest movement within her of any compunction for the strong, faithful man whom she has so terribly wronged, for her tender relatives upon whom she is bringing such calamity and shame. Her whole compassion is for herself. Even Arthur she flies to as a last resort. She does not love him now; she hates him—for is it not he who has brought upon her all this misery? She does, indeed, exhibit some little feeling—half remorse, half superstitious horror—after the murder of her child. This, too, is portrayed with rigid regard to probability. At seventeen or eighteen a woman cannot be matured in perfect wickedness. The poisonous tree is little more than a sapling. But had Hetty lived twenty or thirty years longer instead of dying ere her sentence was completed, she would, despite her beauty and despite her fascination, have been among the hardened criminals of her day. How can we expect fruit where there has been no seed? And in Hetty Sorrel's nature there has never been the faintest seed of duty or affection.

Now let us turn to *Rosamond Vincy*, in "Middlemarch," a character which, notwithstanding the striking divergence in their outward circumstances, I cannot but think greatly resembles that of Hetty Sorrel, although, in all probability,

the self-satisfied Miss Vincy would be very loth to admit any similarity. Nevertheless, if we look into the secret workings of their two small souls, we shall find there is very little to choose between them. They are alike in their selfishness, their absence of affection, their lack of any high moral ideal. Rosamond's love for Lydgate is very much in the same ratio as Hetty's for Arthur—that is to say, *with the exception of herself*, she loves him better than anything else; but this exception is enormous, and the consciousness that Lydgate was “a baronet's cousin, and almost in the county set,” was as necessary an ingredient in her love for him as was the hope of jewels and dresses in Hetty's for Arthur. Nay, somehow little Hetty Sorrel presents to me a more attractive figure than Miss Vincy. Perhaps it is that vanity and frivolity are less distasteful in an ignorant little village maid of seventeen than in a self-satisfied young lady of the pattern boarding-school type in the full maturity of twenty-two. Somehow the little, round, childish being strutting in pigeon-like stateliness in her poor room attired in comical odds and ends presents to me a more picturesque figure than the self-possessed damsel with the long neck and correct deportment faultlessly attired in her favourite blue. No fear is there of Miss Vincy yielding to seduction, as little as to a *mésalliance*; for is she not the highly decorous and pattern pupil at Miss Lemon's finishing school? And do not such young ladies invariably fail to see any temptation in vices that are unprofitable? External rewards and punishments depend more upon environment than upon organism. Selfishness and vanity in Hetty Sorrel, a poor little rustic of seventeen, lead to seduction, child-murder, and retribution. The same qualities in Rosamond Vincy, a matured young lady of twenty-two, and the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer, lead to a carriage and pair, and a rich old husband for her second marriage. Providence, in the shape of worldly prosperity, does not always adapt itself to our moral deserts. We are children of a large family; and our busy mother

Nature seems to have too much to do to mete out rigidly a just proportion of reward or punishment. But though the ultimate destiny of a poisonous plant is uncertain—though here it may be thrown upon a dunghill, and there carefully treasured as a valuable aid in medicine—nothing will prevent a poisonous seed growing to a poisonous plant. Rosamond Vincy's character is as accurately traced to the end as Hetty Sorrel's. She had no love in her girlhood for her brothers and sisters; no gratitude and affection for her tender parents. What was wanting in her girlhood was equally wanting in her wifehood. As soon as her husband falls into poverty she begins to dislike him. She would willingly leave him to bear his sorrows by himself, and return to her parents, were it not that she is afraid of some slur being cast upon herself for doing so. She had married him because he was in a station higher than herself, and a baronet's cousin; and when he falls into undeserved disgrace, it is herself alone that she compassionates. She is touched with no memory of his tender care and love for her; she is filled with no ardent longings to generously defend him now he is under the ban of disgrace. She only thinks it very hard that the match, of which she had been so proud, should have so wofully disappointed her expectations. And when in the end he dies, still in his prime, after having weakly yielded all his nobler aims to her shallow judgment, she quickly comforts herself for his loss by taking, as his successor, a far more wealthy husband.

But finely drawn as are the characters of Hetty Sorrel and Rosamond Vincy, they do not equal, in my opinion, the really marvellous creation of *Tito Melema* in "*Romola*," which is unique, not only in George Eliot's own works, but almost in the entire fiction of our country. His character, also, has this advantage over that of Hetty or Rosamond, that it is of a more usual type; and, consequently, the lesson to be learnt from it is of wider and more general application. Fortunately for the world at large, charac-

ters so utterly devoid of all good feeling as Hetty's and Rosamond's are not of frequent occurrence. The majority of people are not black nor white, but various shades of grey; and although, it must be admitted, Tito's character is a somewhat dark shade of grey, it is by nature far removed from absolute black. When we are first introduced to him, he is by no means without redeeming qualities. He is very sweet-tempered; he cannot bear to be the witness of pain or misery in his fellow-creatures; and he will even undergo voluntarily a little trouble and inconvenience for the sake of alleviating the sufferings of those whom he compassionates. Even when he had sunk to his lowest, he was still capable of feeling true affection for Tessa and her children. At the beginning of the book he is gentle and kind to all alike; "but because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous."

The all-important lesson set forth in this work is the terrible reproductive power of wrong-doing, the inevitable propagation of one sin from another, until at last the good fruit is entirely overgrown and thrust out by the rapid inroads of pernicious weed. Our deeds are such mighty begetters and so fatally prolific. Every time we yield to temptation we are easier preys to fresh temptation. Every time we refuse to obey the impulses of our better nature it is more difficult for us in future to obey them. Habit is second nature, and, whether it be good or bad, the practice we dislike at the beginning because it is difficult, becomes pleasant to us in the end because it is facile. In every act, in every phase of our lives, the beginning is half of the whole. "Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a

moral tradition for the race ; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble ;" and when we have once acted wickedly there is a fatal tendency to repeat the wickedness. In all her works alike George Eliot impresses the importance of this doctrine upon us : " Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds ; and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts, which constitutes a man's critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about his character. There is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change ; for this reason—that the second wrong presents itself to him as the only practicable right " (Adam Bede). And again, " Our deeds are like children that are born to us ; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never : they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness " (Romola).

And if it be said : Such a doctrine is immoral and dangerous ; let a person once believe it is impossible or even only difficult to free himself from the sin that is enthralling him, and he will despair instead of trying to improve ; the answer is, the doctrine is not immoral if it be true. On the contrary, the real immorality lies in our concealing a doctrine so important. We do not think it wicked to warn the incipient drunkard that, if he give way to drunkenness for years, he will find it more difficult to conquer the evil habit in the end than he would in the beginning. But even drunkenness, horrible as it is, is not so pernicious as more insidious sins, because it never ceases to appear to the subject himself other than horrible. Its evil effects are so obvious,—the bloated face, the shattered frame, the dissipated income,—that though the drunkard may never cease to love his wine and spirit, he seldom learns to love the sin of drunkenness itself. But with the more insidious sins of vanity, selfishness, and the negation of all

virtue, the danger lies in the fact of the slow, gradual loss of sensibility in the subject, so that deeds of baseness which he performs in the beginning with the greatest reluctance, he commits at last, through force of repetition, with the greatest ease. Sin has reached its most fatal depths when it is no longer regarded as sin. "The Hazael's of our world, who are pushed on quickly against their preconceived confidence in themselves to do dog-like actions by the sudden suggestions of a wicked ambition, are much fewer than those who are led on through the years by the gradual demands of a selfishness which has spread its fibres far and wide through the intricate vanities and sordid cares of an every-day existence" (Felix Holt). Tell this gentle, not unconscientious, though somewhat selfish, unloving girl of eighteen, for instance, that if she persistently indulge in her selfishness and hardness she will, by the time she is five-and-thirty, not only have alienated through her coldness and want of sympathy nearly every friend she formerly possessed, but will, by such indulgence, be the means of increasing upon herself the very sins that are the cause of the alienation; prophesy to her that her whole moral tone will be so gradually lowered that she will come to think it not in the least undutiful to neglect her father, to disobey her husband, sometimes positively to ill-treat her little child for no other reason than that she is devoid of all child-love—as she is, alas! devoid of all love save for herself; tell her all this, prophesy to her, now she is eighteen, what she will be at five-and-thirty, and she will exclaim with not unrighteous indignation, "Is thy servant a dog that she should do this thing?" Yet when the five-and-thirty years shall have been attained, when all these prophecies are fulfilled, she will no longer have sufficient moral perception left to render her aghast at what she has become. Unchecked egoism through nearly twenty years will have done its work too well. It will have penetrated every fibre of her moral constitution till all healthy perception has been deadened. She

will not perceive that she is to blame. She will only wonder, with plaintive self-pity, why people should so studiously avoid her; why persons who are on all sides credited with exceptional amiability and charm of manner, should appear to her so wofully unamiable and deficient in charm. She will not know that the fault lies in herself. She will be ignorant that by her wholesale censure and discontent, she is affording the more thoughtful observer a striking illustration of the doctrine of automorphism; for she is creating every person in the likeness of herself, and naturally dislikes the result. Of all this she will be unconscious. She will only be aware of a lurking, scarcely acknowledged sensation that notwithstanding perfect health and ample competence, she is far removed from being happy, and leap to the conclusion that others are the aggressors, not herself. It is so natural and easy for us to feel ourselves the aggrieved party when we only take into account the duties others owe to us, and are totally oblivious of the claims those others in their turn have upon us.

Yet if the naturally selfish person had only been acquainted, while yet in his youth, with the irrevocable law of Cause and Effect in human nature as elsewhere, he might have been able to prevent his selfishness from increasing to such dimensions. Although we must never expect to find the full perfection of good in persons as wholly devoid of right tendencies as Hetty or Rosamond, we must yet remember that evil tendencies, as other things, perish by lack of use; and that in characters made up of a mixture of good and evil, such as Tito Melema's, the good may be so increased by what it feeds on, the evil so dwarfed by lack of food, that the character will be so materially modified as to appear to the general observer radically altered. Every blacksmith and every ballet-girl testify to the fact that by practice the muscles of the arms and legs may be increased to more than their normal size.

Every plodding scholar, who is not otherwise unusually gifted, is a positive proof of what the brain can be trained to do by industry and patience. So every character, unless it be born with some radical defect in it, has the power of modifying itself into less good or less bad than it is by nature. Faults which are easy to conquer at eighteen are immensely more difficult to conquer at five-and-thirty; at sixty practically impossible. As well might we believe that a voice that is naturally harsh and croaking, and about which there has been no attempt at development or training, will suddenly, at the age of sixty years, transform itself into that of an Adelina Patti; as well might we believe that a naturally feeble intellect, which has never attempted to exercise itself upon anything more difficult of comprehension than a fifth-rate novel, will at the age of sixty years suddenly become capable of the conceptions of a Newton; as believe that a man possessing the arrogance and sternness of Mr. Dombey will suddenly become endowed at the age of sixty years with the extreme gentleness and tenderness which Dickens represents his hero to possess at the close of the book.

The great lesson, then, to be learnt from George Eliot is, in the first place, the recognition that in human nature, as elsewhere, certain fruit can only be the product of certain seed; and in the second that Vice and Virtue are increased by performance. Like so many other things in nature, they exhibit a tendency to grow by what they feed on. She does not therefore—as so many moralists—frighten away her readers from sin by the ignoble fear of punishment either in this world or the next, but by the nobler dread of moral self-deterioration.

“But,” may argue the supporter of Free Will, “is not this just what I contend for? Is not your whole comparison between the scientific and the unscientific novelist a proof that every individual can modify his character if he but try

while there is yet time? And does it not prove my theory that every person is endowed with that mysterious, uncaused power which I name Free Will, because it enables its possessor to reject the evil or accept the good, according to his own volition?" To which criticism I can but repeat what was said in the earlier portion of this paper: doubtless he can modify himself *subject to the two conditions of his own organism and his own environment*. He must either loathe sin through his own innate love of purity; or he must gradually learn to loathe it because of his growing acquaintance with its inevitable consequences. There are few greater preventives to vice than an adequate knowledge in early youth of its logical consequents.

We are most of us familiar with the fable of the two knights, who quarrelled about the self-same shield because each of them saw one side of it alone. It appears to me, as far as the morality of the question goes, the disputants of the Free Will and Necessity controversy are somewhat in the same position. It is not a little singular how even the ablest supporters of the doctrine of Free Will, when arguing in favour of it, concede by implication all that Necessity demands. Even Dr. Carpenter (for whom I feel so great a reverence that it is with diffidence I venture to criticise him), as it appears to me, falls into this error.

In the Preface to the fourth edition of his "Mental Physiology," in commenting upon the baneful and immoral consequences likely to be the result of a belief in the doctrine of Necessity, he says:—

I can imagine nothing more paralyzing to every virtuous effort, more withering to every noble aspiration, than that our children should be brought up in the belief that their characters are entirely formed for them by 'heredity' and 'environments;' that they *must* do whatever their respective characters impel them to do; that they have no other power of resisting temptations to evil than such as may spontaneously arise from the knowledge they have acquired of what they ought or ought not to do, &c., &c.

What does all this mean but that *discouragement* at attempts at self-improvement is a very potent factor for evil in the "environment" of a child, as *encouragement* is an equally potent factor for good?

Again, in the first chapter of the same work he says :—

A being entirely governed by the lower passions and instincts, whose higher Moral Sense has been repressed from its earliest dawn by the degrading influence of the conditions in which he is placed, who has never learnt to exercise any kind of self-restraint, who has never heard of a God, of Immortality, or of the worth of his soul, . . . can surely be no more morally responsible for his actions than the lunatic.

What is all this but conceding to the Necessitarian that a bad organism put into a bad environment cannot help being bad? Still further, when, with evident reference to his sister, he speaks "of the benevolent individuals who know how to find out the holy spot in every child's heart," does he not really imply that the noble sister, of whom he is so justly proud, was a most potent factor for good in the "environment" of every child who was fortunate enough to come under her benign influence?

But while the difference between the real *moral aims* of the supporters of Free Will and Necessity is little more than verbal, the retention of the term *Free Will* is altogether vicious. It is a metaphysical entity which cannot be too soon abandoned. If by "Free" is meant that which is *uncaused* or *subject to no laws* (and I imagine it must have this meaning or none), then a belief in Free Will is as much a remnant of ignorance as is belief in incantations or shrine cures. Early ideas concerning thought and feeling ignored everything like Cause, as much as still earlier ideas concerning health and disease ignored everything like Cause. Until it was discovered that health and sickness did not arise spontaneously, but could invariably be traced to some antecedent cause; until it was observed they did not disappear miraculously in answer to prayers or incantations, but

always as the result of some particular mode of treatment, there could be no science of medicine, properly so called. There is a like analogy in the realm of Ethics. Until the fact is recognised that there is a scientific basis for Morals, there can be no science of Education in the full sense of the word. Until the conceptions of chance and spontaneity are eliminated from Psychology equally with Biology or Astronomy, we can have no adequate acquaintance with the laws of human nature. I fully agree with Professor Clifford that "moral reprobation and responsibility cannot exist unless we assume the efficacy of certain special means of influencing character."* Once admit that there is in each of us a metaphysical entity, independent of cause, and subject to no conditions, named Free Will, and it follows that though the "Will" may be "free," we ourselves are the helpless slaves of that Will. If it be subject to no conditions; if, that is to say, indulgence in past vices acts as no deteriorating influence from future virtues; if long indulgence in indolence does not make it difficult to be industrious, or long indulgence in frivolous pursuits does not predispose us to dislike sensible ones; if, in a word, this mighty mysterious uncaused entity, Free Will, has the power to make us what we will at any moment of our lives, without any reference to our past habits, to our restraint or absence of restraint, to whether we are old and hardened or young and pliant; then, indeed, we have no right to punish for crime or reward for virtue. What effect can rewards or punishments have upon this uncaused entity, superior to all conditions?

I do not believe that there is a single scientific supporter of the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity who would deny that we have volitions. All he would assert is that those volitions are the product of heredity, strongly modified by environment; in a word, that our volitions are not indepen-

* Lectures and Essays, Vol. II., p. 120.

dent of conditions. They are subject to definite laws ; they live and grow and beget volitions like unto themselves. Thus each man's early life has a most potent influence upon his later life.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

Surely there is nothing in this doctrine that need excite the moral indignation of those noble souls who are devoted to the service of their fellows. Surely the open recognition of it must tend to good and not to evil. It cannot be called irreligious, since even in its perverted form it has been preached by eminent religionists. It cannot be called immoral, since the full acceptance of it leads to the highest morality. For it should make such as are conscious of being more free from vice than their fellows humble and grateful instead of puffed up ; since it teaches them how much they owe to the judicious training of those about them, how much more, perhaps, to the inherited virtues of their ancestors. It should make them lenient and tender to such as are ignoble and vicious—even though for their own sakes they will not refrain from punishing them—knowing full well their disadvantages both of heredity and environment. And, lastly, it should make them regard it as a positive duty to succour and assist their weakly brethren, who without their aid might perish on the thorny road towards perfection. It is a grave, almost an awful responsibility, from which, nevertheless, we may not turn away our eyes, that each one of us now living can be a potent factor for good or evil in the environment of those with whom we have to do. Still greater responsibility is it to be made aware of the fact that through the *necessary* laws of heredity we must transmit with increased vigour our virtues and vices equally with our health and disease to our unborn offspring. Surely the humane man can have no greater deterrent from vice than the knowledge that it largely depends upon himself, upon his

own restraint or absence of restraint, whether his posterity be happy or miserable.

If this be so—if each one of us can be a potent factor for good or evil in the environment of his fellows; if mental, moral, and physical qualities are inheritable by posterity—a doctrine every psychologist and physiologist will attest—surely we should not keep our children in ignorance of knowledge of such paramount importance. It should be taught them by their parents—it should be preached to them from the pulpit. When they arrive at a marriageable age they should be told to pause before they unthinkingly ally themselves with a family that has been for generations physically, mentally, and morally deteriorating. Lastly, we should teach them that by early application and restraint they may be largely creators of their own future; not from the spontaneous interference of an uncaused entity—Free Will—but from the *necessary* law of cause and effect. Throughout the realm of Nature this law runs: Like begets Like. The reward of the practice of virtue is increased easiness in virtue till gradually vice becomes impossible. The penalty of indolence or baseness is increased indolence and baseness till virtue becomes impossible. To conclude with a passage from Spinoza:—

The necessity of things which I contend for abrogates neither divine nor human laws; the moral precepts, whether they have or have not the shape of commandments from God, are still divine and salutary; and the good that flows from virtue and godly love, whether it be derived from God as a ruler and law-giver, or proceed from the constitution, that is, the necessity of the Divine nature, is not on this account less desirable. On the other hand, the evils that arise from wickedness are not the less to be dreaded and deplored because they necessarily follow the actions done.*

CONSTANCE PLUMPTRE.

* Spinoza: His Life, Correspondence, and Ethics, By R. Willis, M.D., p. 355.

ENGLAND'S OPIUM DEALINGS.

WE may regret, but we shall hardly wonder that, amidst the heated or wearisome debates on representative atheism and Irish disturbances which stretched the recent session of Parliament to so unwelcome a length, the discussion raised by Mr. J. W. Pease on the 4th of June attracted but limited attention. All the force of political feeling in the House of Commons has again and again been focused on the affairs of the nearer East. The distant sounds of war will even engage the warmest interest of our representatives in the affairs of Afghanistan or South Africa. But, in ordinary times at least, the economy of our Indian Empire, with its 200,000,000 souls, is too dull a topic to enlist the attention of the Legislature; and when our senators are invited to project their thoughts to that yet vaster territory which stretches over the remoter Orient and swarms with a population probably twice as great, they feel that the demand is a little preposterous, and quickly revert to matters nearer home. Never since the famous occasion on which Lord Palmerston successfully appealed from a House of Commons fairly roused against the iniquity of his policy to a country which liked his pluck and did not mind his bullying, has the tremendous question of our commercial and political relations with China fairly taken hold of the minds of the English Parliament or the English people.

On the 4th of June last the member for South Durham rose "to call attention to the revenue of India, derived

from the cultivation of the poppy and the traffic in opium, and the duties levied thereon; and to the position of the relations between this country and China in relation to the trade in opium." We shall presently return to the debate that resulted. We note it now only because the speeches of Mr. Pease, Mr. Mark Stewart, and those who followed on the same side, constitute the last important attempt to arouse the conscience of the nation to its crimes and its duties in reference to the traffic in opium.

The opium debates of the House of Commons stand at long intervals apart. The last before this summer was raised by Mr. Mark Stewart in 1875. Previously to that, Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) had raised the question in the House of Commons in 1843, and in the House of Lords in 1857. In 1870, Sir Wilfrid Lawson raised it in the Lower House. In forty years five times only has this subject been fairly discussed within the British Parliament;—by the representatives of the people, four times only. England's opium policy has been guided not from St. Stephen's, but first from Leadenhall Street and latterly from Downing Street; and both Leadenhall Street and Downing Street have, in this matter, been governed from Calcutta.

Never yet has the English nation given ear to the story of this policy. Never yet has a first-class statesman seriously approached its discussion. Yet the suffering, the injustice, the demoralisation with which our opium dealings are bound up are more than deep and wide enough to rank the question raised by them, as a problem pressing for solution, with the emancipation of the Turkish Provinces or the pacification of the Irish people.

We shall with all possible brevity recall the facts up to the present date.

It is a popular error to suppose that the love of opium is, with the Chinese, "racial." Till late in the last century

it was cultivated, imported, or consumed merely as a medicine. Up to 1767 the annual import had rarely exceeded two hundred chests. In that year it suddenly rose to a thousand chests, and from that year accordingly we roughly date the vicious consumption of the drug in the Chinese Empire. It is a second and still more popular error to suppose that China cherished any "racial" dislike of foreign commerce. It is true that the country contains within itself resources which render external trade unnecessary to its development; yet long centuries before Dutch or Venetian keels ploughed the ocean, Chinese trade was active in Central Asia; and embassies, in recent times so unwillingly received or equipped, were freely exchanged, not with Persians and Arabs alone, but with the Rome of the Emperors and the Western Europe of Charlemagne.* It was when the modern European—first of all, the Portuguese—carried his wares and his manners to Canton, that the Chinese people began to shrink within their shell. In 1773 the first slight beginnings of the British opium trade find record. Seven years later the East India Company established a dépôt near Macao on the estuary of the Canton River; and in 1781 Warren Hastings sent sixteen hundred chests of opium thither—but the speculation proved anything but remunerative. In 1785 the East India Company began selling the opium monopoly, which they had previously bestowed on favourites. In 1795 the Company took the important step of abolishing individual monopolists altogether, and themselves became the sole cultivators and sellers of opium in British India.

The net opium revenues of India had now touched £200,000 in one year, though the fluctuation was enormous,

* See Rémusat, *Nouveaux Mélanges Asiatiques*, I., 69; Panthier, *Relations Politiques de la Chine avec les Puissances Occidentales*, 5-24; Laffitte, *De la Civilisation Chinoise*, 134; Le Marquis d'Hervey St. Denys, *La Chine devant l'Europe*.

and the Government of China saw that it had to face a great and growing evil in the temptation and demoralisation of its people. Accordingly, in 1799, the Emperor Kien-lung issued the most vigorous decrees forbidding the importation of the drug, and denouncing transportation—afterwards changed to death by strangling—against all who should be guilty of opium smoking. In the following year this action was followed up by the proclamation of such serious penalties on smuggling, that the “supercargo,” who represented the Company in Chinese waters, actually urged on that body the total stoppage of the trade, and for a time the Company desisted at least from employing their own craft in the traffic. But still the evil grew. Some years later the Chinese Governor of Canton required the *hong* merchants—a native guild—who alone could lawfully trade with the Europeans, to give bonds for every ship arriving, certifying her free from opium. The representatives of the Company at Calcutta still withheld their ships, but vigorously pushed the trade, their profits therefrom rising after half a dozen more seasons to a million sterling, one thirteenth part of the total net revenue of British India.

The Directors in Leadenhall-street were not quite easy always about the part they were playing, and in 1817 they wrote to Calcutta that, could they completely abolish the consumption of opium, they “would gladly do it in compassion for mankind.” Yet they certainly made no great efforts in that direction, but continued to pocket the growing proceeds of the splendid and lucrative monopoly. Indeed, they permitted their servants in India to extend their operations enormously. No longer content to reap the crops which flowered on soil in British keeping, they cast greedy eyes on the white fields of the native princes of Central India. From 1818 to 1830 they compelled those princes to grant to them the exclusive right to buy and sell this native opium also, and in the latter year they commuted

this monopoly to a pass-duty exacted on every chest passing through British territory; and through British territory alone could this Malwa produce reach the coast. The duty, fixed first at 175 rupees a chest, was raised by degrees to the huge sum of 700 rupees; and it has now, we believe, under the direct Imperial Government, long stood at 600 rupees, or £60. At the present time about 40 per cent. of our total opium revenue is exacted from the native-grown Malwa drug.

In 1821 the Governor of Canton again threw himself with the utmost earnestness into the cause of suppression. He proclaimed the English, the Portuguese, and the Americans responsible for the baneful and illegal trade. Of these the Americans alone had some excuse, since they, he declared, had no king to teach them what was right.

But we approach the time when at last China sought, by some sterner means than mere remonstrance, to clear her shores of the foreign smugglers who swarmed with their pernicious wares upon her coast.

The trading charter of the East India Company expired in 1834, and the British Government took the regulation of the China trade into their own hands. The hapless Lord Napier, the first Superintendent of Trade appointed from London, fell a speedy victim to the worry and embarrassment of an intolerable situation, which his wanton deportment had not tended to ameliorate. It was Captain Elliot who was called upon to face the difficulties of the post when the tension of affairs approached a crisis. On the side of the British the determination to force the obnoxious opium upon the Chinese market had never been so relentless or so reckless. It must be remembered that this was no mere smuggling enterprise, no mere systematic evasion of a legal impost. There was no legal duty upon opium. Its importation was absolutely illegal. Its sale or its consumption by a Chinese subject was, for good or evil, a

capital offence. Armed desperadoes were the carriers of this extraordinary commerce. British merchants fitted out gunboats, laded them with opium, and sent them to seek inlets for that merchandise anywhere on the south-east coast of China; the factories of Canton were crammed with the illegal commodity, in sheer defiance alike of Cantonese and imperial law. All official China was in commotion at the traffic. Heu Nai Tsai, in despair of its suppression, memorialised the Emperor, rather than that the drug should thus be poured into the country, to legalise its importation, while checking the amount by the imposition of a high and rigorous duty. Chu Tsun and Hu Kui, statesmen of distinguished parts, met this desperate appeal with a counter-memorial in favour of the most strenuous measures for the stamping out of the trade. The Emperor referred the point to a vote taken, far and wide, among the high officials of the provinces. By an overwhelming majority they gave their voice for the imperative suppression of the trade. The Government, with grim determination, elected this sterner policy. The famous Lin came down to Canton with full powers as Imperial Commissioner. On the 10th of March, 1839, he wrought a deed pregnant in consequences as the casting of the tea into the waters from the wharves of Boston. Every remonstrance, every negotiation, every threat had proved in vain. Lin seized more than twenty thousand chests of opium, worth a hundred pounds the chest, and cast their contents into the Canton River. He held the merchants for several days confined within the limits of their factories. He extorted from the majority of them a bond never again to attempt to introduce opium into the Chinese Empire. He proclaimed all trade with the British nation at an end.

It was this bold and uncompromising effort to thrust the trade of England from her shores that promptly brought upon China the heavy hand of our retaliation. Our first

opium war ended, as all who knew the respective strength of the combatants foresaw, in the utter discomfiture of China. Lin's policy brought death to thousands of his countrymen and humiliation to his country. At the point of the sword we demanded and obtained the Treaty of Nankin. Four new ports were thereby opened to British trade; Hong Kong, but a mile from the mainland, became a British possession; twenty-one million dollars were paid over to the British from the Chinese exchequer. The treaty declared, indeed, that "if any smuggle goods, the goods will be liable to confiscation;" but, for all that, six million dollars were claimed and paid as compensation for the opium drowned in the Canton River, our Government saving its consistency by considerably reducing the amount as it was paid from the hands that had wrung it from the Chinese into those of the merchants who had suffered.

By the terms of the treaty no point was nominally yielded on the Chinese side in the matter of opium. Such concession could only have been won by a renewal of hostilities.

During the next thirteen years the export of opium from India to China rose from twenty-five thousand to nearly seventy thousand chests. With increasing quantities a completer system became necessary in its introduction on the coast of China. Our merchants maintained a fleet of vessels defensively and offensively equipped for the service. Hong Kong became a most convenient base for the operations of the invaders; and the Chinese associated with this and kindred enterprises found there a congenial home. Armed and open smuggling finds in piracy an industry not wholly alien to itself. The authorities of Hong Kong could not nicely distinguish the allied enterprises of the crews that left their convenient harbour. A system sprang up, at once having an appearance of orderliness and bringing in revenue to the colonial exchequer, by which Chinese-owned boats could

take an annual licence from the Hong Kong Government, and while in its enjoyment hoist the British flag should the river-police or the revenue cruisers of the Chinese press too closely upon their sterns.

The lorcha "Arrow" was in the enjoyment of this privilege. Her term of licence had, indeed, run out some eleven days since. But her master, an Englishman, and his Chinese crew, were not particular to a week or two, and on the 8th of October, 1856, she was still flying English colours in the Canton River. She had, however, for some time been "wanted" by the native authorities, and on that day she was boarded by order of Commissioner Yeh. Whether the British flag which covered her piracy, and which by Hong Kong rules themselves she had ceased to have any claims to fly, was actually hauled down by her assailants is matter of dispute: but the twelve native seamen were arrested. Nine of them, not implicated in piracy, were liberated at once on the demand of the English consul; the other three, pirates by their own confession, were also restored on further pressure from Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong. But neither the apology nor the reparation which Sir John asked of Commissioner Yeh being forthcoming, our second great Chinese war was the swift and terrible result.*

Once more hopelessly defeated, China had to listen to our conditions of peace in 1858, the same year in which the direct government of British India was transferred from the discredited Company to the English Crown. The Treaty of Tien-tsin, originally signed on June 26, 1858, was not ratified till October 24, 1860, the Chinese having meanwhile

* The incident of the "Arrow" cannot, indeed, be supposed to have been anything more than the convenient occasion of our second war. On February 12, 1857, there was presented to the House of Lords a ponderous Blue-book of 228 pages, under the title of "Insults in China." This was a convenient repertory of *casus belli* for use when wanted.

renewed hostilities,* which we avenged by the march upon Peking, and the sacking and looting of the Summer Palace.

By that treaty we established an ambassador at Peking; we compelled the opening of five more sea-ports, and of the great Yang-tze River; we set up the system of "extritoriality"—next to opium the sorest point to this day in our relations with China, making the English consul and English law the judge and the code by which to try cases of dispute between the Englishman and the Chinaman in China;† we fined Canton four million dollars; we adjusted the internal transit duties of China, so far as they concerned our merchandise, to our own ideas; and we extorted the legalisation of the introduction of our opium at a fixed duty, in no case exceeding 10 per cent. Having got these terms, we forebore from more. "We came to the conclusion," said Lord Elgin, our plenipotentiary, "that on practical grounds, and apart from certain considerations of morality and justice, which might, perhaps, be urged on behalf of the Chinese Government, it would be unwise to drive it to despair, and, perhaps, to extreme measures of resistance."

For the moment the opposition of Peking to the now recognised and legalised traffic was silenced. But the Chinese ministers watched their opportunity for renewed remonstrance. The negotiations of 1869, for the revision of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, presented the occasion sought. In July of that year the Tsungli Yamen (Foreign Office) addressed to Sir R. Alcock the most urgent petition for the abandonment of the trade. They referred to the deep

* Such is the common English account of the matter; but Mr. Bruce's attempt to force the Peiho River, which resulted in his repulse by the garrison of the Takoo forts, may fairly be considered an act of aggression on our part.

† See the valuable discussion on extritoriality in Mr. Hart's Memorandum, in the Blue-book on China, No. 3, 1877 (Further Correspondence on the Murder of Mr. Margary), p. 19.

resentment with which it filled the minds of the people generally :—

The Chinese merchant supplies your country with his goodly tea and silk, conferring thereby a benefit upon her; but the English merchant empoisons China with pestilent opium. Such conduct is unrighteous. Who can justify it? What wonder if officials and people say that England is wilfully working out China's ruin, and has no real friendly feeling for her? The wealth and generosity of England is spoken of by all; she is anxious to prevent and anticipate all injury to her commercial interest. How is it, then, she can hesitate to remove an acknowledged evil? Indeed, it cannot be that England still holds to this evil business, earning the hatred of the officials and people of China, and making herself a reproach among the nations, because she would lose a little revenue were she to forfeit the cultivation of the poppy!

This petition was ignored, but the Convention, which Sir Rutherford at last agreed to, proposed so far to second the views of the Chinese as to permit China to raise the import duty on opium from thirty to fifty taels per chest, that is, from one-sixth to about one-fourth of the rate at which the Indian Government, for its own profit, charges the Malwa crop before it sails for China at all. The Convention, however, roused the fierce opposition of the British Chambers of Commerce, and was never ratified. China remained bound as before. The Calcutta authorities, indeed, were little likely to listen to the entreaties of the Mandarins, seeing that the Hon. J. Strachey had, on the previous 20th of April, on behalf of his Government, drawn up a minute to the effect that "immediate measures of the most energetic character ought to be taken, with the object of *increasing* the production of opium."

Early in 1875 the Indian Government despatched a small and peaceful expedition through Burmah into the South-western province of Yunnan, to explore and report on possible routes for inland trade. The commodity of which

that trade would principally consist it is not difficult to conjecture. Passports were obtained from the Tsungli Yamen by Mr. Wade, but no very precise explanation of the purpose of the expedition was given at Peking. Mr. Margary, an able and gallant young officer, was despatched, through China, to meet and assist the visitors. He reached them safely, but having again separated from them, he was attacked and murdered at Manwyne, near the Burmese border; and Colonel Browne himself was immediately afterwards driven back into Burmah, by troops that appeared to be Chinese.

So opens the last chapter in the story of our opium dealings and its consequences. For a year and a-half Mr. Wade (now Sir Thomas) pressed the Chinese Government for reparation. He took advantage of this new catastrophe to demand the pecuniary settlement of outstanding and disputed accounts, a re-settlement of diplomatic etiquette, a stricter enforcement of the commercial clauses of the Treaty of Tien-tsin. By degrees he dropped all demands but that for a searching investigation of the Yunnan outrage, with English assessors at the trial. The trial was held, but no one could pretend to think that the guilty had been condemned, or that justice had been done. Fresh negotiations, threats, proposals, counter-proposals succeeded. At last Sir T. Wade, with plenipotentiary powers, met the Grand Commissioner, Li Hung Chang, who was endowed with like powers by his own Government, at Chefoo. On September 13, 1876, the two ministers signed the Chefoo Convention.

That Convention comprised articles under four heads: the settlement of the Yunnan case; terms of intercourse between Chinese and British officers; conditions of trade; and the despatch of a British mission of exploration through certain provinces of China. These articles were, for the most part, concessions to England. They compre-

hended the opening of various new ports to British trade, and licence to steamers to touch at various towns on the Great River; the publication of proclamations throughout the Empire, calling upon the people to protect all foreigners travelling with passports; the payment of 200,000 taels to Great Britain; and so forth. On the other hand, Sir T. Wade agreed that those internal duties upon opium (called *likin*) which passed it from province to province within the Empire, and which had hitherto been constantly evaded, should be collectable in one sum by the Chinese Government at the port of import. The merchant was to deposit his opium in bond until opportunity of sale occurred, when he himself should pay the tariff duty, and the purchaser should pay the whole *likin*. Further, Sir Thomas agreed that drawback should not be allowed on re-exported British goods after a term of three years from their original importation, and that the boundaries of the treaty ports should be exactly defined. It was stipulated further that while the opening of the ports, and so forth, should be carried out within six months, the British concessions concerning *likin* should come into force "as soon as the British Government has arrived at an understanding on the subject with other foreign Governments."

Sir T. Wade and Li Hung Chang signed this Convention on September 13, 1876. On September 17, an Imperial decree was promulgated at Peking,—“Let effect be given to what has been proposed.” That is, the Chinese ratification was given in just four days. Within six months the ports were open, the fine was paid, the proclamation was posted throughout the towns and cities of the Empire: * that is, the Chinese punctually fulfilled every article of the Convention. Four years have passed away, and the Convention remains unratified on our side. Again and again ministers have been pressed in both Houses of Parliament; but no

* China, No. 3 (1877), pp. 92, *seq.*

explanation is forthcoming of this extraordinary delay in the formal sanction of a plenipotentiary's act. Lord Salisbury, indeed, naïvely informed a deputation that the ratification of the opium clauses would have the effect of rendering smuggling impossible—precisely what we should have supposed that honest men would most desire. It is known that the Indian Government has been consulted, though its answer is concealed; and we are told that fresh negotiations have been going on in Peking. The British Chambers of Commerce have this time memorialised strongly in favour of the Convention. But without explanation or justification the Foreign Office continues to prolong precisely such delays as have formed again and again the text of vehement charges by Sir T. Wade against the probity of the Court of Peking; and while we are enjoying every benefit which the Chefoo agreement proposed to confer on us, the conditions on which they were granted remain withheld from China. We continue to pour our opium into her ports, well knowing that it is smuggled from province to province with impunity because we postpone our sanction of the only possible means of prevention. In 1878 we sent 72,423 peculs, or 9,656,400 lbs. avoirdupois, of opium to China. Its value was 32,262,957 taels, or £10,754,319.

We have endeavoured, without partisanship, to record undisputed facts. An apology is due, perhaps, for filling our pages with history that is, at least in outline, generally known.* If so, the excuse must be that, if generally known, it is not generally heeded. Whatever moral impression is left by our record, is the result of that unvarnished record itself, and not of any comment which we have hitherto permitted ourselves to make. Yet we conceive that the

* We cannot refrain from recommending to the reader the essay on "England and China," by Dr. J. H. Bridges, in "International Policy." London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

impression produced will not redound to the glory of England.*

It is not possible in the few pages which remain at our disposal to adduce all the facts which should deepen that impression to one of indignant pain, or to disprove the sundry allegations which are made in mitigation of judgment. Opium by English law is a poison, and may only be sold under the regulations for poisons. Such is the all-sufficient reply to those who urge that it is parallel to ardent spirits. It is still as illegal as ever to consume it in China, although we have compelled its legalisation as an import. It is also illegal to grow it. But our action has paralysed the Imperial Government, and only here and there and now and then is an unusually vigorous provincial governor able to stem the tide of indulgence. There are districts to-day where the majority of the men are opium-smokers, others where one in three have succumbed to the vice, and few, indeed, where it has not fastened upon a large proportion of the population. Its effects are far more deadly than those of alcohol, not, indeed, showing themselves in violence, but reducing the victim to bankruptcy of body, mind, and soul, and where once the habit has laid hold of a man it defies him ever to throw it off.† Men sell

* Sir T. Wade, himself an active agent in enforcing the will of England upon China, writes:—"Nothing that has been gained was received from the free will of the Chinese. The concessions made to us have been from first to last extorted against the conscience of the nation—in defiance, that is to say, of the moral convictions of its educated men—not merely of the office-holders, whom we call Mandarins, and who are numerically but a small proportion of the educated class, but of the millions who are saturated with the knowledge of the history and philosophy of their country."

† Sir Thomas Wade writes thus:—"It is to me vain to think otherwise of the use of the drug in China than as of a habit many times more pernicious, nationally speaking, than the gin and whisky drinking which we deplore at home. It takes possession more insidiously, and keeps its hold to the full as tenaciously. I know no case of radical cure. It has insured in every case within my knowledge the steady descent, moral and physical, of the smoker."

their children and their wives to purchase the fatal pipe. The Christian missionary will not baptise an opium smoker.

But it is said that the Chinese Government is not sincere in its desire to be rid of the trade from which it derives so large a revenue. The Chinese revenue from opium is but a *bagatelle* in the sixty millions which Imperial taxation yields. Clear away the official and popular corruption which opium fosters, and those sixty millions could easily be made a hundred.* Moreover, the Government has given every conceivable proof that it is in the direst earnest; so much so that it has even threatened to encourage native cultivation by way of choking off our trade, as a preliminary to getting the whole matter into its own control, and then utterly suppressing the native trade. True, its local officials are corrupt, but that is only another difficulty in its path. True, its action is spasmodic, and there are intervals of strange sloth. But Chinese administration has always relied as much on paternal exhortation as on measures of compulsion, and intermittent vigour characterises it rather than persistent pressure. Such intermittent vigour we have seen again and again—in 1799, in 1821, in 1839, in 1869, and most recently after the terrible northern famines of 1878. The immense acreage under opium at the present day in Chinese territory itself is due in part to the desperate hope to which we have alluded above; in part to the consideration that Chinese-grown opium is far less noxious than that sent from India; in part, no doubt, to the sheer despair of a Government whose freedom of action on its own soil is annulled by the strong arm of the foreigner. We fail to see that if the Court of Peking and the Tsungli Yamen were not sincere, our conduct would be one shade less dark; but a Government *must* be sincere, however impotent, in its desire to stay the wholesale poisoning of

* See Mr. Demetrius Boulger's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for August.

its subjects. That emperor spoke the mind of every Chinese emperor who, pressed to legalise the opium trade under a fixed duty, declared that he would never consent to gain a revenue from the sin and misery of his people.

Let it not, however, be forgotten that the traffic corrupts not Chinamen alone, but Englishmen as well. Not merely has it inbred in otherwise honourable civilians of Calcutta and merchants of Shanghai and Canton an extraordinary moral obliquity of vision, but it has permeated the ports and provinces of China with Englishmen who are a standing scandal to our national repute. One sin begets another. We have but to turn to the most remarkable and instructive report presented, in 1876, to the Tsungli Yamen by their servant, Mr. Robert Hart, the distinguished Inspector-General of Imperial Maritime Customs, to be convinced of the corruption which everywhere attends the traffic. In the judicial tones of a perfectly impartial witness, and with unique advantages for the formation of a weighty judgment, this Irishman, whose ability and loyalty have raised him to the highest pitch of influence in the Chinese service, balances British and Chinese complaints one by one against each other. "When the foreigner," says he, "complains that his opium business is harassed and interfered with by the surveillance exercised and arrests made at his very door by the *likin* officers and spies, the Chinese retort that it is necessary to act thus, seeing that the native smuggler has always the sympathy and aid of the foreign trader." Mr. Hart goes on to show how the special concessions which the foreign trader enjoys are made the cover for all kinds of smuggling and fraud in which the foreigner abets the chicanery of the native merchant.

To return to the debate of last June. The speakers on behalf of the Government were Sir Charles Dilke, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Gladstone. The Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs contented himself

with acknowledging that there had been "immense delay" in the matter of the Chefoo Convention, and hinting that what blame there was must rest with the native diplomatists of Pekin. The Secretary of State for India made a speech which aroused the most biting criticism from Dr. Cameron, who declared that the only thing he could compare it with was that speech of the notorious pro-slavery orator, Calhoun, which the *Biglow Papers* thus summed up:—

John C. Calhoun, sez he,
Human rights ha'nt no more
Rights to come on this floor
No more'n the man in the moon, sez he.

Lord Hartington insisted on the importance of this branch of the Indian revenue. He declared that we must "not be led always solely by those feelings of morality in which we might justly indulge if we were dealing with our own interests." "Morality of this kind" he pronounced to be "extremely cheap," and he defended the compulsory legalisation of the traffic on the extraordinary ground that the policy of permitting China to prohibit it had resulted in "an enormous illicit trade accompanied by the demoralisation and degradation of all concerned in it," forgetting apparently that these results were in no way deprecated, but systematically and deliberately created and fostered by the Governments of London and Calcutta! Mr. Fawcett defended Lord Hartington from the sharp rebukes of Dr. Cameron. "Why did not honourable members, when they attacked the morality and the good feeling of the noble lord, come forward with some definite proposal with regard to Indian revenue? Why did they not tell the House how £8,000,000 * additional revenue could be raised?" Mr.

* Mr. Fawcett all through spoke of the opium revenue as £8,000,000, Mr. Gladstone as £7,000,000, Mr. E. Stanhope as £7,000,000 or £8,000,000. In 1871-72, the revenue was £7,657,213; in 1867-68, £7,048,065. In no other year up to 1877-78 has it amounted to £7,000,000, and only in four other years has it exceeded £6,500,000. In the last Session but one Mr. Gladstone held up to ridicule any speaker who could describe the opium revenue as "solid and substantial."

Gladstone, constrained to defend his colleague, dexterously disguised the real nature of his offence, and, while holding out hopes of a "gradual withdrawal from connection with this traffic" at some future time, deprecated "the morality of a Government which makes promises without knowing that it has the means of fulfilling them."

Mr. Gladstone has on previous occasions condemned the sources of the opium revenue in language unsurpassed in force and fire. He has for it now no word of defence, but he measures his indignation by the responsibility of office. Yet no statesman dares deliberately to defend the traffic as moral in itself. Mr. Gladstone, free, saw in it an iniquity which Mr. Gladstone, manacled, cannot forget. But the manacles are there. Indian revenue must be provided. Therefore "practical statesmanship" must continue the iniquity till the convenient hour for repentance comes.

Indian revenue is unquestionably of immeasurable importance. Nothing in the world, except justice, mercy, and truth can be more important. The millions of India, already taxed to the limits of endurance, assuredly must not pay the price of our repentance. The sin is England's, and the price must be paid by her; and that price will more and more accumulate the longer payment is postponed. The convenient hour for repentance *never* comes. Every hour is less convenient than the last. When Lord Shaftesbury first entreated Parliament to face the matter, it was a question of two millions *per annum*, now it is seven millions, and India is far more embarrassed. Yet the loss even now would be far less than appears on the face. Abolish opium culture in India, and vast tracts are liberated for food production. Abolish opium importation into China, and that trust will at once spring up in the native mind which is the breath of commerce, and for the first time British manufactures will have a fair chance of entering the Chinese market.

But these considerations are beside the point. Our monopoly, our traffic, our compulsion of China are one huge immorality. No second argument, *pro* or *contra*, is lawful after that. The question for England and her statesmen is not *whether* we must withdraw from our position, but *how* we must withdraw. It is the duty of a statesman to arrange the details of the great moral acts of the nation. It is the part of such a statesman as Mr. Gladstone not to stand waiting for the nation to call on him to initiate such an act, but with his own voice to call on the nation to bid him to initiate it. Mr. Gladstone has taken that high part before. His sensitive conscience has told him that it behoves statesmen to lead as well as to follow. He has created the high public opinion which has afterwards executed its judgment through his bold and skilful hand. If he would be worthy of his own noble reputation—a moral reputation, independent of mere party allegiances—he will take this great part again. His genius fits him, before all men, for the task of carving anew the finances of India. His position presses the duty imperatively upon him.

We are not of those who deem that our part will have been done when we have put an end to the active participation of our Indian Government in the culture and sale of opium, and abandoned our monopoly in favour of an open competition. The shame of that monopoly is deep indeed. But its abolition will not wipe out the effect of our high-handed and unjust policy. Nor will it even be enough to permit China once more to prohibit absolutely the importation of the poison. We created and fostered the trade when it was actually so prohibited. The only reparation now in our power is so to aid the Chinese in the suppression of the trade after it has once more been made illegal, as effectually to destroy the horrible and iniquitous traffic which probably slays its five hundred thousand

victims every year, and of which the full and awful responsibility rests upon this English people. If we need a precedent, we have it in the cruisers which we sent in the old days to destroy the slave-trade on the coast of Africa:

But while statesmen hesitate between the blind policy of the expediency of the moment and the deed of national righteousness, the voice of the people must not be hushed. Let press and pulpit proclaim that righteousness is the moving principle of all true politics. Let an informed and honourable people give unmistakable behest to the Government, which exists only as its servant, to remove from it a reproach which is a shame before all the nations.

THE EDITOR.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.*

AMONGST the now almost forgotten minor martyrs to the political intolerance of the eighteenth century, was the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield; a man of great attainments, original mind, active benevolence, and unbending conscientiousness, though we must allow him also to have been of vehement and acrimonious prejudices, and singularly imprudent in many of his efforts to benefit mankind.

He did himself less than justice in his writings; but his private life was spotlessly pure, pre-eminently true, and great in qualities which only those who knew him intimately and enjoyed his friendship had the opportunity of knowing. He conveys a disagreeable impression of himself in his autobiography (a work now almost unknown), but this impression those who loved him declare to be quite a false one, due only to his unfortunate manner of expressing himself, and to a want of moderation and judgment.

That stern obedience to conscience which, in the eighteenth century, brought him to Dorchester Gaol, would certainly, in the fifteenth, have gained him a martyr's death; since he never hesitated for a moment to sacrifice what he held most dear to his intense and ardent conviction of truth.

That his character had a tender side is plain from the testimony not only of his children, who always spoke of him

* This account is written by his great-granddaughter, the granddaughter of Anne Wakefield who married Charles Rochemont Aikin, son of Dr. John Aikin, and adopted son of Mrs. Barbauld.

with the deepest love and reverence, but also from that of friends who knew the real man. Miss Lucy Aikin, whose family was connected with his by marriage, wrote of him to Mr. Bright, of Liverpool :—

“ He was one who, whatever might be the errors of his judgment, exhibited in evil times and under trials indeed severe, some of the highest and rarest of human virtues. The time is not yet come for writing such ‘ A History of England during the French Revolution ’ as may teach those who live in happier days justly to estimate the struggles, the trials, the moral martyrdoms of that brave minority to whom is due that England we may be proud to own and blest to live in.”

What were these “ struggles, trials, and moral martyrdoms ” ?

Nothing, perhaps, very terrible ; for, even of his imprisonment, Gilbert Wakefield wrote to his daughter Anne “ that his circumstances amounted more to uncomfortableness than misery ; ” still, even were this the case, we may wonder whether there are many, in our easier days, who would have the courage of their opinions to the point of enduring two years of imprisonment, rather than keep the expression of those opinions for the select few who can allow that there is room in the world for the widest angle of divergence.

Punishment for unpopular forms of belief has become an anachronism, though society still reserves its peculiar penalties for those who run counter to its cherished standards of the orthodox and becoming.

Gilbert Wakefield is little known now ; a fact which is largely due, I think, to the very uninviting nature of his memoir. He wrote a volume of autobiography, published in 1772. Another volume, with an appendix, edited by his friend and executor, Mr. Rutt, appeared in 1804. The earlier one ends at that period of his life which

was most remarkable ; and is, I must admit, an awkwardly written though not uninteresting volume. It is full of anecdotes and quaint and learned remarks. The second volume of the life is far more interesting, as it contains a full account of his imprisonment, and also gives, through the medium of an enthusiastic and sympathetic friend, a far more pleasing picture of Gilbert Wakefield's character than he conveys himself. The autobiography is written in words of Johnsonian length, nearly every sentence is italicised and emphasised by capital letters, so that a page of it presents a curious appearance. His style is exaggerated and sometimes absurd. He begins his narrative in characteristic words :—

"I was *introduced into this planet* on February 22, 1756, in the parsonage house of St. Nicholas, in Nottingham, of which church my father was rector."

His mother's family had been settled in Nottingham for generations and was derived from both the Russels and the Cokes. His father was seventeen years rector of Nottingham and nine years vicar of Kingston, where he died, much beloved by his parishioners, in 1776.

Gilbert Wakefield, like many other learned people of the last century, was a remarkably precocious child. He gives an account of his early years in quaintly solemn diction.

"From my earliest infancy I was endowed with affections unusually composed, with a disposition grave and serious. I was inspired from the first with a most ardent desire of knowledge, such as I believe hath never been surpassed in any breast, nor for a moment impaired in mine. . . . At the age of *three* years, I could spell the longest words, say my catechism without hesitation, and read the gospels with fluency." Before he was five he went, he says, "to a writing-school, and about the age of seven I was initiated in the Latin language at the free school of Nottingham." In 1772 he obtained a scholarship in Jesus College,

Cambridge. Here he devoted himself to classical studies. The College lectures in Algebra and Logic he declared to be "odious to him beyond conception;" but he pursued his studies with unremitting zeal for two years, except when, as he oddly expressed it, "a strange fastidiousness" seized him, generally in the spring, when he was "so enamoured of rambling in the open air, of cricket, and of fishing," that he was unable to read a single page. This seems a natural phase in the character of a lad of eighteen. Only so solemn and learned a young scholar would have thought there was anything "strange" in an occasional disinclination for study and a desire for open air in fine spring weather. In his third year he gained the prize for the best Latin ode, and he was elected Fellow in 1776, at the age of twenty. Through this year he worked hard at classical and theological studies, "meddling neither with controversialists nor commentators, but endeavouring to obtain complete mastery of the phraseology of both Scriptures."

He was second wrangler, second medallist, and second in the Bachelor's Prize both years; obtaining what he calls "an inferior allotment on every occasion." It would have satisfied a less ambitious scholar.

In March, 1778, he was ordained deacon at the age of twenty-two. Even then, he says, he was so little satisfied with the requisition of subscription that he afterwards regarded this acquiescence as the "most disingenuous action of his life."

He declares that he reconciled himself to it by that "stale, shameless sophistry which is usually employed on such occasions; for instance, that so young a man could not be competent to form a judgment on such points." He goes on in his vehement way to exclaim against "the abominable wickedness of requiring an unfeigned *consent* and *assent* to such a miscellany of propositions, some of

which are unutterably stupid, beyond the sottishness of even *Hottentot Divinity* !”

This invective gives a good idea of Gilbert Wakefield's violent, aggressive, and exaggerated manner of expressing his hatred for anything in the nature of falsehood or hypocrisy. His devotion to Truth was so ardent, that, in defence of her he injured the justice of his cause and alienated more moderate thinkers. He considered the conduct of those who professed to be teachers in the Church of Christ as in direct defiance of the express prohibitions of Jesus Christ, and quotes the words of St. Paul, “Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from Iniquity.”

He was curate at Stockport to a Mr. Watson, a hard student and a very lively, well-informed man. He behaved in a friendly, hospitable way to Wakefield, and treated him with far more consideration than curates usually received in those days. While curate there, he relates an anecdote of a woman old enough to be his grandmother, who was confirmed for the *fourth* time, “because she found herself strengthened so much by the Bishop's hands !”

Gilbert Wakefield married the niece of his rector. The great-grandfather and grandmother of this lady afforded an extraordinary example of conjugal happiness lasting over a period of *seventy-five* years. They died nearly at the same time, she at the age of ninety-eight, he at a hundred and seven ! He was vigorous to the last, and hunted a short time before his death. Both died in full possession of their faculties.

Mr. Wakefield was most fortunate in his choice of a wife, and was the tenderest husband imaginable. In domestic life all his asperities gave place to the gentlest kindness and affection.

In August, 1778, Gilbert Wakefield left Stockport, and applied for the post of head-master of Brewood School. He inquired in his letter to the trustees whether it would be

necessary for him again to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, which he had determined not to do, though the nature of his convictions was not yet fixed enough to justify his relinquishing his profession. As he found that this step would be expected of him he gave up the appointment, and he soon after took a curacy in Liverpool. He says that he had never lived anywhere where the clergy were treated with less notice, and he only made a few friends, amongst whom were Mr. William Rathbone and Dr. Gregory, afterwards chaplain to Wakefield's antagonist, the Bishop of Llandaff.

The curate could not keep the growing heterodoxy of his opinions from appearing in his sermons, which led to his rector, Mr. Maddock, mildly expostulating with him. Whereupon the irrepressibly truthful and pugnacious curate asked him to answer one question, "as he expected to render an account to the Great Umpire of the Universe."

"Tell me plainly, Mr. Maddock," he said; "did you ever read the Scriptures, with the express view of inquiring into the doctrine of a Trinity, *early in life*, and before your *preferment*, or your *prospects* of preferment, might contribute to influence your judgment, and made it *convenient* for you to acquiesce?"

"Why, then," says he, "I must honestly own I never did." The rector seems to have borne the searching questions of his subordinate very good-naturedly.

Gilbert Wakefield studied the Scriptures incessantly, and every day his objections to the creed of his forefathers increased; so that he finally determined to quit the Church as soon as an opportunity offered, though his attachment to his profession was so great that he could not bear the thought of taking up any other.

While he was at Liverpool he began to interest himself in public affairs, which were just then in a state of the greatest chaos and confusion all over Europe. The French war was raging, and hundreds of prisoners were brought

in by the privateers. Gilbert Wakefield visited them while in confinement, and was mortified and ashamed to hear their complaints of ill-usage and scanty allowance of food. He wrote anonymously to the Mayor, and was the means of getting their condition improved.

The indignation which he felt against the bad practices of the privateers was expressed in one of his sermons in so "hypertragical" a manner, as he says, that a lady in the congregation was so deeply agitated by it as to induce her husband to sell his share in one of these vessels.

Liverpool was at this time the headquarters of the African slave trade. Incredible horrors took place in those privateering ships. Gilbert Wakefield states that it came out on trial that on one occasion, when the captain of a ship of this sort had an opportunity of saving his crew and cargo by taking refuge in a French island, but had no chance of making any profit by his traffic in human life, he threw overboard, one by one, as they were brought out from their dungeon below, *one hundred and thirty* of these miserable slaves! Another Liverpool captain, living when Gilbert Wakefield wrote, himself related that a female slave having fretted herself to a degree injurious to health about the infant she had with her, this monster of cruelty snatched the child from her arms, knocked its head against the side of the ship, and threw it into the sea! No wonder that the honest blood of such a man as Gilbert Wakefield boiled at such iniquities, enacted under his eyes! No wonder that humane men all over England revolted against authorities and powers which allowed such horrors to be possible! Better far to be too violent, too rash, in denouncing abuses, as he was, than to stand on one side and let wickedness go on. At this time the House of Commons refused to listen to the requisitions from all classes of the people to put an end to this traffic.

In 1779, having determined not to proceed with his

degree, he removed, with his wife, to the once famous Warrington Academy, where he was classical tutor. This institution, distinguished by such names as Enfield, Priestley, Price, and Aikin, had been founded twenty-two years before, in order to provide a course of liberal education for the sons of Dissenters. It survived four more years after Mr. Wakefield's appointment. John Aikin, D.D., the father of the other John Aikin, and of Mrs. Barbauld, was then the divinity tutor. He was a man for whom Mr. Wakefield had an unbounded admiration, and is described by all who knew him as of almost perfect life. In 1783 the academy was dissolved, and Gilbert Wakefield removed, with his family, to a village near Nottingham, where he tried to get pupils; but only succeeded in finding one. The following year he removed to Nottingham itself, where he was more successful in finding them on handsome terms. Amongst them, about this time, he had Robert Hibbert, afterwards well known as the founder of the Hibbert Trust, which has provided the scholarships and lectures known by this name. This pupil had always a great enthusiasm for his master, which took the practical form of sending him, while in Dorchester Gaol, the sum of £1,000.

Mr. Wakefield left Nottingham in 1790, and took a post as classical tutor in Hackney College. Wherever he was, whatever he might be employed upon, it was simply impossible to Gilbert Wakefield's ardent, restless, and disputatious mind to keep from controversy. He wrote constantly against the Established Church, and against everything in which he thought he saw abuses and hypocrisy. If the consequences of his writings had been penal, he would have braved them. But for his great want of moderation and tact, he would have made an admirable reformer. He had zeal enough to set the world on fire. He was a "political fanatic," as Crabb Robinson called him, and rushed into print on every occasion when his feelings of opposition were roused.

He attended all the capital punishments while in Nottingham, though it sickened the kind-hearted and humane man, for the purpose of making observations on their results, and came to the just conclusion that the penal laws, as then enacted, were among the "enormous sins for which the Governor of the universe will visit us." One death he witnessed was that of an unhappy lad who had robbed a traveller of a few shillings, under the influence of a hardened accomplice.

Gilbert Wakefield lived at Hackney for seven years, and brought out various works during this time, one famous in its day—the "*Silva Critica*." In 1794 he published a pamphlet called, "*The Spirit of Christianity compared with the Spirit of the Times in Great Britain*." He also wrote an answer to Paine's "*Age of Reason*." He had sympathised strongly with many of Thomas Paine's former writings, but as strongly disagreed with this present work.

Mr. Wakefield was, at this time, what was then called a Unitarian Christian, declaring himself "a genuine votary of a crucified Saviour, who looks for a 'better country,' and feels himself impelled to a bold and open profession of the practical principles of Love, Peace, and Liberty to the whole human race."

Early in 1798 he published the pamphlet which brought upon him, at last, the penalty which he had seemed almost to court. It was an answer to a political pamphlet written by Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, the object of which was to defend the measures of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues. Gilbert Wakefield's paper was written in a single day, and is an exceedingly rash and violent affair. He asserted in it that the poor and labouring classes in England would lose nothing by a foreign invasion. The Bishop took it in a very moderate and unresentful manner; but those statesmen who were strongly condemned by him determined to prosecute the author and the publisher of the pamphlet. This

prosecution involved first a Mr. Cuthill, then Mr. Johnson, the Unitarian bookseller, and, lastly, Mr. Wakefield himself. The author wrote at once to the Attorney-General, acknowledging the pamphlet, and begging to be answerable alone for it. He defrayed all the expenses of the suit for Mr. Cuthill—a sum amounting to his whole yearly income.

Twelve months of anxiety passed between the arrest of Cuthill and Mr. Wakefield's trial, which took place at the Court of King's Bench, in February, 1799. He undertook his own defence, which he drew up in writing—an eloquent and fervent address, but one not calculated to serve his cause. He was the last man capable of a calm and judicious defence, and he brought in a number of irrelevant and irritating topics. The jury delivered a verdict of guilty without leaving the court. Bail was offered and accepted. He was brought up for judgment a few weeks later, when he took the opportunity of addressing the Court in a speech prepared for the occasion, in which he held forth on various subjects, moral and political, condemning capital punishment, even for murder. One is hardly surprised to hear that considerable impatience was shown, especially amongst the *junior* counsel. Instead of judgment being at once pronounced, as he expected, he was conveyed to King's Bench Prison, to be brought up the following term. For the use of a "meanly-furnished room" for less than eight weeks the marshal of the prison demanded the sum of £50 and a "copy of Mr. Wakefield's *Lucretius*, bound in morocco." While in the prison he was visited by many friends, amongst whom were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, and Mr. Fox. In May he was brought before Mr. Justice Grove to receive sentence.

The terms employed by the judge were of unjustifiable severity. He spoke of Gilbert Wakefield, whose whole life had been spent in the pursuit of truth and in efforts to help

and benefit mankind, as "a man of artifice affecting to enforce peace and goodwill for pitiful purposes, who could not possibly be sincere in his profession."

The sentence, declared to be a very lenient one, was imprisonment in Dorchester Gaol for two years, and that he should give security for his good behaviour for the term of five years, himself in the sum of £500, with two sureties at £250 each.

Wakefield kept up bravely till the "great trial" of having to tell his wife and daughters, who felt the sentence acutely. It was not so much the imprisonment as the separation from his friends, that made the penalty so hard to bear. The money difficulty, which would have been very great considering Wakefield's slender means and the drain of the law expenses, was happily got over by the generosity of his friends and sympathisers, who, without his knowledge, soon raised the sum of £1,500. In the end, double this was obtained, which was enough to provide for Mrs. Wakefield and his children a comfortable residence near the gaol while he was confined there.

He was taken to Dorchester Gaol in June, 1799, in the custody of the tipstaff. His eldest daughter Anne accompanied him. His brother had procured him the best accommodation to be got in the gaol, on agreeing with the gaoler (who would now be called the governor) to pay £100 per annum, Mr. Wakefield taking his meals at his table. As he seldom tasted animal food, was most sparing in his diet, and was to provide himself with wine, the terms were high enough. He had the misfortune, owing to unavoidable circumstances, to offend the gaoler and his son, and suffered greatly all through his imprisonment from the petty malice of the man, whom he describes as a "gloomy and malignant biped." He was denied the privilege of seeing his family oftener than three or four times a week from twelve till three, and, in many ways, was made to suffer from the

small tyrannies which did not allow him even the "dignity of suffering."

He felt the separation from his family deeply. He had delighted in teaching his daughters Greek and Latin, and was a most fond and indulgent father. His daughter Anne, afterwards Mrs. Charles Aikin, then a lovely girl of seventeen, in consequence of the persecution of the gaoler's son, who wished to marry her, had to leave Dorchester, and was removed to Eton, near Liverpool, by her kind friends, Dr. Crompton and his family, who sent their "great coach" all the way to fetch her. Her father constantly wrote her interesting and loving letters while he was in prison, which make him appear in a most favourable light. Indeed, the noblest part of his nature came now fully into play; he left controversy alone, and, whatever his words might be, his actions were always benevolent and generous. His behaviour to the other prisoners in Dorchester Gaol was touchingly kind and humane, reminding one of that of the immortal Dr. Primrose under similar circumstances. He took great pains to inquire into individual cases, and now and then was able to redress some of their wrongs by drawing up petitions and by appealing to influential friends in their behalf. Nor did he neglect simple and humble ways of showing courtesy and kindness. "During the high price of bread, he bought large quantities of mackerel, which he distributed amongst the prisoners; he also, occasionally, gave them money for tea. To such of them as were desirous of employing themselves in reading on Sundays, and after their work, he gave Testaments. In the winters of 1799 and 1800, the weather was remarkably severe, and he supplied them with potatoes, tobacco, and other things, of which they stood in need, as their portion of bread was small and the quality very inferior. He likewise contributed to the comfort of the debtors by giving them his advice in their affairs, and sending newspapers to

them daily; he wrote letters for them to their friends, and was the means of procuring the liberation of several. He gave them also money for coals and other necessities. After their release, many of them sent him trifling presents to show their gratitude for his kindness."

While he was in confinement he took upon himself the painful task—especially painful to his tender heart—and fulfilled it with true Christian devotion, of ministering to the unfortunate creatures who were condemned to death for stealing, according to the iniquitous laws of that day. After the Spring Assizes of 1801 thirteen prisoners were sentenced to death, four of whom had to await their execution in Dorchester Gaol, three of them never having been in prison before. Gilbert Wakefield wrote to his daughter:—"They are now undergoing the previous torture of cold, solitary cells, heavy irons, with bread and water to continue existence rather than to sustain life."

He obtained leave to visit these poor wretches, and exerted himself, since he could do nothing to mitigate their penalty, to prepare their minds to bear their doom with courage and resignation. He actually succeeded in this, though he found them in a state of despondency beyond description when he first visited them. "It was universally admitted that no men ever met death with more tranquil resignation. They welcomed the summons to execution with a readiness, even cheerfulness, that commanded the admiration of the beholders, whose lamentations and sorrow, mine among the rest, formed a striking contrast to their steadiness, silence, and magnanimity."

While he was helping others to bear their burdens, he had his own private griefs to add to what he felt for these condemned prisoners. A few days after their execution, he lost a little boy who had been an invalid for some time. Besides this sorrow, his daily life was made bitter by the small persecutions of the gaoler, against which he had no

redress. Any complaint was met by a threat that he should be removed to the common prison among the felons, where he would have to sleep in a stone cell without fireplace or window, with an open grating which admitted the rain.

There is no doubt that the constant and harassing trials of this life, as well as the confinement acting upon a sensitive nature, brought on a state of health which led to his premature death.

He was released on Friday, May 29th, 1801, "after an abode of two years in a room in which the sun never shone, and within walls whose height almost excluded his rays from the area of the prison."

And what was the crime for which this penalty was imposed? A few rash and outspoken words, hastily launched on the world in the hope of redressing wrong and injustice. He was treated as a criminal by judge, jury, and gaoler; a man whose moral character was spotless, and whose whole life was freely devoted to the service of his fellows, who valued his own worldly advantage as nothing, and only lived to benefit the oppressed and the suffering. In the cause of what he felt to be truth he did, in effect, lay down his life, for he only left prison to die.

His own release did not make him forget those who were more unhappy than himself, and whom he left behind him. He made an appeal to the superintending magistrate for the prisoners, stating with his usual fearless frankness all those grievances and abuses which he had witnessed himself, and of which he believed the magistrates to be ignorant. The prisoners had confided them to him of their own accord, for he had never tried to stir up discontent amongst them. He was unsuccessful in this application, as might have been expected, since he had no witnesses but the prisoners themselves, and against him there was the testimony of the gaoler, his son, and many leading men in the county. But, though he did not succeed in this instance, he

certainly was the means of drawing attention to the treatment of prisoners, and probably helped to bring about in time a better condition of things.

He intended to draw up an account of Dorchester Gaol, in which he should dwell upon the defects of the system and the treatment of the prisoners which he had had opportunities of observing personally, as the magistrates never had, since all accounts were taken from the gaoler on trust. "A man might be on his books as disorderly, locked up for days, shut up in a cell without fire, because, perhaps, he had found fault with his provisions." In this solitary confinement the unfortunate inmate of the cold, desolate cell was left for fifteen or sixteen hours in winter in total darkness. The prisoners, even before trial, were loaded with heavy irons, under which they could scarcely move, at the discretion of the gaoler. The same spirit which prompted Howard to reform the prisons inspired Gilbert Wakefield: while one is remembered, the other ought not to be quite forgotten.

Soon after leaving Dorchester, Mr. Wakefield returned to Hackney, and took up his old life there, much as before, till the following August, when the shadow of the last change approached. His disease proved to be typhus fever, and made rapid advances, so that in a few days he lost full consciousness, though he had gleams of intelligence and even cheerfulness, in one of which, as his doctor writes, "He fixed his eyes on his wife with a smile and look of tenderness that I shall never forget." His daughter, Anne, who had been so long separated from her beloved and most loving father, only met him again to see him die. After about a week, his disease took the last form of such a fever, and he died on September 9th, 1801, in the forty-sixth year of his age, leaving a widow and six children.

Into these forty-five years Gilbert Wakefield had compressed a great deal of life. He had worked hard and produced

much ; his was an eager nature and a strong individuality ; idleness or inaction was impossible to him. At the age of twenty he had published his first book, and had written altogether a very great amount. Many of his works were famous in their day, and went through many editions ; amongst the best known were the "*Silva Critica*," "*The Spirit of Christianity*," his "*Reply to Paine's Age of Reason*," and the "*Reply to the Bishop of Llandaff*." He published more than fifty works of different kinds, besides many pamphlets. He was an excellent classical scholar and an admirable instructor in what he knew himself.

His domestic life was beautifully gentle and affectionate ; his friendship warm and constant. He was, in an age of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and almost universal indifference to the sufferings of animals, so humane that he gave up fishing, of which he was exceedingly fond, as well as shooting, because every form of cruelty was abhorrent to him. He tried to persuade his friend, Charles James Fox, to do the same, but was unsuccessful in this attempt. He was ascetic in his personal habits, as many men of his type were in that day, and probably weakened his constitution by excessive abstemiousness ; tea was his only weakness. He never employed any but gentle means with his scholars, and he was always opposed to harsh punishments of every kind.

He tried to follow Him whom he always acknowledged (while the world called him a heretic) as his Master and Saviour.

His religious opinions were in some respects peculiar ; he did not entirely join any sect, though he was generally classed with the Unitarians of his day. He believed firmly in Revelation, trying to draw inspiration direct from the Scriptures without the intervention of any Church or Authority. He disagreed with the advocates of what was

called "Natural Religion," declaring that Revelation was the only warrant for belief in resurrection. His own faith was strong in this hope.

The following is the conclusion of a will he made in Dorchester Gaol :—

I wish to be buried with as little expense and ceremony as is consistent with decorum, and hope that my family and friends will not lament my death, which is a motive of joy and not of grief, under an expectation of immortality by the Christian covenant, but rather profit by their fond remembrance of me in avoiding my faults and imitating my virtues.

"I come quickly, and my reward is with me. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen."

This man, "take him for all in all," deserves to be remembered with honour. He lived in difficult times; he endured persecution and calumny; he never flinched from duty; he never resisted the voice of conscience or the call of pity. In an age of bigotry, tyranny, and oppression, he kept true to the English watchword of Freedom. He did something to earn for this generation the blessings of liberty of thought and respect for individual conviction.

Dr. Parr said of him after his death :—

Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might: he knew the value of every fleeting moment; and he improved every talent which a gracious Providence entrusted to him.

MARY E. MARTIN.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

"THE aim of the present study,"* says Mr. Swinburne, "is simply to set down what the writer believes to be certain demonstrable truths as to the progress and development of style, the outer and inner changes of manner as of matter, of method as of design, which may be discerned in the work of Shakespeare." Had Mr. Swinburne adhered to this, his own profession, all lovers of Shakespeare would have been grateful for a poet's thoughts about the great master, however much they might differ from certain of his conclusions, or resent the dogmatism of his tone, as manifested even in the above statement of aim. Is it one of the "demonstrable truths" that King John and Henry VIII. are to be classed together as "examples not as yet perfect of Shakespeare's second manner"? It is suggested "that the passages which would seem most plausibly to indicate the probable partnership of Fletcher—written in a style not elsewhere precisely or altogether traceable in Shakespeare—to which no exact parallel can be found among his other plays—may perhaps be explicable as a tentative essay in a new line by one who tried so many styles before settling into his latest." But even if this unfounded conjecture be admitted as an explanation of the quasi-Fletcher portion of the play, how is the style of the remainder to be reconciled with that of the plays which are, undoubtedly, in the second manner? Fingers, which Mr. Swinburne so despises, are quite sufficient to assure any one who can count syllables by their help that the metre of Henry VIII. is throughout a wholly different one from that of King John which he would place alongside of it, or of King Henry IV. or King Henry V., which he supposes to be its successors.

But this is a question on which surely difference of opinion may be tolerated. What is really regrettable about Mr. Swin-

* A Study of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus.

burne's work, and even painful to those whose ears have been charmed by the surpassing sweetness of his song, is the acerbity and savagery of his style in attacking those who, with humbler powers, but not less loving patience, have devoted themselves to a like study, but not arrived at similar results. "His store of bitter words is inexhaustible," his book "a treasure-house of obloquy." Nor is he content with a sneer or a snarl whenever he crosses the path of some fellow-labourer whom he despises, but must mar the whole volume with a thirty-page appendix of libellous parody on a Society whose whole aim and effort is to make Shakespeare more widely studied and better understood. If, indeed, its utterances are but "the squeak of the real pig," as the last page implies, surely it was beneath a poet's dignity to answer them, and a slight upon the public to publish the answer.

There are many who set small store by Mr. Swinburne's utterances in verse or prose; if we were of them we should care little for that virulent vituperation which sours his style. But it is because we value his criticism as that of a true poet, loving at once and intelligent, that we deplore these aberrations. He has been a student of Shakespeare, than whom none, it would seem, more persevering; an admirer not to be outdone in enthusiastic loyalty: and yet not thereby blinded, as are so many, to the errors of judgment and faults of style which are inevitable in the work of one who wrote incessantly from early youth to manhood. "It is difficult to say to what depths of bad taste the writer of certain passages in *Venus and Adonis* could not fall before his genius or his judgment was full-grown." It is a bold saying, but the candid acceptance of it would save students and commentators from much feeble apology, or idle guess-work in assigning to other playwrights all that seems to them unworthy of their ideal dramatist.

We trust that some day when his own genius and judgment are full-grown, Mr. Swinburne may give us a worthier study of Shakespeare, tempering with charity his criticism of fellow-workers, however humble, and rising with the dignity of his subject above the petty prepossessions of contemporary literary squabbles.

Lovers of Mr. Browning will be loth to accept his own estimate of the true poet-soul,* as rock soil, surface hard and bare, on

* *Dramatic Idylls*. Second Series. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

which sun and dew, storm and frost spend themselves in vain, where few flowers awaken, and whose worth is only proved by the solitary, stately pine which slowly rears itself in some cleft and grows to be a landmark on the mountain. We think of "Paradise Lost," but remember that the soil from which it grew gave birth to many a graceful tree and stately flower as the seed of occasion fell upon it; nor is Hamlet the solitary monument to Shakespeare's glory, nor the Faerie Queene to Spenser. Surely in modest self-depreciation were the lines written:—

"Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke :
Soil so quick-receptive,—not one feather-seed,
Not one flower-dust fell but straight its fall awoke
Vitalising virtue : song would song succeed
Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet-soul !"

Only to be repudiated with

Indeed ?
Rock's the song soil rather, &c.

At all events, they characterise Mr. Browning's genius in a striking manner, and might well have been designed as motto for these his two latest productions styled *Dramatic Idylls*. Nothing too little or too great, too rough, coarse, savage, or grotesque for a poem. "Publican Black Ned Bratts and Tabby, his big wife, too : Both in a muck sweat ;"—Halbert and Hob, the father and son, "wild men of the genuine wild beast breed ;"—Old Tray, the dog who leapt into the stream to bring up the doll after having saved the drowning child ;—such were among the subjects of the First Series of *Idylls*. In this volume there is no poem, it seems to us, so full of power as are two of these just mentioned, or "Ivan Ivanovitch," who made himself on the instant judge and executioner of the mother who stood before him self-convicted of having saved her life by giving her children to the wolves, but there is no lack of either force or variety. We have the Rabbi's tale of Satan, how, angered at the saying among men that stronger than his own first-born Death is a bad wife, he himself became man to marry and try conclusions, we need not say to his own confusion.

One dose,
One grain, one mite of the medicament
Sufficed him.

Then of Muléykeh, "the peerless mare," the poor Hóseyn's one treasure, valued above lands and gold, whom yet he lets go to

the thief rather than by a word restrain her in flight and have it said that Muléykeh had been overtaken in pursuit, and lost her peerless glory. Three lines of Virgil hinting at a lost legend of the capture of Luna—

Munere sic niveo lanæ, si credere dignum est.
Pan, deus Arcadiæ, captam te, Luna, fefellit
In nemora alta vocans, nec tu aspernata vocantem—

supply the theme of a poem purposely a little obscure. How "but these two gifts, cleverness uncurbed by conscience," are a spell potent above any endowments of magic to lead a man to office and rule is the moral of the legend, "not sung, but lilted" to the lilt with which in music the poem concludes, of Pietro of Abano. But of all the pieces in this volume the most striking is the story of Clive's one moment of fear. Fear, thinks the friend to whom he tells the story, of death when he found himself at the mercy of the antagonist, whom he had accused of cheating at cards. No, with a volley of angry oaths, he explains, but fear lest the man had spared his life and branded him with the name of liar—*forgiven* him, and forced him to save his honour by picking up the weapon his adversary had thrown aside and using it on himself.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." It is in the great deep of the human soul, amid its abysses revealed now and again by the stress of life and storms of passion, that lies the business of this greatest of living English poets. To accuse him of obscurity, of coarseness, of choosing subjects vulgar or revolting, is but to accuse human nature of being what it is, or the poet of making man his study. After all, is not Shakespeare open to all these reproaches, except that the matchless simplicity of his style often conceals from the ordinary reader the obscurity of his meaning and purpose? Mr. Browning is not certainly a poet to be recommended as light reading after dinner, or for an hour of recreation; but the preacher to living men and the student of human nature will find in him, we believe, a master who will never fail to reward the serious attention of his scholars with deeper knowledge and ever-renewed delight.

CHARLES HARGROVE.

THE recent numbers of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift* are so full of matter as to place great difficulty in the way of any one who wishes as briefly as possible to draw attention to their singular interest and importance, which the language and the rareness of the publication in England might otherwise conceal from the students of a liberal theology. The inquiries here embraced are distinguished by breadth no less than by a moderation that shows well beside the heat with which critical subjects are habitually discussed in this country. The critical spirit is always there; but it is held in check. The theologians of Holland have learned that liberation from dogmatic despotism need not bring with it a wanton contempt for the enduring principles contained even in what seem the most antiquated husks. On the contrary, they find that the more one looks into and searches out the forms of truth that have given its spiritual life to Christendom, the better and truer they come to appear, and the more they are in accord with the larger faith of the world. Such an impression is given by the last papers which Dr. A. H. Blom, of Dordrecht, has contributed to the January and July numbers of the *Tijdschrift*. These "Paulinische Studiën," now making a series of six, will not, it is to be hoped, be allowed to remain in a fugitive shape. The closeness of their reasoning defies a rapid analysis; and, rather than mislead or prejudice the reader by any attempt to reproduce Dr. Blom's acute studies of Pauline metaphysics, we are compelled to refer him to the articles themselves.

In a paper on "The Importance of the Paschal Controversy for Christian Theology," Dr. J. W. Straatman draws out the incidental bearing of the question upon the origin of the observance of Sunday. As this observance is not in England even now the "antiquarian" matter it seems to Dr. Straatman, we are glad to quote his argument at some little length. Those who refer the custom to the apostolic age, have only two places in its literature to point to. In one of these, the author of the Revelation, they say, fixes the beginning of his vision in the words, "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day." It is reasonable to object to the assumption that the later use of a word can be established by a single early example. In fact, had not every one agreed that Sunday must be a primitive institution, it is improbable that any one would have thought of finding it here.

The diction of the Revelation looks so steadily backward upon the Old Testament that it is not only natural, it is inevitable, to understand the phrase as referring to the great Day of the Lord of the prophets, the *ἡμέρα* of Christian writers. The only other evidence of the observance of Sunday in the first age of the Church is that harmless provident suggestion of Paul's, that those who wished to contribute to the alms he was collecting for their fellow-Christians in Judea, would do well to lay by their money "on the first day of the week," obviously for fear they should spend it before the week was out. Dr. Straatman sensibly remarks that had Sunday been then kept, the arrangement would have been, not to "lay by," but to offer, the alms to some one appointed by the congregation. In any case, the evidence is slender indeed for the immense superstructure it has had to bear,* and the *à priori* argument receives a final shock from Dr. Straatman's inference from the Paschal controversy. "If," he says, "it be true that the 14th of Nisan"—whatever the day of the week—"was originally the universal Paschal feast among the Gentile-Christians, and that it was only after the reaction against Judaism, in the time of Hadrian, that the influence of Rome transferred it to the Sunday after the 14th, then there can remain no doubt that the Christian observance of Sunday did not exist before this reaction" (xiv. p. 303). The final desolation of Judea in the year 135 marks the final separation of Jew and Christian. Judaisers no longer impeded the free growth of the Christian Church; and when a new day of rest had to be found and could not now be modelled on the Jewish Sabbath, men looked back on the first creation of the world and the creation of light on the first day; and it seemed that the new creation of the world must begin on the same day. Sunday, according to its oldest apologists, is not a commemoration of the resurrection of Christ; on the contrary, Christ gave the example of its first observance. So far from its being a transferred Sabbath, its essential difference in origin, character, and mode of observance, was elaborately explained by the help of every artifice of illustration and symbolism.

In the department of Old Testament criticism, we have two more of Prof. Kuenen's "Contributions to the Criticism of the Pentateuch and Joshua" in the May issue of the *Tijdschrift*, characteristic in their exhaustive treatment but too technical to

* Reference to Acts xx. 7 is precluded by the critical difficulties that surround the question of the date of the book.

be reproduced here. They discuss the sources of Genesis xxxiv. and Exodus xvi. The March number contains a long paper on the oldest of the prophets, Amos, by Prof. Oort. Those who are familiar with this scholar's previous monographs will not be surprised at the brilliancy of conjecture and the originality that mark the essay. But if he has lost none of his thoroughness (see, for instance, the way in which he proves the northern nationality of the prophet, pp. 122—127), it is matter for congratulation that he has tempered his critical impetuosity, and is now more eager to persuade than to astonish.

R. LANE POOLE.

THE late Sir William Wilde, working in the spirit of "Old Mortality," was at some pains to prepare a memoir of one of the well-nigh forgotten pioneers of the science to which his own contributions are so valuable and lasting.* Gabriel Beranger, who was born at Rotterdam in 1729, was descended from Huguenot refugees, of whom one branch had settled in Ireland. In that country, whither he repaired on his marriage, the influence of friends secured him an official post, and the death of a relative placed him in circumstances which enabled him to gratify his tastes as an artist and antiquary. His careful drawings and descriptive comments have preserved the features of many then crumbling and now demolished ruins in various parts of Ireland, and entitle him to that rescue from oblivion which he has gained for them.

Sir William Wilde's account of Beranger's long career, for he lived to be nearly ninety, is enriched with discussions on certain of the relics, and we turn with interest to his common-sense remarks, notably on the Round Towers, a distinctive feature of Ireland, and one concerning which many absurd theories have been broached. Sir William considers that the first "were built solely and exclusively as places of defence and security," and not as phallic emblems or "Druidical" temples. The completion of this biography, unhappily prevented by his illness and death, was undertaken by Lady Wilde, who fitly maintains the continuity of the history of Irish archæology by brief reference to her learned husband's researches. One of the most

* Memoir of Gabriel Beranger and his Labours in the Cause of Irish Art and Antiquities from 1760 to 1780. By Sir William Wilde, M.D. Dublin: Gill and Son.

important results of these was the discovery of the "crannoges" or lake-dwellings in Ireland, while Sir William's classification of the antiquities of that island is of permanent value for the comparative study of the science of culture.

EDWARD CLODD.

M. RENAN'S lectures,* delivered in April last, appeared almost simultaneously in French and in an English translation by the Rev. Charles Beard, in the series of Hibbert Lectures inaugurated by Prof. Max Müller. The French edition includes, besides the Hibbert course, the lecture on Marcus Aurelius, delivered at the Royal Institution, which appeared in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*. But there is a much more important difference between the two editions before us. Of the references which stud the pages of the English edition, the French contains, we believe, only three; of the valuable foot-notes, which, in the opinion of all but the most casual reader, must be held to be of equal interest with the text, it contains none at all. And further: illustrative matter of much value and singular appropriateness in its connection is ruthlessly cut out of the French text, sometimes to the amount of three or four pages at a time, and disappears altogether. It may be, of course, that this text represents the lectures as they were actually delivered; but the real ground of the difference appears to us to be this: In the English form, M. Renan's Hibbert Lectures are a presentation to the English public of certain of the most important results of studies which the author has traced at length in the latter volumes of his great work *Les Origines du Christianisme*, entitled respectively, *L'Antechrist* and *Les Évangiles*, with apparatus sufficient to enable the reader to criticise and check these results as he goes; while in the French, we have a work intended, not to take rank upon the library shelf with these more finished productions, but to serve the purpose, as it assumes the form, of a popular brochure.

But we should be doing an obvious injustice to M. Renan if we were to represent these lectures as nothing more than a *réchauffé*

* Ernest Renan. *Conférences d'Angleterre*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

The Hibbert Lectures, 1890. Lectures on the Influence of the Institutions, Thought, and Culture of Rome, on Christianity and the Development of the Christian Church. Translated by Charles Beard, B.A. Williams and Norgate, London and Edinburgh.

of matter which has appeared in the larger works. The light which was therein incidentally thrown upon Rome in her relation to Christianity is here brought to a focus. Rome, not Palestine, is here the point of departure, and Christianity is a phenomenon rising upon the Roman horizon. The title of the first lecture—"In what Sense is Christianity the Work of Rome?"—scarcely describes its purport. It presents us with a striking picture of the Roman of the Augustan age, first in his religious condition, or rather in the unreligious condition, in which the falling away of the old faith of Latium had left him—a faith puerile and inefficient at best, but now become a mere matter of traditional observance connected with civil offices, and, in so far as it carried with it any element of veneration, attaching it to such political conceptions as the *Salus Populi Romani*, or the Genius of the Emperor. The two great facts, that Roman religion had no dogma and no zeal, and that the Empire levelled all nationalities, conduced to a wide toleration and great individual freedom. The Genius of Rome was welcomed in the provinces, and, in return, the Pantheon of Rome made room for a crowd of provincial gods. Liberty of trade and industry, and, moreover, liberty of learning and teaching, together with wealth and comfort, prevailed to an extent unknown before. One people and one religion alone withstood the tide of compromise and fusion. The despised Jew felt no pleasure at incorporation into a world-wide dominion, and was content to stand as much aloof as he could, to be regarded as "*hostis humani generis*." "It was impossible to pass off Jehovah as a Lar, or to associate with Him the Genius of the Emperor." True, there were many semi-Oriental systems in which the Semitic ideas which the Roman mind could not assimilate in the original block were dissolved into "mysteries" which offered a temporary relief to the "religious nullity of Rome;" and these formed a medium through which the sentiment of religious awe, and the conception of the mystic brotherhood of religious communion, which had long ago faded out of the temples of Italy, were once again realised. But Judaism itself would make no terms with Rome: the connection, which soon became to other peoples a privilege and a pride, was never anything but a galling yoke to her. Yet with this uncompromising enemy of Rome the ultimate triumph rests. Rome only cleared the field for the victory—which her most direct assaults did most to ensure—of Judaism. "It is Judaism in its Christian form that Rome has unconsciously pro-

pagated, and that with such vigour as, after a certain time has elapsed, to make Romanism and Christianity almost synonymous terms."

The second lecture—"The Legend of the Roman Church"—treats specially of the *city* in its relation to early Christianity; and here M. Renan's descriptive power, and his wealth of literary allusion and local knowledge, are seen at their best. We shall not attempt to summarise his graphic account of the Jews' quarter in the Trastevere. It was among the squalid, lawless, "long shore" population of this Roman Alsatia that Christianity was first preached, about the year 50 A.D., Aquila and Priscilla, "whom legend, always unjust because always moulded by motives of policy, have expelled from the Christian Pantheon," having most to do with the movement. This Christianity was, it is important to note, not Pauline in its origin.

It was a Jewish-Christian product, attaching itself directly to the Church of Jerusalem. In it Paul will never be on his own ground; he will feel the presence in this great Church of many weaknesses, which he will treat with indulgence, but which will offend his lofty idealism. Given to circumcision and to external observances; Ebionite both in its love of abstinences and in its doctrine; more Jewish than Christian in its conception of the person and death of Jesus; strongly attached to millenarianism,—the Roman Church displays from the beginning the essential characteristics which distinguished it throughout its long and marvellous history. The legitimate daughter of Jerusalem, the Roman Church will always have a certain ascetic and sacerdotal character, opposed to the Protestant tendency of Paul. Peter will be her real head. . . . She will be the Church of authority. . . . The good and the evil which the Church of Jerusalem did to a nascent Christianity, the Church of Rome will do to the universal Church. In vain Paul will address to her his noble Epistle, expounding the mystery of the Cross of Christ, and salvation by faith alone. She will not understand it. But Luther, fourteen centuries and a half later, will understand it, and will open a new era in the secular series of the alternate triumphs of Peter and of Paul (pp. 57, *et seq.*).

In the year 61, according to our author, Paul comes to Rome a prisoner. In discussing the question of Peter's residence there, he strongly negatives the traditional supposition that Peter was already in Rome when Paul arrived (had been there since 42, according to the chronological scheme of the Catholic Church), and maintains, as in a former work (*L'Antechrist*, p. 30), his belief that Peter came to Rome after Paul. Then follows the story of the fire and of the Neronian persecution, which M. Renan has before worked out in such admirable detail. It could not be better told than in the words already used in *L'Antechrist*, and we are not surprised to find them reproduced here (Cf. *Conf.*, pp. 79, &c.; *L'Ante.*, pp. 145, &c.); and in the English translation

we have nearly the whole of the valuable body of notes which accompanied the text in the former work.

The Judæo-Christianity of Peter and the Hellenism of Paul having both made good their foothold in Rome, and each having endowed the Roman Church with the memory of a martyred founder, one great step in concentration is necessary. The theocratic dream which centred about Jerusalem must be dissipated, and the links of association which bound the Christian Church to the soil of Judæa must be rudely snapped. The destruction of Jerusalem and the temple gave to Christianity an independent life. If Titus thought that the demolition of the temple would be the ruin of Christianity as well as of Judaism (and M. Renan is inclined to ascribe to Titus a deliberate intention in the matter, *Lect.* p. 115, &c.; *L'Ante.* p. 516), he was, in reality, doing his utmost to secure its success.

If the temple had remained, Christianity would have been arrested in its development. The temple, still standing, would have continued to be the centre of all Jewish activities. They would never have ceased to look upon it as earth's most sacred spot; to resort to it in pilgrimage, to bring thither their tribute. The Church of Jerusalem, assembled about the sacred enclosure, would have continued, in virtue of its primacy, to receive the homage of the whole world, to persecute the Christians of the Pauline Churches, to exact circumcision and the practice of the Mosaic law from all who desired to call themselves disciples of Jesus. All fruitful missionary effort would have been forbidden; letters of obedience, signed at Jerusalem, would have been exacted from all wandering preachers.* A centre of infallible authority, a patriarchate, residing in a kind of College of Cardinals, under the presidency of such persons as James, pure Jews, men belonging to the family of Jesus, would have been established, and would have become an immense danger to the nascent Church (pp. 116—17).

But "Rome is about to take up the part of James. We are to have the Pope of Rome; without Titus we should have had the Pope of Jerusalem" (p. 122).

The Christian Church of Jerusalem is reduced to secondary importance; the little knots that gather in Batanea around the members of the family of Jesus, the sons of Cleopas, soon cease to have any but the most limited and local importance, and are destined, as Ebionites and heretics, to dwindle away and utterly disappear. The Church in Rome, on the other hand, becomes the centre of organisation and authority. It set itself to provide and legislate for a future which visionary souls here and there, clinging to the hope of a speedy Parousia, were still unwilling to recognise as possible. Clement of Rome appears (in a picture reproduced from *Les Évangiles*) as the ruling spirit which was to

* See the letters at the head of the Pseudo-Clementine Homilies.

make the Roman Church the Church of order and subordination. And his First Epistle (which our author holds to be authentic, *Lect.* p. 127; *Les Evan.* p. 319) is "the first manifesto of the principle of authority made in the Christian Church." The question of the Episcopate is not yet reached; it is the privilege of the Presbyterial body that is now at stake. The Presbyters are to be respected as holders of powers transmitted from the apostles. The law of liberty in the spiritual man,—the equal right of spiritual gifts, knowing no subordination save in proportion as they tended to general edification; this was "an anarchic Utopia, holding no promise of the future. With evangelical liberty, disorder went hand-in-hand; they did not see that in the long run hierarchy meant uniformity and death." Certainly, the *presbyteri* of the first century did not foresee that, in the second, that power which they successfully demanded from the community of the faithful would be taken from them and concentrated in the person of the *Episcopos*; nor did the *Episcopi* foresee that that power which in the second century they so successfully asserted against the Bishop of Rome would, in the nineteenth, be dogmatically absorbed into the person of the Pope.

The progress of the Episcopate and the growing pre-eminence of the Roman Church and its Bishops are the chief themes of the Fourth Lecture, entitled "Rome the Capital of Catholicism." These receive a number of most interesting illustrations from Christian literature, the most striking of which, however—*e.g.*, from the pseudo-Pauline epistles to Timothy and Titus, the epistles of Ignatius, and the fragments of Melito preserved in Eusebius—do not appear in the French edition. The historical review ends with a notice of the decline of Roman influence brought about by the fact that Constantine, while making the Empire Christian, allied it to Eastern rather than Western Christianity. The lectures close with an eloquent eulogy of religious liberty and toleration, in which we cannot fail to notice a covert reference to the recent action of the French Government with regard to the Jesuits:—

Liberty is the best weapon against the enemies of liberty. Some say to us in all sincerity, "We accept liberty from you because, in accordance with your principles, you owe it us; but you shall not have it from us, because we do not owe it you." Well, let us give them liberty notwithstanding, nor imagine that we shall be overreached in the bargain. No; liberty is the great dissolvent of fanaticisms. When I claim liberty for my foe, for the man who would put me down if he had the power, I really offer him the most fatal of all gifts. I compel him to drink a strong draught that will turn his head, while I keep sober. . . . We do more harm to dogmatism

by treating it with implacable mildness than by persecuting it, for by this mildness we inculcate the principle which cuts up dogmatism by the roots—the principle, namely, that all metaphysical controversy is barren, and that in this region of thought, truth is for each what he thinks he can dimly discern" (pp. 205—6).

A volume like this, composed partly of details which must take their place as part of the author's most valuable contributions to historical study, and partly of an outline into which the details have still to be fitted, is not easy to criticise. We have preferred simply to indicate the line which M. Renan has taken, and by which he has connected some of the most perfectly-wrought episodes of his great work. We fear that the attention of hundreds of English readers, attracted and arrested for a time by the startling character of the first and least satisfactory volume of "*Les Origines du Christianisme*"—*The Life of Jesus*—died away almost as suddenly as it had been aroused. Few read *The Apostles*, fewer still the *St. Paul*. The former of these found an English translator; the latter, we believe, did not. We trust that the publication of these Hibbert Lectures will recall popular attention to the great gifts of research, combination, and exposition, which M. Renan undoubtedly possesses. Never before, we may venture to affirm, was the story of early Christianity invested with such interest, such verisimilitude, as he has succeeded in imparting to it. The scholar may object to particular assumptions or inferences here and there; but all scholars would agree that the general reading of M. Renan's books in England would do incalculable good in quickening the *historic sense* in which the Christendom of our day is weak, and for lack of which a rising generation seems inclined to regard Christianity itself with a supercilious depreciation.

The Hibbert Trustees were fortunate in being able to entrust the work of translating these lectures to the skilful hands of Mr. Beard, who has succeeded admirably in preserving the vivacity of the original while clothing it in flowing and not too rhetorical English; fortunate, too, in being able to pay a just compliment to their lecturer by appending to the volume the graceful speech in which Dr. Martineau offered to him the thanks of his audience. Dr. Martineau makes a pathetic confession that he has lost all he should have derived from France but his name and his descent; he proves, however, that he is by no means M. Renan's inferior in that *curiosa felicitas* of diction which constitutes so much of the charm of the French scholar's pages.

J. E. O.

IT is, perhaps, not surprising that Mr. Conway's extraordinary book * has so quickly reached a second edition. His conception of his subject has provided his clever pen with ample scope to display its popular powers. Few men can tell stories of devilry better than Mr. Conway. No man probably can rail at the gods with an effrontery more charming to their enemies. Moreover, Mr. Conway is a travelled man—up and down the earth, and up and down literature—and wherever he has travelled he has sought out the things he calls demons and devils, and in his book describes them with pen and pencil. Accordingly, people who like a book of piquant narratives, outrageous attacks on sacred things, interspersed with a good deal of out-of-the-way knowledge, can no doubt read this of Mr. Conway's with pleasure. On the other hand, people who really want to get a serious and accurate acquaintance with the subject which this work proposes to handle, must look elsewhere. Mr. Conway appears to believe in nothing else than Nature and Evolution. His realm of devils embraces all "the phantasms which man has conjured up from obstacles encountered in his progressive adaptation to the conditions of existence on his planet." All man's divinities, Elohim, Jehovah, Zeus, the Holy Ghost, are in his view such obstacles, and are confounded in one frightful limbo of superstitions. Indeed, the divinities obtain less favour than the devils. While the very name of Jehovah acts on Mr. Conway as an exciting phantom, Mephistopheles is all but a perfect ideal: he is "culture." Of course, Mr. Conway has a perfect right to maintain his theory, that any idea of the supernatural is a mere phantom of a disordered brain, and he has an equal right to maintain that all man's divinities as well as his demons are obstructions to his progress. But it ought to be obvious to every one that the just condition of a science of such supernatural phantoms is to carefully keep apart the two classes which those who have believed in them have regarded as so diametrically opposed. A science of superstitions has surely to deal with the *beliefs* of bygone times; and the division of supernatural agencies and powers into devils and divinities was, generally speaking, the most characteristic feature of those

* *Demonology and Devil-Lore.* By Moncure Daniel Conway, M.A., B.D., of Divinity College, Harvard University, Cambridge, U.S.A., Member of the Anthropological Institute, London. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. London: Chatto and Windus. 1880.

beliefs. But Mr. Conway also neglects the fundamental maxim of modern mythological science, to get at the feeling and conviction which underlies every mythological conception. He never tries to find the religious idea and feeling which led to the symbol of a divinity or a demon. He disbelieves himself in all gods and devils, and at times leads his reader back to the exploded notion that the priests invented both.

Mr. Conway's treatment of the details of his subject is as little trustworthy as his notion of its scope and his method of inquiry are scientific. He ventures the wildest and most astounding statements in opposition to the conclusions of best authorities, without the slightest show of evidence in support of them. For instance, he says (II., p. 46):—"The actions ascribed (in the Bible) to the Elohim, who created the heavens and the earth, generally reflect the powerful and unmoral forces of Nature. . . . When good and evil come to be spoken of, the name Jehovah at once appears." Such a distinction between Elohim and Jehovah is utterly foreign to the Biblical use of these names. In his account of the Elohist and Yahvist creations of Genesis, Mr. Conway's attempt (II., p. 79, *seq.*) to make a Biblical Danaë and Jupiter myth is not only characteristically wild and baseless, but furnishes typical illustrations of his scholarship. The Hebrew word *yatsar* is not to bear the simple meaning of *formed*, and *aphar* is more correctly rendered *sperma* by the Septuagint. Moreover, there is no reference whatever to the *sex* of the woman in the verses which describe her creation, the word for help-meet—*ezer*—being masculine. Now, we have here two extraordinary mis-statements of the fact. The LXX. render *aphar* by *χόος* and Eve is named by Adam *ishsha*, which is simply a feminine formation from *ish*, *man*, rendered by Luther *Männin*. The attempt to make the words *yatsar* and *aphar* allude to sexual matters, is equally groundless. One more illustration of Mr. Conway's exegesis of his documents.

"Out of the north an evil shall break forth upon all the inhabitants of the land." So said Jeremiah (i. 14), in pursuance of nearly universal traditions as to the region of space in which demons and devils had their abode. "Hell is naked before him," says Job (xxvi. 6), "and destruction hath no covering. He stretcheth out the north over the empty place." According to the Hebrew mythology, this habitation of demons was a realm of perpetual cold and midnight, which Jehovah, in creating the world, purposely left chaotic: so it was prepared for the Devil and his angels at the foundation of the world.—II., p. 115 *seq.*

Now, no one who will read Jeremiah's references to the enemy

from the *north* can avoid seeing that he is thinking simply of the Scythian and Chaldean invaders from the north of Asia. The passage from Job itself shows that in it, at all events, the *north* is not hell, but something suspended over it. Consultation of any good commentary would supply proof of the fact that the Hebrews, instead of looking on the north as the abode of devils, are inclined, in common with other nations of Asia, to look in that direction for the mountain-dwellings of deity (Isa. xiv. 13; Ez. xxviii. 14). If Mr. Conway replies, "Just so; I call all gods devils," we should have only another illustration of his radical unfitness to write a book on this terribly serious chapter of human history.

J. F. S.

PROFESSOR LANKESTER'S "Degeneration"* is a reprint and expansion of an address delivered before the British Association at Sheffield last year. It marks an epoch in scientific thinking only second to that made by Dr. Darwin, twenty-one years ago; and, like his great chief, the writer has wisely left his generalisation to speak for itself without prejudging, or even indicating, its possible ethical and religious applications, and has thus protected himself from the charge of unworthy or mixed motives, foreign to the spirit of pure science.

The essential heart of Darwin's theory is its doctrine of evolution by the process of natural selection, taking advantage of such small variations as benefit the creature concerned; and the transmission of these changes until they culminate in specific distinctions. Its method rests upon the validity of our judgment that the scale of value in organic life runs parallel with the specialisations of organs to particular functions; those creatures in which this largely obtains being considered high, while those of less complexity are considered low. It seems obvious that if we consider elaboration by natural selection to be possible, degeneration from higher to lower types must be possible also. Mr. Darwin fully recognises this when he insists upon the great value of disused and aborted organs, as way-marks of development and survivals of former condition; but it has hardly been recognised how extensively this downward process has operated, and how much light it can throw upon the puzzling and intricate variety of life-forms, and their complicated

* Degeneration. A Chapter in Darwinism. Professor E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

relations to each other. It is these things which Mr. Lankester's book makes plain for us in a very uncompromising scientific way, and yet with sufficient popularity for intelligent and observant readers.

It is interesting to note, by the way, how, in the application of great scientific truths, especially in their moral and spiritual bearings, it is the poet who is always the prophet, and that only after a generation or so the man of science, the moralist, and the preacher, come toiling after the son of song up the sunlit summit of truth. It has taken evolutionists twenty-one years to seize this law of degeneration; but more than thirty years ago Mr. Tennyson wrote "The Vision of Sin," where it is all stated so plainly and nakedly that the poem reads to-day like a comment upon Professor Lankester's book; and fully twenty years ago Charles Kingsley, who entered literature as a poet, and was to the last more of a poet than anything else, put into his fairy tale of the "Water Babies" the history of the great and famous nation of the "Do-as-you-likes," which is, also, an unmistakable chapter in degeneration. With Tennyson and Kingsley the insight was intuitive and prophetic; here we have the facts upon which it rests, in what ways it works, and how it helps to explain large classes of phenomena hitherto very puzzling to the naturalist.

Without attempting any close analysis of the book, or any laboured criticism of its argument, it may be useful to indicate the lines on which it proceeds. Science is defined to be the inquiry into causes, and its method is the same as that by which the knowledge of causes is gained in every-day life. The first step is by the exercise of the imagination to frame an hypothesis; the second, to experimentally test the soundness of the hypothesis; and the third, observation of results and generalisation from them by which the hypothesis is confirmed or condemned. Darwinism is accepted as proven because it has followed this path, and stood this test; and according to it, the forces of natural selection may act in any one of three ways—either to keep a thing as it is, which is *balance*, or to increase the complexity of its structure, producing a higher form, which is *elaboration*, or to decrease the complexity of its structure, producing a lower form, which is *degeneration*. A certain form of degeneration has been for some years recognised in parasitic and half-parasitic animals, under what has been called *retrogressive metamorphosis*, but it now appears that this law must be carried much further, and that its power to discover causes can

explain, not these cases only of the atrophy of unused limbs, but those more extreme ones, where degeneration has implicated a variety of organs, so that the senses, the nervous system, the digestive organs, and even the mouth, have all become obliterated. Instead of there being, as in *elaboration*, a new expression of form and function, there is a suppression of form and function; this is, of course, taking the creature on the whole; it does not hinder what, in fact, is generally the case, the *elaboration* of some one organ accompanying *degeneration* in all the rest.

The conditions which determine degeneration are: First, any change which, by making food and safety easy, takes the animal out of the struggle for life. Thus, if a creature change its habits, and, instead of fighting its own battle, become parasitic, its limbs and sense-organs may one by one disappear until it becomes a mere sac, absorbing nourishment and laying eggs. Second, a sessile, or immovable habit of life. Many things which, while very young, are vigorous and active, presently fix themselves to some object; all the active organs become absorbed, and so they spend the rest of their existence, either solitary, or in communities. From their early free condition it is inferred that they are the degenerative forms of free-moving creatures, and in many cases the degeneration has gone so far that vertebrate animals have sunk from reptilian forms, like the frog or triton, to almost the base of organised existence. Third, from unexplained causes, animals sometimes take, partially or wholly, to vegetative forms of nutrition, feeding by absorption instead of digestion, and no longer needing to seek for food but lying basking in the sun, like plants, the limbs and sense-organs become aborted or pass away. Fourth, great scarcity of food may lead to degeneration, by giving advantage to smaller-sized individuals, who do not need so great an amount of nutriment, and thus, by natural selection, the race may become reduced to microscopic proportions, and many organs not needed in that condition may be lost. There is, lastly, a condition which may be called *arrested development*, in which the creature commences life in a larval condition, which, at some point before the adult form is reached, is permanently arrested. This condition may be temporarily produced by starvation or withholding the stimulus of light, and these causes, indefinitely continued, would probably cause its permanence.

The foregoing considerations will apply with equal force to the vegetable world, and it needs but a little vividness of the

imagination and power of spiritual insight, to see how closely they will apply to the life of man, to the development of civilisation, to the history of nations, to the laws affecting the growth or decay of individual character, and to the whole realm of morals and religion. He is a poor preacher indeed, who will not be able to get out of this little book suggestive material for putting ethical intensity and wide practical bearings into many a sermon.

T. W. F.

A WORK of this nature * can only be tested by long and constant use, and has very little to hope or fear from notices and reviews. If it is found practically to serve its purpose, it will make its way to general acceptance; and if not, no admiration for its laborious conscientiousness can possibly save it from neglect. Meanwhile, it is worth noticing that on the eve of the publication of the Revised Translation of the New Testament, scholars and publishers still seem to have unbounded faith in the permanence of our "Authorised Version," and do not shrink from very extensive enterprises which must collapse utterly if ever the text of the English Bible in general use should change. All that we can attempt at present is to indicate the advantages which this new Concordance endeavours to secure. In the first place, it claims to give one hundred and eighteen thousand references more than Cruden. In the second place, it is so arranged that, on referring to any passage, we see the original Hebrew or Greek of the key-word, with its primitive or literal meaning. In the third place, every New Testament passage which is omitted, or which is subject to any important variation in the best MSS., is enclosed in square brackets: there are thirty thousand of them in all. These advantages are sufficiently substantial, and, as far as we have been able to judge, the execution of the work fully carries out its design. On the other side, we have to mention the slightly increased difficulty in finding a passage which results from the splitting up of the texts containing the same English key-word under several heads corresponding to the several originals; and the total omission of all references to the Apocryphal books. Dr. Young's *naïveté* is almost incredible. He regrets the lack of ancient MSS. of the Old Testament, but is not without hope that excavations in the Temple area "may

* Analytical Concordance to the Bible, &c. By Robert Young, LL.D. Edinburgh. 1879.

yet provide us with MSS. of the age of Josiah, or of David, if not with the very autographs once preserved with the Ark of the Tabernacle;" but we are bound to add that an inspection of several test passages has convinced us that his special doctrinal or critical views have had no distorting influence upon the thoroughly impartial spirit in which he has carried out his stupendous labour. We doubt whether any form of *English Concordance* can be of very essential value to the genuine student of the Bible in enabling him to compare parallel passages or judge of literary problems; but Dr. Young's Concordance, together with its projected Hebrew and Greek index, will certainly do the most that can be done in this direction; and meanwhile the ordinary sermon writer who only wants his Concordance to help him to find the texts he is in search of, will have a great deal of valuable information about them incidentally conveyed to him by means of this book. Whether the light will always be welcome, or will always further the proximate object of the consultation, is neither our business nor Dr. Young's!

Since the above was in type, we have received the promised Hebrew and Greek Indices which supplement the Concordance. The whole work forms a very complete instrument for the verbal study of the Authorised Version in connection with the originals. Dr. Young has seen fit to add a number of Appendices for the use of "Sabbath School Teachers" and "Divinity Students," which contain some useful analytical tables, and in the course of which he gives an account of "Rationalism in its latest development," disposes of the "Waw converseive," suggests sundry questions for Bible classes,* and performs many other feats which leave the essential merits of his work unimpaired, though they seriously disfigure it by their absurdity.

P. H. W.

WE have from America an interesting and useful volume of nine essays, contributed by men of very various shades of theological and philosophical belief.† The subjects dealt with

* e.g. "Did animals prey upon one another before the Fall, or were they then differently constituted?" "*Marriage with a deceased wife's sister* :—Is this forbidden at all, or only during her life-time, or is it a prohibition of Polygamy, as some say?"

† Institute Essays. Read before the "Ministers' Institute," Providence, R.I. October, 1879. With an Introduction by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D. Boston. 1880.

are some of the most crucial questions of philosophy and criticism, such as the relation of modern philosophy to Christianity, the idea of God, the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, Monotheism and the Jews. The treatment these and kindred subjects receive is always interesting, and in the case of some of the essays, decidedly able. That on "Monotheism and the Jews," by Dr. Gustav Gottheil, Rabbi in New York, is certainly, from a literary point of view, one of the best. As a defence of Judaism as one of the great religions with a title to live, it is striking and ingenious, though to the reviewer not convincing. Professor Everett's paper is exceedingly interesting as one of the numerous signs on both sides of the Atlantic of a revival of hope in Hegelianism as the religious philosophy of the future. Mr. Francis E. Abbot's essay on "The Influence of Philosophy upon Christianity" is a good illustration of the unfair handling Christianity has to meet with at the hands of its modern enemies. They refuse the name of Christians to those who desire to free their religion from some of the false accretions of ages, and maintain that orthodoxy is its only genuine form. Having made this unjust assumption, they proceed to show that Christianity and philosophy are at variance. Strauss set Mr. Francis Abbot an example in this respect, and he follows it with much the same result. The reasoning of Mr. John W. Chadwick's paper on "The Idea of God," appears to us to suffer under two serious errors. They are, the notion that the essence of religion is in a sense of mystery, and that religion can ever stop short of, or get beyond, the communion of the human with the divine spirit. The need of help is much more the essence of religion than a feeling of mystery. And surely the mind which can conceive that if God has not consciousness "he has something better," is in a most abnormal condition. We men are committing mental and religious suicide when we dream of distrusting our own nature. The idea of an unconscious God is really as preposterous as it is irreligious. Happily, Mr. Chadwick does not hold it. We wish he had not admitted its possibility. We leave the other essays of this interesting volume without special mention simply because our space is already exhausted.

J. F. S.

MR. BAILDON'S *Essays** form a pretty and an interesting volume. It is rich in the fruits of a loving study of Nature, a study which the author has evidently prosecuted not only in the laboratory and with the microscope, but by first-hand observation of her quiet spots and secret ways. We do not suppose that Mr. Baildon's arguments, though by no means deficient in originality or cogency, will be regarded as triumphantly successful in the controversy with scientific materialism, properly so called; but we are sure that the reading of this little work might do much as a corrective to that prevalent habit of mind which, while knowing nothing of those revelations of Nature's beauty and variety which are the "harvest of the quiet eye," adopts and disseminates the most mechanical and least cheerful views of her action and her origin. It will not be surprising if Mr. Baildon incurs the charge of treating scientific subjects in the language of enthusiasm and poetry; the genuineness of his feeling, however, may well excuse him, and the fact, moreover, that most of these essays were originally delivered as lectures. If other excuse be needed, he may justly plead, as, indeed, he does, that Professor Tyndall has often similarly erred.

WE are glad to record the appearance of the fourth volume of Mr. J. F. Smith's excellent translation of Ewald's "*Prophets*,"† containing Ezekiel, and the anonymous fragments belonging to the later days of the captivity which are imbedded in the book of Isaiah, viz., Isa. xxi. 1—10, Isa. xiii. 2—xiv. 23, as well as the "*Great Anonymous Prophet*," Isa. xl.—lxvi. This volume is, perhaps, the most interesting of the four: for the English reader will probably feel that he never understood Ezekiel at all before, and will rejoice in a flood of new light thrown upon the words of the prophet with whom he is most familiar, the "*second Isaiah*." The versions of the metrical or strophic passages, especially Isa. xiv. 4—21 and xlvii., strike us as particularly fine.

* *The Spirit of Nature*; being a Series of Interpretative Essays on the History of Matter from the Atom to the Flower. By Henry Bellyse Baildon, B.A., Cantab. London: J. and A. Churchill. 1890.

† *Commentary on the Prophets of the Old Testament*. By the late Dr. G. H. A. von Ewald. Translated by J. Frederick Smith. Vol. IV. Theological Translation Fund Library. Williams and Norgate. 1890.

A GIANT is needed to fairly measure swords with the leader of the philosophy of evolution, and the public will not pay much attention to the challenges of unknown men, or bestow more than a temporary interest on fugitive papers and magazine articles even when they come from writers of acknowledged authority: The criticisms of Mr. Guthrie* are, for the most part, tolerably obvious; and such as have already proceeded from various well-known quarters without producing much effect upon the massive impression made by Herbert Spencer on our age. "This work," we are told, "is an elaboration of papers read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool," and it will doubtless be very welcome to those who heard and were interested in the original papers. Whether in the fierce struggle for existence among books it will show any fitness to survive is another question. Such efforts as Mr. Guthrie's may have a genuine local value, which we should be most unwilling to underrate, and may be sowing the seed of an interest in philosophy, which, when the season of harvest at length arrives, may yield abundant fruit.

MR. SAVAGE happily combines a reverent religious spirit with a temperament to which the modern criticism appears to be thoroughly congenial. He is able to perceive how that criticism is truly constructive and restorative, and as applied to the central biography of human history, substitutes a figure firmly outlined and truly proportioned for a confused and inconsistent personality. His present little volume† should do much the same for America as Mr. Clodd's last work will do for England; it should diffuse a popular conception of the Jesus of criticism as distinguished from the Jesus of creeds. Mr. Savage largely avails himself of Dr. Abbott's remarkable article, "Gospels," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the portrait he draws from "the triple tradition" of the Synoptics is instinct with beauty and nobility. We cannot, indeed, wholly concur in Mr. Savage's canons of criticism; the matter is hardly so simple as he would

* On Mr. Spencer's Formula of Evolution. By Malcolm Guthrie. London: Trübner. 1879.

† Talks About Jesus. By M. J. Savage. Boston, U.S. 1880.

make it. The triple tradition *minus* all the rest of the Gospels is hardly equivalent to the Jesus of history, or even the nearest to the Jesus of history at which we can now arrive. "We have no right," says Mr. Savage, "to assume an ideal of Jesus, and make it a Procrustes bed to the dimensions of which the triple tradition must be violently conformed." That is, of course, true; but it is, nevertheless, our duty to take into consideration the conditions and atmosphere of the age and land in which Jesus lived, and there are ingredients in the triple tradition itself which we may modify or eliminate in view of the prejudices or misunderstandings of even the earliest biographers; nor is it impossible that an utterance or a movement of Jesus may have filtered down into only a single canonical Gospel and yet be more authentic than many parts of the triple tradition itself. That tradition gives Mary as Jesus' mother, and implies Nazareth as his birth-place; it also gives the miraculous appearance of Jesus, with his angels, in the clouds, as the mode predicted by him for the inauguration of his kingdom. Yet that prediction certainly does not stand on the same level of authenticity as the parentage and native-place of Jesus; and Luke's solitary report that Jesus said that the kingdom "cometh not with observation" ranks far higher in the scale of authenticity than the triply confirmed utterances about an apocalyptic advent. But these are blemishes of detail only, and we cordially thank Mr. Savage for his seasonable and attractive little book.

END OF VOLUME I.

COPY OF EDITOR'S PROSPECTUS.]

ON JANUARY 1, 1880,

WILL BE PUBLISHED THE FIRST NUMBER OF

THE MODERN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

RICHARD ACLAND ARMSTRONG, B.A.

THE first need of a New Periodical is justification : the purpose of this Prospectus is to justify the publication of the MODERN REVIEW.

No task is less possible than accurately to measure and co-ordinate the intellectual and spiritual forces of the observer's own times. Yet no thoughtful man refrains from the endeavour.

All wise men admit that there must be some and may be much error in their estimates of current mental movements; but both those whom it elates and those whom it afflicts agree that a rapid and even irresistible disintegration is now affecting old beliefs long held in reverence. Such disintegration is the work of a Modern

Philosophy described as Positive, that term implying allegiance, not to a Master, but to a Method.

We live at a time in which Magazines have acquired unprecedented influence in the formation of the national mind. Increasing multitudes feed their intellectual life, in no small measure, on articles in Periodicals. The attitude of current magazine literature towards that disintegration of belief which is in process becomes, then, a matter of moment. It is a mark of the growing strength of Free Inquiry that the ablest Reviews of the day give space impartially to champions of Ancient Creeds and exponents of the Positive Philosophy.

Close observation, however, reveals the fact that types of Orthodoxy, more or less deeply pledged to Tradition, and types of Agnosticism, more or less distinctly Atheistic, divide the chief hospitality of these Reviews between them; while types of Religious Belief spiritual, yet reasonable, fail of adequate expression. It ensues that Religion and Science, Faith and Reason, tend to be popularly regarded as contradictories; nor will it be disputed that the opinion is rapidly spreading that such is their relation.

If, then, there are men who, amid many diversities of thought and habit, yet agree in fervent loyalty to the principle of Free Inquiry, in fearless welcome to the teachings of Modern Science, and in deep conviction that the sanctities of Faith and Hope must be permanently characteristic of sound manhood, these constitute a third

party in the intellectual world with peculiar claims to share the public heed. To afford competent writers within this circle their due influence, whatever that may be, in the formation of the national thought and sentiment, is the purpose of the MODERN REVIEW.

Within the limits suggested by this purpose the MODERN REVIEW will aim at the widest variety of topic and treatment. It will comprise articles historical, biographical, critical, philosophical, scientific, and purely religious. It will receive contributions from eminent religious Liberals in America, Germany, France, Holland, and Switzerland. It will attempt to revivify the flagging interest in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures by naturalising in England the Reconstructive Criticism familiar on the Continent. It will differ from other Quarterly Magazines in the brevity of a large proportion of its articles. At the close of each Number will be collected several very short Essays,—Fragmentary Discussions,—chiefly on Books. Here opinions will find expression concerning such Publications of the Quarter as may seem to call for notice.

The Writers of the MODERN REVIEW will be concerned with no sectarian interests. From the outset members of a wide variety of denominational connections will co-operate in its production with writers unpledged to any denomination. The Individual Contributor will be solely responsible for the particular opinion he may set forth. Yet a bond of union will be found, not indeed

in any ecclesiastical relations, but in sympathy with the purpose of the Review and a desire to promote Freedom, Progress, Knowledge, and Religion.

The Editor will not hold himself precluded from publishing competent and temperate replies, upon occasion, to such arguments as may have appeared in the Review.

It is intended that each Number of the MODERN REVIEW shall comprise over two hundred pages.

